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MINUTES OF REMARKS

ON

SUBJECTS

PICTURESQUE, MORAL,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS,

MADE IN A COURSE ALONG THE RHINE, AND DURING A RESIDENCE IN SWISSERLAND AND ITALY,

IN THE YEARS 1822 & 1823.

BY WILLIAM WEBB, ESQ. M. R. I. A.

DEPUTY COMMISSARY-GENERAL TO THE FORCES.

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REMARKS,

PICTURESQUE, MORAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

SECTION 1.

Easter Monday. Left Rome with my two friends in an open carriage, for FRASCATI: ascending the hill to which is, on the right, a great circular monument, with an excrescence like a dove-cot;—which pile tradition qualifies as the tomb of Lucullus, who had hereabouts, viz. the vicinity of Tusculum, a vast villa. A dull walk to the grounds, rather gratuitously supposed to have been Cicero's, and their villa-ruins: these, with exception of the theatre, are in featureless abasement.

The range of Monte Cavo, towering in loftiest outline, and with amplest forest garniture, aback of the swells through which we wandered, was in special contrast to the baseness and bareness of the plain that hence extends, some three-score miles northward. To the left, beyond a sixteen or twenty miles spread of similar misery, shone the sea, with the sun dancing on its surface.

In returning to Frascati by another path, the Rufinella villa was shewn to us as the scene of a curious atrocity,

perpetrated some four or five years ago. In sight as it is, and but fifteen miles distant from Rome—stranger still, at but some few hundred yards from Frascati with a population of 5,000 souls—this villa was attacked in open day by a band of robbers, with the intention of seizing Lucien Buonaparte, whose property and then residence it was. They purposed to carry him off to the mountains and subject him there to such treatment, and torture, as should compel a large sum for his ransom. A fortunate moment's warning enabled the family to withdraw: but a miserable painter, a Frenchman, whom he had in his household, was borne away by the banditti, under the notion that he was Lucien's self. It was only after a long negociation and most exorbitant demands wrought down to a large sum of money, that the poor man obtained liberation without being maimed, of which they kept him in perpetual terror. Lucien, in panic just enough, abandoned the villa, and has sold the property.

Of the numerous villas round Frascati, the Borghese one called Belvedere is by much the most magnificent. In its front are waterworks of precedence in date, and that gave fashion to those of Versailles. The ample flight of steps into which the cliff is wrought, and whose descent the water sheets in foam, is a magnificent toy: the centaur winding his horn, through the agency of water, gratified another sense, and, besides, spread a living illusion through the venerable groves.

Expatiating from Frascati—and for the rest of the day on foot—came to MARINO, a town composed of noble mansions—summer retreats from Rome. Beyond it, the road dipped into a hollow, and wound through a Welsh scene of woody, close dale, stream* and pool, with a fragment of castle ruin.

Three miles thence, we found ourselves at the edge of the

* The Aqua Ferentina in Livy's Story at C. 51, of Book I.

lake of Albano, the water far below, in the strictest round of a volcano's crater. The horizontal parallelism of the strata, the just circularity of the lake's shore, as well as the bowl-like cavity containing its water, set me rather in a passion:—regularity, in all ways to ugliness, yet with such elements of beauty; lovely surface of wave, loftiness of shore, fringe of wood and protuberance of rock,—marred all, by a pitiful regularity:—a teacup one third filled; the cup, indeed, seven miles round, the element 480 feet deep.

Impending over one portion of this cup or crater's edge, is Castle Gondolfo, a brilliantly built little town, and of noble landscape effect. Descended thence by a short cut, painfully steep, of I know not how many hundred yards, to the water's margin; which progress was enlivened by the sport of great urchins from above pelting after us a hail of large stones: one of these struck the umbrella I used as a walking stick, and another grazed the calf of my leg. This sorts with similar play after us of "bowls," whose "rubbers" we had in no way invited this afternoon, on the road near Marino. The ferocity of the population in this tract shews itself at every pore, associated with multiplied proofs of good nature—like spirit, not vice, in the horse who breaks your neck through wantonness, as the baser brute of the same species does from sulk.

The sole outlet of this lake is a channel three feet and a half wide, and above six feet high, cut for two miles through the thickness of the crater, until it has issue on that side which faces the Campania;—an extraordinary work, even allowing for the facilities given by the stratification of the lava of which the crater is composed, between two of the layers of which the perforation has been conducted. It is a work of the Roman republic, as ancient as the siege of Veii, pending which it was executed, under a response of the Delphic Oracle—and under the conviction of their inner

cabinet of statesmen, justly fearful that the continuance of the lake, and perhaps with increase to its brim, might at some unexpected moment, from the weight of its waters, burst the crater's side and overwhelm the Campania with inundation.

When on the lake's edge, its appearance was improved wonderfully. Regularity vanished: the strictly circular form, as seen from aloft gave place,—and it is easily accounted for, as the result of foreground—to an apparent oblong. Monte Cavo, the master mountain here, breasted us in front, and as in continued ascent of broken haughty steeps from the lake's very shore—thus effecting a magnificent alteration of the lake's barrier from the uniformity of a crater's rim, as it had been seen on that rim: from below, the farther shore appeared to rise in a mountain swell to a summit height of 3,000 feet. Add to this, the witchery of shrubs to profuseness, and large surfaces of copse of different growths; of various coloring of the watery expanse; of the closing evening and a sun-set of deep sanguine; and, on the acclivity under its glow, a sheet of beech in foliage of winter red, that gave roughness to the sun's pure ruby. No wonder that I forgave these raw materials of beauty when I saw them, as if after having been shuffled, settle into one finished shew of loveliness and grandeur.

Ascending by a longer and easier path to the crater's rim, and, by a mile's delightful terrace road—called the Upper Gallery—arrived at ALBANO.

Tuesday morning. Left Albano: each of us provided with a donkey; and with such a provision of stirrups to our three packsaddles, that two-thirds of our full stock of them, though allotted to my special use, did not exceed the home appointment of a single equestrian.—To the rim of the lake's bowl again, by a different route; and, descending athwart the bowl's surface, rounded the inner barrier of the lake; which, with its accompaniments, was here incomparably

more lovely than could have been conceived possible from the first survey. Its materials even thus are very crude: but the path climbs on in a very devious obliquity,—a haughty steep aloft—the sheet of water down below—and through underwood of broom, thorn, elder, ilex, laurustinus—or through beech and oak—giving intricacy to the course, and delightful changes of combination to nature's grand features, and almost suppressing their irregularity, that is so abhorrent to nature's habits.

Passing a convent, which commands this scenery in the finest point of view, we ceased to tread these fringed cliffs of lava. Left the lake behind; and also gave up, on our right, the site of Alba Longa—unmarked by one vestige of ruin. The road entered on a rough surface of chestnut forest; the ancient trunks miserably pollarded above, and in miserable contrast to the young copse shooting from the roots of the felled trees below. If age can ever be warrant for felling timber, the destruction is just here. Trunks so monstrous I never saw: but the roots far outgo them in savagely venerable character: each appears, not wood, but grotesque stone. I have now a clear conception of the majesty of an Ætna forest.

This passed, we reach Rocca del Papa, in the most fanciful site I have yet seen of an Italian mountain town; houses above houses clustering up an isolated lofty shaft of rock, of which the pinnacle is terminated by two or three houses —and finally by the crucifix: though birdnested thus around a pyramidal precipice, it is a compactly built and populous place. But that some acclivity of rock intervenes between its base and the buildings aloft, the town has the character of a pigeon-house formed of a cask, and mounted on the top of a pole.

We came in time to see all its world, of within and without, collected for celebration of Easter Tuesday as a special festival day. Long trains of gun-powder were laid in the

main street, and patteraros and little casks of gun-powder planted at intervals through these trains, with a view to their explosion in a running fire—which took place with great plaudits of the assemblage. Thunder from a cloud that broke in heavy rain round Monte Cavo above, and the bells of its Monastery tolling as to some religious rite—were sounds of more solemn, but not more appropriate impression, than these fantastic displays of holiday villagers.

Of course the crowd were in holiday dress: the females universally in scarlet bodices, and skirts of a yet deeper red: one female peasant, of perhaps twenty-four—married, and whose name was stated to us as we saw her returning to the mountain farm of her husband—was dressed in these colors, but in a style that bespoke opulence; perhaps the most beautiful woman, certainly the very finest peasant woman my companions or I have seen in Italy. Before quitting this serious subject of dress, let me notice the uncouth and very ugly stomacher in costume all hereabouts—about five inches broad at the apron string, and gradually enlarging to breadth of the bosom, from the covering of which, stuffed into stiffness, it recedes to an interval of three or five inches, and is prevented from disparting altogether by a string attached to its either corner, that, coming round the shoulder, retains it, with that clear length of tether—like with us the tie of a child's bib and apron.

To the summit of MONTE CAVO, forest clothed: our road in different parts was the ancient Via Triumphalis, 8½ feet only in width, and laid in large flags of stone, thick as they are broad, and for that reason—as all these Roman roads are—lastingly endurable.

The site of the Temple of Jupiter Latialis, is on the mountain's highest crown,—but that the term were irreverend, its blunted peak;—this being the Mons Albanus where, as often as party spirit refused to a General the regular triumph under a decree of the authorities of Rome, it was the

practice to make the triumphal demonstration in all its details in the Authorities' despite.* Instead of Temple of Jupiter it is now a Monastery. The hospitality of its Monks was tardy, because we came on them during hours allotted for their sleep: but at length, with much courtesy, or rather kindness, on their part, we were provided with their best fare—sausages, cheese, and bread, with wine; the whole to us a capital repast. A scudo—about four shillings—was to them a prodigal return: less we could not wish to offer.

Here are always twelve of the Order resident—tied down by the most rigid rules: thus, when we arrived, they were, by regulation, a-bed—towards noon: at midnight they are employed in religious observances in their Chapel. Conformably to these rules, which prescribe its appropriate occupation for each revolving hour of the twenty-four, they were, in the course of duty, in bed on Easter Sunday evening at eight o'clock; and though they saw the Cupola of St. Peter's, which continued in illumination till very late, they lost the fire-works, which, while they lasted, would have been equally distinguishable! What a machine of living death is this sepulchral seclusion, subjected to this martinet regulation! Such a mill-horse round of task work—that is at once useless and contra-natural—is thorough exposure of the monstrousness of walling up armies of men (if many scores of thousands in each generation, heretofore thus devoted, could be counted into armies) to die through their life's length—after man's ritual, and in the grave's unprofitableness.

From this loftiest pinnacle of the Appennines in this quar-

* See Livy, Book 45, c. 38. Such a triumph was of course held of less value, as being "loco inhonoratiore,"—with the high difference besides that the Conqueror's chaplet was but of myrtle instead of laurel. Yet so closely did the Alban solemnity tread on the importance of the authentic one, that there is an instance of a dignitary who, having been refused a Triumph and decreed an Ovation—triumphed in all circumstance on one day on the Alban Mount—and the next went through the Ovation in the city.

ter, we returned to Rocca del Papa, where we had unadvisedly left our donkies; and, resuming them, proceeded by a road, in noble gallery on the mountain breast, and subsequently by a sinuous dale, through some miles of glorious woodland. Here and there were glades, whose bosom threw up daffodils and other grasses of bulbous roots, not yet mature for flowering—thousands thick; violets in thousands as many. On the southern front of this Latian mount, we came on the town of Nemi, hung out on a precipice; the lake bathing its base, at many hundred feet below. Wound round that precipitious rock, by a wood-fringed, craggy, zig-zag road that, if in right line, could not extend less than a mile. At foot of the rock is a bold stream, so exuberant as to turn three mills where first it bursts from its caverns,—the seat once of Egeria, distinct from that where, nearer Rome, Numa was favored with her inspirations. Here it was that she fostered Hippolytus, restored from the shades—and guarded from the danger of accident from runaway horses, by the localities of the lake's margin, which refused surface possible for equestrian expatiation.* This lake has had the appellation of Diana's Mirror; if indeed Diana, who here had a Temple and especial worship, were not under another name, Egeria's self.

Nemi lake is the counter part of that of Albano, from which it is separated by a high mountain. It is contained within a volcanic crater, through which a perforation also gives an outlet for its waters. These would appear to be lower now than formerly: a very few feet of additional depth must sheet a tract of strath within its crater, which is now dry, and covered with innumerable little gardens. Garden and vine-grounds grow also up the crater's sides,—evincing a vigorous industry, of which, since quitting Tuscany till now, I have not seen a trace, unless the kitchen-gardens in-

* Virgil, VII. 761.

side and close on Rome's walls be held exception. Through these plats and, subsequently, wooded cliffs, we wound, completing more than half of the lake's circuit before the crater's rim was obtained near the town of Gensano.

Thence several noble avenues of elm diverge (the centre one of them conducting to the mansion of the Prince proprietor Cesarini) in right lines, and, with old fashioned officious pruning, shorn to death, I was going to say, but that they are in the full shoot of spring. An hour and half's gentle course along a great high road, by bold and beautiful swells, through a highly wooded and cheerful country, brought us back at night to our quarters at Albano.

Wednesday morning: wasted much time in exploring the grounds of the Barberini Villa, for the remains of Domitian's Palace—not inconsiderable, but nearly shapeless: a long terrace like that of the Palatine Mount still roofs a range of vaulting below. Besides this, at the entrance of Albano, is a tall ruinous sepulchre which goes by the name of the Tomb of Ascanius. Without the town's opposite extremity is a much more interesting remain, a square structure, with two that are left, out of five, respectable cones that once surmounted it—y'cleped the tomb of the Curiatii.

It is a filthy town, this Albano, in a delightful country; its population enjoying swine's life—like the vermin, as one of my companions said, that expatiate in their own exuberant heads of hair. One of my party returned hence to Rome; my other companion and I left Albano, at one, in route to Naples.

Midway of the little mile to Aricia, one of our horses got wrong, to the danger of an overturn, but in so delicious a spot that I hailed the stoppage, which lasted while, after fit deliberation, wheeler was put into the function of leader. The scene was an exquisite hollow into which the road had sunk, the eminence in front being so steep that our horses had refused to ascend. On its off crest is the handsome little

town of Aricia, cinctured with a lofty wall, a grand palace overlooking its parapet; and a church, of brilliant architecture and surmounting cupola, dignifying the whole. In the dip where we remained, nature luxuriates in rock, shrubs, and noble trees: the lofty wall that bounds the grounds in appanage to the palace on high, (and in but one spot did nature's luxuriance permit a glimpse of it) is so interchanged in a more open space with rock, that it is difficult to distinguish where the wall begins to receive the supplemental continuity of very tall rock, that is perpendicular, and—more strange by far—as thin as if it had been sawed into leaf and placed on edge: the surface of this masonry of nature's hand was here and there thrown into large open fracture, no where impairing the barrier, which it renders inexpressibly picturesque. This spot, embosomed in steep hills, though of softest outline—naked rock contending over their surface with the wildest growths of vegetation—where the mild and the fantastic seem to have mingled in kind understanding—is, with its coronet aloft of Aricia town, what I would call really Italian picturesque: and these precincts are a favourite haunt of painters.

The descent beyond Aricia is as bold, but better conducted into the fine hollow, that is there also:—Passing Gensano, we had, at about two miles to right, a hill happily marked by a graceful tower rising from other buildings—Lavinia's City—or as it was anciently named, Lanuvium. Thence through a cheerful country—the hedges full of box, bay, common laurel, laurustinus in flower, and cytisus in profuse golden blossom also; the distant country to the right flat, and beyond it, the sea, from which a refreshing breeze reached us:—this day's journey our vetturino concluded at five, at Velletri.

This town stands on nearly the farthest southern eminence of the Latian-mountains. Forward from it spreads a flat, included on one side, some eighteen miles off, by the sea,

and on the other, at about ten miles, by a range of Appennines, distinct from the Latian,—in fact the Volscian mountains, which at the farthest point of their line visible here, 35 miles from Velletri, converge to the sea shore. Hitherward of that point rises over the sea Monte Circello, as it is still named—Circe's residence—of which such wonders are recorded in the Odyssey. In Homer's day it was an island: it is not now surrounded by the sea, into which, however, it seems to push as a noble mountain promontery of great length of ridge,—its lines, in common with those of every other mountain in this tract, exquisitely elegant and spirited.

Along the base of the Appennines of which I have last spoken, are seen several towns in happy sites,—Ulubræ—Sulmo, now Sermonetta—and others; towns we have fresh in memory from ordinary reading;—or, lying between them, and nine miles off, across the strath, Cora, proud enough in Lucan's time to be particularized among the most renowned, in his prophecy that Latium should pass in future time into a tale that is told,*—a prophecy fulfilled to the letter by the spread and poison of Malaria.

Thursday morning. On the road at earliest light: a sunrise, from first dawn to golden effulgence, the finest I ever witnessed—with the Appennine surface and summits for the theatre of successive illumination and glad ornament. Arrived, after a few miles of gentle descent, at the flat of the Pontine Marshes, which extend hence to the convergence of the mountains and the sea at Terracina. This route is familiar to our recollections in one way, as being the course pursued by Horace in his Brundusian journey, and in another, more solemn, as that of St. Paul in his progress to Rome by Appii Forum and the Three Taverns. The marshes are now greatly, and, to grazing purposes, effectually

* Tunc omne Latium
Fabula nomen erit.

drained, but at an expense immense, and unprincipled—if such voracity of vanity was not disease on the part of Pope Braschi—whose undertaking, however, was the eventual aggrandizement of his own family. A spacious high-way, lined on either hand with trees, runs right forward, disdainful of interruption from the quagmire or plashes that had bespread this whole region from remotest antiquity. The surface recovered is fat, and produces tall rushes and the other growths of aquatic meadow, where it is not covered with underwood; as is the case with some tracts which must have formed islands above the marsh's worst influence. It is just now very extensively under pasture; the stock being horses, cows, and buffaloes, all in vast droves. There is scarcely any population to look after these: of what there is, though some looked sickly, the greater part seemed proof against the marsh's poison: these must assuredly be periodical fugitives, in the summer, to the chain of towns that are in sight along the base of the Appennines.

In progress, the canal that had been without apparent current, became accelerated in stream, which, within four or five miles of Terracina, turned to the right and sought vent in the sea. A change in the road here, necessitated by the protuberance of a mountain, threw into view—the more absolute that the whole intervening extent is level space—the entire Appennine range, in the loose figure of a semi-circumference of a circle greatly elongated, from Monte Cavo to Terracina—one wonderful spectacle of mountain loveliness; an outline exquisitely pure and forceful; the coloring endlessly various, yet diffused in full and steadiest tone; softness inimitable of the vales and the prominences fringing the base, with an ascent in best keeping, and gradual to majesty, where the summits were delineated in snow.

Finished this day's journey at two;—having arrived foremost of a train of carriages, some of whose company, for

want of room, passed the night without beds. The inn is palace-like in structure, and of excellent adaptation to its purposes ; the inn-holder a miscreant of notedly brutal manners, and believed to be in good understanding with the banditti who infest the circumjacent country.

Terracina consists of two parts ; the more ancient in dirty lanes distributed over the roots of the mountain's northern corner before it assumes, as its eastern front does, a perpendicular face of monstrous altitude. Between that dread wall of rock and the sea is a low margin of land, so narrow as but to admit the road on its one side, and on its other a modern line of houses,—evidently a mere portion of what was in purpose of the projector, Pope Braschi, whose plans dropped with his Pontifical power. He succeeded, however, in making over this property, bought by the bankruptcy his government was guilty of, to his nephew. High on the utmost verge of the dizzy cliff, overhanging this street and the seashore, stands the ruin—I counted twelve vast arches in its front—of a palace of Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, and with that wondrous effect we so often witness, and may so ill explain, in respect to objects cutting against the sky—adding portentously to the elevation of the precipice : it must be from ten to fourteen hundred feet plumb. To this height we wound our way, with much weary pains, in side-way approach over the rocky surface, that once gave site to the city of Anxur. As full often happens, we lost, from the station of Theodoric's lengthened palace remains, all that effect which had excited admiration at a distance.

Beyond Terracina a large bay expands, margined by lofty mountains of extremely stony surface. But the " candentia saxa" of Anxur stop short at an exceedingly small distance onward from the precipice on which that town had rested,—where in fact the cliff appears to be cleft down for obtaining slabs of flag description for building purposes : so far is resplendent white, quarried or unquarried. Beyond

this the mountains at once shift their color to a sour grey, which the sun's lustre could not divest of its disconsolate effect. Besides this, their surface, even to the base, had scarcely any relief of softer objects. Perhaps the morning's scenery had rendered me fastidious.

Friday. Left this execrable inn, where doors and windows were not permitted to be shut on us at our pleasure, or on onr demand; and candles streamed, from the night breeze, their grease on our eatables;—where waiters refused any other but dirty knives, and gave an insufficient supply of them;—where ruffianism was triumphant as if because it dared:—left this magnificent, detestable hotel, built through ostentation by a Pope, and tenanted by an assassin;—at two hours before day-break. Passing in the dark, through a castellated portal that bestrides the road, from the Papal into the Neapolitan dominions; arrived, soon after five, at Fondi;—its walls based on an ancient substruction, part of which is still visible twelve feet over ground—of that style of building, in massy blocks of stone laid close together, without cement, referred to Cyclopean, as being beyond the history, or almost manner, of human builders. Its street, the ancient Appian Way, is laid in good similarity of thick and broad blocks to the old wall, the difference being that the road surface is horizontal, while the wall is a perpendicular ledge.

Not the overweening presumption, as in Horace's time, but the low ignorance of the men in office at Fondi, detained us in ludicrous embarrassment for two hours. The functionaries were apparently mean tradesmen, scarcely able to read, but whose duty required that they should, at this frontier town copy into their records, the passports severally of us all. This was effected by one scribe spelling—letter, very slowly, after letter—the contents to his fellow, which this latter, with similar lame toil, traced in ink. I really thought they would never get through that name "Armstrong" of

some gentleman, that was candidate for getting on among the press that filled six or eight carriages of us, all on the stretch for Naples!

The delay, through the stupidity of these men—not jockeyship from any quarter—which threw our company, that had been all but foremost, behind all—gave me an opportunity to study the utterly new guise of the population, who were just issuing forth to their morning's labour, and whose bandit ferocity had struck me at the first glance. In fact Fondi is head-quarters of a bandit race. I had heard this people spoken of, time after time, as classing not with Italian but African nature: this word African has also been echoed and re-echoed with reference to the Neapolitans: I begin to believe that in just translation it means neither more nor less than wild monkey qualities. But absolutely these people differ from all I have hitherto seen of Italian, not merely their men but their females—down to the urchins; bold, forward, insolent to the threshold of aggression; an active sinewy race, their limbs all movement, their tempers mettle. Their dress too is strange; their feet, with much of the leg, (this also at Terracina) enveloped in leather that is not thicker under the sole than above, and lashed as close as cloth might be—sandal fashion, and a remain of the ancient world's costume. Then the hat rising very high up, nearly to a cone's point, the leaf very broad, and in rake's slouch; the jacket with its back worn on the breast, or, very usually, hanging, in hussar fashion, over one shoulder. With all this wildness of geer and daringness of look, this elasticity of step, and vehemence of spirit, were, in palpable association—mendicity and misery loathsome! Yet all seemed in buoyant health, and were in sally for the day's stated work in the grounds without the town.

Proceeded through a vale of garden cultivation, and, what I have now seen for the first time, orchards of lemons and oranges. Fig-trees were in profuse growth, besides the more

generally familiar products;—a scene of luxuriant fertility this vale long drawn out, exquisitely sweet in its conduct below, while aloft the mountains ranged in naked rockiness. Gradually cultivation ceased, and the road wound, by a cheerless pass, through mountains of that mean bluish grey stoniness I had so much disliked on their coast front yesterday. Fit haunt is here afforded for the banditti who, infest this main mountain pass, and the deep ravines that strike off from it to other tracts of desolation—range for many a league, and asylum, of outlaw hordes.

In one spot, where three of these savage glens meet, and the road winds upwards by a fourth ravine, is a barrack—half castle, half-fort in its style, commanding the four passes, and occupied by an Austrian detachment, for the protection of travellers and scouring of the waste. Small moveable parties were hereabouts on the road, acting on a system widely different from that which the Neapolitan and Papal governments had adopted—of lining the roads, at half-league intervals, with guard-houses: a policy which the Austrians in occupation of Naples, have disdained, but to which the Pope's ministry still adheres. All along the Pontine road is a chain of these centry-boxes on a great scale. Since the world began, I question, if there has been such another instance of a sovereign authority making so silly a display of force, to scare away the ills in result of its own misgovernment;—its population through whole districts deteriorated and systematized into banditti; and when, from the necessity of the case, the sovereign power does clothe itself in strength, that very strength going forth, under the counsel of foolishness, to war on outrage that is the spawn of its own debility: but again, of what strange loathsomeness is not that same debility engendered!

Winding onward through still greater heights, the mountain nakedness gives way to the clothing of noble olive trees, and various underwood, interspersed with vine-yard

terraces. To what extent this robe of wood may spread, its own luxuriance forbad conjecture: but the rocky and most uneven surface which it overshadowed, afforded foregrounds of the utmost variety, with framing, at every winding winding round a new protuberance, to fresh pictures,—the materials of each picture being but the present uncouth surface and intricate vegetation—and for back ground the nakedly rocky crest of the Appennines surmounting the wood, in severe opposition of character.

In the descent the road comes on Itri, another Fondi, thirteen miles thence: it is seated on a rocky prominence in the gorge of a ravine. It would appear as if this, and some other towns seen in the distance, had out-grown—and long ago—their first cincture of walls and rocky strength, and that the redundant population had overflowed, in narrow and tortuous lanes, into the flat beneath the parental Arx. There is much of squalor about this nasty town, with much of picturesqe in its antique peculiarities of building. Without it, the road, which had cut into the mountains at Fondi, evolved into an open surface, of rich soil—the close groves of olive and other fruit trees, on the swells of hill, hiding the mountain outline; and these plantations were relieved with corn fields in a fleece of green, which gave the effect of our lawns of grass at home. Through several miles of such a tract we travelled to our inn of Mola di Gaeta, an excellent one at all points! Its site is high over the sea shore; its gardens, thick with oranges and lemons, descending by flights of steps, in a succession of steep stories, down to the strand—on a level with which, and even in the waves, are arched remains, which we explored, in the belief that they are the substructure of Cicero's villa—this being the ancient Formiæ.

From the proud brow above, is seen to shoot into the sea, about two leagues to the right, the apparently isolated mountain of Gaeta, that, with its towns in terrace-crowd, intermingled with garden growth of trees—the fortifications of

these towns, of which one was the scene of a fierce defence against the French in 1806,—and with an ancient circular sepulchral structure, that even at this distance is nobly conspicuous—the whole rocky promontory appeared a repitition in the large of Fiesole mountain, over Florence—with Fiesole's enrichment and the sea's accompaniment. On the left, the bay ranges to great remoteness, giving to view the islands of Ischia and Procida, that are outliers of Naples bay. And if Naples bay do not outgo this splendid scene, I ought scarcely to be disappointed.

From Mola the road traverses a large plain, through the marsh of which—the Minturnian—flows the Garigliano, formerly Liris—most dangerous in floods: we crossed it by a flying bridge. Some aqueduct, amphitheatre, and other remains, exalt themselves on its shore; melancholy mementos of the ancient magnificence of Minturnæ, of whose existence there remains no other vestige. Across a wide surface bounded on one side, at remote distance, by the sea, and on the other by boldly and most beautifully featured mountains—a portion of them, the Mons Massicus—we wound by gentle ascent, and finally by zig-zag traverses; the ground cropped largely with field lupins, of which the flower was limited to the one color of pale blue: corn, also, was extensive, which crowds of females of all ages were busy in hoeing: the roadside rough with brakes of myrtle. At a considerable elevation we arrived at S^{ta} Agatha, our halting place for the night.

Saturday morning: pursued our route through a rocky defile, marking the table land of this line of mountains—the off descent of which is the tract once renowned for its Falernian wine: it is barrier to the plain, in which lies Capua. We had the luck in one spot to see the out-pouring, in thick shoals, of a village population, who after much and cheerful chatter, in various groupes, dispersed to their field labor, many of them to great distances—thence to return at even-

ing, when all without the village walls, far and near, remains till the morrow in destitution. Our road, in slant traverse of the mountain slope, was a succession of finely featured stone ravines fringed with trees and shrubs, and in foam of the streamlet; the swells and dips of the mountain surface exhibiting a luxuriant soil, umbraged by oak and olives. At length the flat received us, where the uniform density of the trees almost precluded from sight the cultivation going on in this succession of fields of home scenery—but that here no family celebrates its home, and no dwelling house exists. The road over this flat is as pulverized as the soil in traverses, but it is thick set with round stones—covering us with white dust, and shaking the frame in merciless jolting.

To CAPUA, seen first beyond a broad and very impetuous river, the Volturno, whose windings, which have eaten many feet below the earth's level, and probably as low as the volcanic floor of lava would allow it to penetrate—shewed all down its immense bank, a soil fat in the highest degree, and most minutely pulverized. Crossing this river, I found myself, as without warning, within the detestable cincture of a regularly fortified and garrisoned town.

From the Garigliano onward hither, the peasant crowds are of new character. Their women are without the Latian stomacher, stays, or other conicalities of dress: their attire, in fact is Grecian. They are far from being so handsome as the Romans—in contrast to whose placid and absolute beauty, their countenances, swarthy in complexion and of mean and gipsy features, beam with sprightliness and active good humour. Bare feet and legs are universal: yet this may be an imperative effect of the summer-like heat, that has begun to make itself felt. Along the road, a sight I had not heretofore had in Italy struck me, carrying with its frequent occurrence its distinct indication—men and boys equipped with a harp and guitar—or, twice, I must aver, with something

like disbelief of my own optic evidence—neither more nor less than the Scotish bagpipe.

From Capua to NAPLES, as it were Lombardy anew, but that all is drought, without one tract of rivulet or trace of irrigation: the course much in right line, beset on either hand with tall elms hung with vines, and corn below—one monotonous thicket of triple crop,—a sort of winkers onward to the horizon, and nothing there but the sky, narrowed to the gartering-width of the road. It was a stupid and dusty drive, till within the city's precincts, when a gauntlet of three several bands of Custom-house officers awaited us.

SECTION II.

Sunday, 6th April. The bay of Naples! I have seen it, and am not out of conceit with that of Dublin: each is prime in its way. But Naples bay is immense in size: corrective to it is that transparency of the atmosphere, which in Swisserland shewed the Jura mountains, forty miles off, distinct in the intermediate lake—and similarly, gives in force to the eye here, the mountain boundary to the left of this bay, at seventeen, and Capri Island in front, at twenty-one miles distance. In our climate such remoteness would give extent without expression; and hence Dublin bay presents as fair a picture, though of but six miles, as this of beyond three times that diameter. In the matter of climate we are left behind in another way: I speak of the bewitching coloring shed on the mountain surfaces, and even the marine,—under the deep blue empyrean which blesses this region of solar blaze. By the way, I see a range of these mountains, far in rere, at this moment white with snow; so strong are nature's contrasts. If we could command such a glow of hues to our Wicklow and Dublin mountains, I should not fear comparing their spirited outline of peaks to the exceedingly charming barriers of Naples bay. Capri is a bolder object than our Dalkey, with the advantage of being full in front: yet Capri is not finer than Ireland's Eye, though emulating it in rock and most picturesque charms. I have seen no other thing insular, of which these rival beauties would not regard the comparison with disdain.

On the left of Naples bay, and from out of its waves, rises a range of mountains, of exquisite irregularity of outline. On one master summit, over the town of Castel-a-mare is perched, with consummate effect, a massy ruin. These mountains are even more fearfully headlong on their outer face. Within, they are here and there featured with towns in very wild sites: and with all this we have nothing to compare—though our bay's cincture has rock in proportion to its extension, and, as a farther set-off, both sides of it are of striking attraction, while here the dominant interest rests with one. We have farther, what Naples cannot shew at all, a smiling amphitheatre of glowing verdure and woods—which is so rich as to subdue all glare of the villas every where in crowd, and to exhibit mainly the garden luxuriance of their kept grounds, amidst the tissue of almost town in loose dispersion. The only tract of villas prominent on this bay is that behind Portici, where, white as lime could color them, they stare in nakedness and dust over a swell of ground guiltless of rural ornament—tombstone-like in disorder and desolateness over a brown and burned-up surface.

Close behind this dis-array of houses rises Vesuvio—a feature of decidedly greater interest than beauty. Its base is very long, from which the upper mass ascends as if to form a cone: but its crater is an imperfection to that figure, and implies a defect as though the summit had been shattered away—with an effect similar to that of a decanter of which the narrow part of the body, along with the neck, had been smashed off by the smart stroke of a knife horizontally applied. The crater's breadth would seem to be as four to three of the measure required in height to complete the vertex. To the left, behind this broken down decanter,—of which I assume the breadth at bottom to be half the height of its body, rising also from the same base with it—indeed in contact with it for much of its elevation—is a lower and

subject cone, which formerly displayed the grand crater, now transferred, in figure as in mischief, to its neighbour eminence. This silent mountain, the Somma its name, wears over much of its surface a clothing of chesnut copse: but tracts of it, and the whole of the other, have a most dingy aspect—identically that of a heap of ashes from a lime-kiln. In this view I should prefer, as a juster comparison to the volcano's broken vertex, the similitude of a smoke-begrimed glass house of cone-form, of which the upper part had fallen within side: not but that the eye detects, on the exterior of Vesuvio, large streaks and spread of ravage over its utmost appurtenances of skirt. Little smoke from it is, at this period, visible.

One grand feature Naples bay puts into glorious exhibition—its metropolis, that spreads for several miles along the shore, and thence rises, street over street, up a surface of almost cliff, until it receives a suitable termination in the fortress-castle of St. Elmo. Miserably dull in the contrast to this is the site of Dublin, in total disconnexion with its marine domain. Yet so lovely, so various in accompaniment and ornament is that domain, that, with Naples under my eye, my value for my accustomed friend is confirmed: the comparison of it with this its sister of far vaster magnificence, leads not to a precedence for either at the other's expense, since each may equally rejoice in its own appropriate charms. Certainly there is no portion of Naples bay which, for sweetness as well as for spirited outline, I would give up for that view on the Dublin one, from the Clontarfe side, of the shore directly opposite.

Tuesday. Naples is, beyond any thing I have seen, peculiar in a way of its own. Bating Dublin holiday riot among the lowest classes of its population, pending the Donnybrook saturnalia—that come but once in the year—at Naples the hubbub of that week's festival lasts in continuance through the year's full period. The Neapolitans are a race

as wild as can be imagined of a herd of untamed Shetland ponies—nothing but practical buffoonery, and eternal noise ; brats, women, men, screaming and scolding, each and every one on the stretch to outroar his neighbour in activity, and jabber. Of whatever commodities are on sale, the far larger proportion is exposed in stands out of doors, or hawked back and forward through the streets ; each dealer shouting in his loudest tone the name and praise of the trumpery article he has to sell: these descend to the paltriest matters, in the minutest quantities. Bread, of which, I believe in all the world beside, the sale rests within the baker's or retailer's shop, is bawled forth here by basket boys. Garden stuff, of every species that it is possible for the gardener to raise, is similarly paraded—not in assorted quantities, but each wretch carrying a handful or half-handful of a single article. I have seen a strapping fellow of six and thirty in dreadful roar—his whole stock three half pints of strawberries in a basket, that when full, could not have contained a pint more.—Then the smith's hammer their iron work in the open street, in which their fires are kept lighted and their forge bellows are in brisk operation.—Through all this medley of moving and of fixed promoters of noise countless shoals of donkies dawdle, unconscious of a rein, driven, not led—and passaging the breadth as well as the length of the street in unwieldy expatiation, and at every awkwardness of angle: these are basket-laden with all sorts of wares and also of country growths—as well as with every species of filth, as back freight in returning to the country ; each ass having suspended to his neck a bell, large enough for summoning labourers to work, and which the animal's movement keeps in continued peal. Through all this wayward throng, a torrent of carriages and cabriolets are ever in gallop, or in impetuous motion quite tantamount, in the best right line they can, and with a clack and clatter of whip, and also whoop and halloo from human organs, which, from

one end to the other of the main street—the Toledo—is never intermitted. That no means of producing mischief may remain unpractised, boys and men employ themselves, with the utmost self-possession, even in the best streets, in playing bowls with very large round stones, which, within my knowledge, so immediately after arrival, have occasioned injuries to different individuals, notwithstanding best wariness. The whole scene, with roaring and even inarticulate ranting as if to ape brute animals' cries, is riot run mad. To me, a stranger, it is somewhat dizzying; and beginning, as it does, at four in the morning, when the milch cows with their great bells severally, the asses, the herbmen, women and brats from without the town enter the streets, I have not as yet been able to sleep after that moment of day-break. Any thing more different from the quietness and orderly dignity of Rome the mind of man cannot conceive.

Wednesday. Strolled along and beyond the quay to the Mergilline Point, and up a spacious road, rising high on the face of the promontory, with command, to the left, of noble views of the bay;—the right being barred by lofty and perpendicular rocks, broken occasionally into ravines, over which the road proceeds on arcades. This rock is a sort of sand stone, sometimes nearer stone than sand, and frequently absolute sand, in all the varieties of its primary volcanic expectoration. Flights of steps are cut here and there in the precipice, in ascent parallel to its face, and to its topmost level, for approach to the gardens there. Caverns are frequent along the road side, and, as I learn, far below it also, and at the rock's base—these last filled with the sea's surge. A single one of these caverns is stated to give room within it for sixty gun-boats; and on the approach of the French to this Capital, a flotilla of that force, to prevent its falling into their hands, was blown up by gun powder within the cavern. Imagination can with me "no farther go" than this fact of grotto explosion, taking the

matter as I may—as within purview of grandest moral feeling—as in excitement of the fancy's sensibilities—or, as bearing, in even the grossest way, on whichever of man's five senses.

The name of this rocky range is that familiar one to untravelled ears, the promontory of Pausilippo. From its utmost point of Coroglio, the Bay of Naples is visible in its fullest spread; this promontory indenting into it like, on a minute scale, an indenting vacancy on the margin of a plane leaf—yet in this one part of the bay's margin only. But for this projection its surface would be an open area of eighteen miles by twenty-one—which latter is the measure of its open to the sea, included between the Capes of Miseno and Minerva. In this general scope I would comprehend the extension which the bay virtually receives from the Islands of Ischia and Procida, outlying one beyond the other from the former cape. The portion of sea included within Pausilippo promontory forms a minor bay, of pleasing features,—Puzzuoli town on its hither, and the site of Baiæ and of all the wonders of Acheron and Avernus, on its farther shore. Except from this point of Coroglio, or from some leagues out from shore, the bay cannot be taken in at any one view.

In any disquisition of this kind, I can have nothing to do with a technically geographical term, and have the right to say that, in spite of all that a Naples sun and atmosphere can do, this prodigious expanse of water is not reducible to unity of expression, or to be treated as one bay. From Coroglio the eye makes for itself a separation into two distinct scenes. In this way of considering the subject, our Dublin bay has its outlying other part, that enchanting one of Killiney, with that incomparable station at the obelisk, from which to embrace the view from Howth to Bray Head. But the attempt to proceed in farther parallel fails from the want of likeness between the two secondary bays, whatever similarity of impression the primary ones may have excited.

The beauties of Killiney and of Puzzuoli are each of a different kind. I admit those of the latter, which, however, are mildness on a moderate scale, in comparison with the vast grandeur of its superb associate: those who have seen Killiney will exclaim that it is an appendage of which its connected neighbour may feel right proud. Nor in ample magnificence, more than in grace, can there be a spot round all the shores of Naples bay that shall outgo the sea and land view as seen from the Obelisk Hill—commanding the Mourne chain, though at fifty miles distance, Howth and its islands close by, and the contiguous scenery of romance contained by the magic girdle of the Wicklow mountains.

Pausilippo promontory is fearfully precipitous at its extremity,—detached from which is a little island, Nisida, of similarly headlong character, disparted probably from the main land by some convulsion of nature in this country of earthquakes. The off-side of the promontory also shews far steeper than its sea-face: it is, in fact, a volcanic wall, some hundreds of feet thick. So headlong is the off-face, that, defying cultivation, it is, in very far the greater part, given over to goats' browsing. And while the face that looks towards Naples is based by a network of grottos within the sea's pale, that more savage one in reverse has subject to it a flat soil of volcanic fertility—for volcanic soil is the richest on our globe—that is redeemed by the elevation of a very few feet from the sea's dominion.

Descended by a rocky path to this flat, and returning about two miles, through grounds of the usual triple growth—penetrated through the grotto of Pausilippo, which is a perforation athwart the base of this volcanic wall, affording an ample and most throng high road, back to Naples, on whose outskirts it is home. The grotto's extension in right line is 740 yards—the wall in this part being of much greater density, because here it forks off at bolt angle from a stretch of mountain in another direction. Its breadth is stated to

be in some places thirty feet; and it is every where very lofty. Some light is admitted into it by an orifice in its roof: but there are lamps besides, burning through the day time for additional safety. At the extreme end, the day light, though admitted by the full extent of the grotto's height and breadth, is, in that long perspective, contracted to such minuteness as to appear star-like, yet with a brightness insufferably annoying to the eye. To me the whole thing was utterly unique, ill at ease as I was during my survey, from the hurry-scurry, quite Neapolitan, of carriages driving, through all the twilight, impetuously to and from town, the swing in laziness of loaded carts, and the spread in flock after flock of goats, which having been during the forenoon browsing among the rocks under shepherd tendence, were now on their return to the heart of the city—all, or nearly all, with bells to their necks, of good base sound, with which to contribute to the uproar. Such flocks I saw yesterday evening move up the street of Toledo, without having a guess that it is a matter of diurnal practice. One of the bells I measured, was eight inches deep by more than four in diameter.

The magnificent road along the marine front of Pausilippo —the fashionable drive without the city—was the work of Murat, which he had purposed to continue down the opposite face. At present only the first parallel is complete; and, except by scramble among precipitous cliffs, there exists no land passage from Naples to the flat country and the towns beyond, unless through this grotto, which was in practical use as a high-way, of a time beyond history.*

* From Strabo I collect, that the perforation, though a highway, was of that ancient ordinary width of way, admitting those using it to mutual passage on meeting, and nothing more: but in his time there were several orifices that gave light from the roof. Curiosity has led me to see what that utmost coxcomb, Seneca, says of the matter. (Epist. 67.) He tells you that through fear of wind he declined returning from Baiæ to Naples by water, but that his journey by land was not the

Virgil's tomb, in the authenticity of which I have soberest reason for believing, is high up on the mountain face: taking the matter in any way, and yielding to the diseasedly sour and exceptious criticism, in this instance, of Forsyth, that it may not be Virgil's, it is unquestionably a sepulchral remain of the ancient time, and, as such, had its station near the high-way side of this grotto, some scores of feet above the present road, which, near the grotto's entrance, it overhangs. Of consequence, both in breadth and in depth, this passage must have been, since the Roman time, largely excavated — for what purpose, the untravelled reader would ask? For the building stone of which Naples and its satellite towns are constructed: for this stone, easily wrought in its quarries of volcanic ejection, hardens in air, and is of brilliant show, when shaped for the architect's use.

In this evening's stroll my eye was caught by spick and span proclamations, put up since morning, though with a date of some months back—a dormant regulation brought afresh into activity on the part of the Austrian General in Chief—limiting the diameter, forbidding the knottiness, and regulating the mounting of walking-sticks. I had, among scores of extravagances, been struck with the bludgeon-like canes and cudgel walking-wands current, to an immense extent of annoyance, among the worthy male population of this proud town: yet this was not worse than the playing of bowls, or the gallop of poney-carriages, or the litter of shops over the street's breadth. Modesty of size of these sticks, not correctness in wielding them, is the object of this edict,

less through liquid, viz. mire: and to fill the horrors of that journey to a brimmer, he was, after the wet mud of the open road, exposed to choking by dust in the grotto. The whole of his story is in the strain of our Arbuthnot's jest, that the dust rising in particles as minute as the components of liquid, "so dry it was that you might "call it wet." Being thus on the stilts of nonsense, he held matters of fact in scorn. His commentators pretend that Strabo's windows must have been choked in their author, Seneca's, time: but it was by dust and bombast of Seneca's own raising.

which avows its aim and end to be of purely military precaution.

Thursday. Naples is the best built city I have seen—its houses, even in the lanes, are of substantial and workman-like construction, the fronts spacious, and of perfect propriety—lofty to seven stories—the roofs usually flat, and affording, therefore, a promenade; their parapets set off with large vessels of dwarf oranges and other choice plants. Both streets and lanes are rectilinear, but far too narrow: and the streets are so closely packed together, and so intersected by lanes, that, in the arrangement of them which is most common, each house, being a quadrangle with a court in the centre, has a main front to two several and parallel streets, besides very frequently having a third to the lane by which they are intersected. Perhaps the entire city does not occupy a surface that, on the average of other great towns, is held adequate to a population of 160,000: but here the very lowest estimate that is hazarded is 400,000; and I cannot surmise it to be exaggerated. Each floor, and more commonly each room, has its family: all is one barrack, crammed to its utmost: bees in a hive are not closer—nor ants in their sand. But that all is alive here, to uproar everlasting—figs in a frail were a just similitude.

How all this motion finds pretext is another wonder. Much of the stir and noise is in vent of mere animal glee. One half of these four hundred thousand human creatures seems at work to create diversion for itself by bothering the other half. When nothing else is to be done, they set-to at dancing and roaring of chaunt or merrier song. Of labor there is a subdivision, minute beyond the mind's possible preconception, and which the eye only can take in. Soft goods and hardware assault you on all sides, from assorted quantities down to samples as it were—the sample being the dealer's whole stock. Then, besides the armies of venders of legume, vegetables, fruit, nosegay—(a pint or less

of fruit being one dealer's stock of street retail trade, a half plateful of lettuce that of another,)—a very numerous and right noisy class of these victuallers bear about a portion of cheese in one hand, with a knife in the other, anxious to subdivide to whatever walnut size of it you may need.

I have seen four men in the act of helping one another to put on a horse-shoe—the animal trained and most quiet—just in that matter of course way that with us one would set about it. How Adam Smith would stare at this practical version of the phrase, division of labour! I verily believe that if each man, woman and urchin in Naples were, by some sudden extra-generosity of nature, gifted with five additional fingers to each hand, and duplicated power to put the gift to profit, they would each and all forthwith find full work, on which to put them into turmoil of employment. What the effect would be of machinery similarly introduced—to supersede all their present occupations—it fevers me to think.

As for sustenance of all this swarm, garden stuff of all kinds, with other matter sufficing to support life, is in such immense supply, from this "fragment of heaven fallen to earth," as one of their poets qualifies the precincts of Naples, that its distribution must find its way to all these innumerable mouths, and its droppings in one way or other preclude the possibility, in any one case, of extreme hunger. To say nothing of the mere green growths of the earth, Macaroni, which is manufactured from the best wheaten flour, sells at such a rate that, for four pence a hard-working man has ample nourishing food for three days. Who can starve in such a place? I had almost forgot to mention the abundance which the sea yields.

Then mendicancy is a grand providore of the wherewithal. You see ten, twenty, thirty beggars in dense groupe or in unending succession, of all ages and in all conditions, from squalidness of rags to propriety of dress. In the coffee-rooms, with far beyond usual Italian license, children ex-

tremely pretty and interesting, and nicely drest, make their sturdiest rounds under guidance of a mother or grandmother, sometimes straying single—sometimes one riding on the back of another—in interminable number and in all variety of attack.

As every where else in Italy, the number of equipages is immense: but their outfit here is specially shewy: and their carriages for hire exhibit the utmost foolery of gew-gaw. There is a one horse chair, peculiar, I think to Naples—in which one person can sit, and into which two may squeeze; the body a gingerbread loaf, gilded to the fancy of Giles himself at a fair—the straddle surmounted by a gilt eagle, or some other superb animal similitude; the horse of a noble little mountain race, wiry, strong, impetuous, fine tempered, and most active: the driver sits—if you make not a most peremptory protest—partly on the apron before you and partly on the shaft: else, standing erect behind, with something like a boat's stern-post of some feet in height, by which to hold steady, and with a second hulking fellow, to share the drive with the more worshipful Gilpin company within: then with reins in hand over your head, unless you specially claim them,—with thong of whip kept in clack, like the clatter of a musketry feu de joie—and with a roar of song on the part of his supernumerary—he dashes in gallop, or a trot just as frightful, through all the mazes of interruption the street can give, making a lane at the peril of all parties, and to the grand display of his vehicle. I have spoken of the eagle in yellowest gold, which overtops his little mountain of straddle. Beyond this height of nonsense I have occasionally seen, in farther exaltation, a couple of pennons, in high gold also, and one over the other, as if by their mutual check to assure you of the true direction of the wind. If the rod sustaining these vanes had a horizontal instead of a perpendicular position, and in its front a five years' old child's windmill—to perform whirligig through the vehement motion—the thing would be at all points complete.

Of this species of vehicle there cannot be fewer than two or three thousand in and about Naples: they are ever on the go; and with other hired carriages and private equipages, (the crowded companies occupying them seen in all gaiety of guise) a din is kept up, independent of human sounds, which sinks Charing cross to the level of still life.*

Friday. The cudgel walking sticks have evanished as if at the tap of drum. What should *we* think of such an order from a military authority, though backed by a Lord Mayor's proclamation? Assuredly, though they were in ferocious bad taste, which to foreign dandies is the superfine, they were in no respect dangerous, even in the hands of a mob excited to insurrection. The new ordinance limits their measure to two, one half inches in the round, or four fifths of an inch thick.

Another and quite new edict of military police forbids to non-military persons the wear of military dress or insignia —and specifies of whiskers that they come within this prohibition.

* What immense difference between Naples now and Naples in 1688, when, as Misson states, "a woman was not to be seen in the street; all dresses and all equi- "pages were black, or some other sad color, in Spanish costume and gravity: the "number of estafiers (body footmen) could not to the haughtiest grandee exceed "two—carriages were ordinarily drawn or dragged in mean style by mules—and "the appearance, in any wear, of gold, or silver, or of silk wrought on silk, was "strictly forbidden."

SECTION III.

15th April. That recess of bay, called the bay of Puzzuoli has been the subject of my visit. The guide books make you nervous, so thickly do they overlay its entire circuit of hill, and valley, and sea-shore—and even tracts that the sea's waters now roll over—with baths and palaces of greatest mortal names—temples, of course, most numerous—to say nothing of the wonders and horrors which are nature's work. I quite dreaded to run their gauntlet. I have, however, achieved these tracts of vegetation so rich and so ever smiling, that, as I learn, and can well believe, the spring leaf expels the preceding summer's foliage, and winter is almost a name; gardens, wherever chesnut copse does not possess the loose sandy slopes, or the tufo forbids not the hoe's working; villages nnmerous, and swarms of children streaming from each habitation like so many full clutches of poultry—mendicants the entire! Malaria banishes all other than this peasant population from a residence in these tracts, as delicious to the eye as in the times of the old Romans, when all here was salubrity and enjoyment: this strange disease rather spares those seasoned to it, while it is deadly to fresh colonists; and accordingly I have not seen round the Baiœ side of this bay a vestige of any beyond peasant habitation. All is of a piece in this tract of grandeur gone by: it is a maze of non-descript, elaborately described remnants of arcade, or substructure like cellarage,—or of tattered shell of ancient temple—mere forlorn masonry. To

every heap of stones which, if disembarrassed from the dust over it, giving nutriment to weeds, might almost suffice to build up a door-way—to every chink in the rock scarcely so removed from the perpendicular as to protect you from the shower—your dogmatic guides give a high sounding name of Imperial or Republican Rome, or even of Mythologic date, with an impudence amusing or disgusting enough, where perhaps once in each revolving century, the earth's surface with all that bespreads it, is, in earthquake's sport, turned topsy-turvy. I have, however, gone the regular round through the grotto of Pausilippo;—by the lake of Agnano, within a regular crater and overbrowed by pleasing hills, perhaps a mile over;—the Dog's grotto, at the base and on the front of one of these hills;—Puzzuoli;—across the bay—and on foot within shore, or by boat * abreast of it to the Cape of Miseno;—and thence over that cape;—the prescribed penance of stations, tranquilly and pleasurably as regards the jog-trot. But in making the course, a tissue of feelings took hold on me for which I had not been prepared; and, under their influence, guide-book delineations and guides' statements were lost to me, in forgetfulness of all or any of the matters enumerated for my admiration.

I confess then, I feel mortified that Virgil has not made more of this region, not in respect to what the eye takes in, but to the passingly wondrous images and fancies which a mind not more actively imaginative than my own humble one can frame out hence in such teeming number, and pursue through such variety. What though the Dog's grotto be but a dog-hole of a dozen feet inward, of five feet wide, and in which

* Nor be it forgotten that even in progress by boat you are called on to see, or to fancy you see, ruins of buildings submerged, in voucher of the old historic statements that the Lords of the world pushed here their villas, crowded till the land ceased to give them space,—onward and within the sea's verge:—and in quite another species of wonder, to mark the spout of hot water which, in calm weather, boils up from the sea's surface.

you can but just stand in erect posture, yet how resist the impression on the mind, of the mephitic vapor which gives damp to the earth's surface—which you feel distinctly as you stand there heating your legs up to the calf (even with thick leggings as I had)—in which a lighted taper expires in a volume of smoke—which stifles the explosion of a pistol,—and in which, if you have not faith, (as I had) you may subject to death a bird or a dog in two minutes' time of agony.—Then the Monte Nuovo, its base four miles round, its summit two thousand feet high, rocky—and drearily barren because its rocks are so fissured and of such spunge-like porousness that the heaviest rains escape forthwith from its surface—this mountain expelled, not quite 300 years since, in a day and a night, from the earth's bowels,* blotting out not merely the vestiges of once crowded edifices, and extinguishing a tract of garden fertility, but farther choking a lake, the Lucrine,—nature's work, with its superadded harbour, a work of man—into a miserable remnant of sedgy plash, and confounding the bounds of land and ocean, whose original margin it has destroyed. Take into recollection that this Lucrine Lake had been put into junction with Lake Avernus, whose very name is of highest poetic dread; and suppose—for the supposition receives direct confirmation from the existing phenomenon of the Dog's grotto—that this Bard's array of horrors may have grown out of the fact of a similar deadly vapor emitted from a widely-yawning cavern, which Virgil records to have existed on its margin, and which a slight throe of earthquake may long since have closed, and, in doing so, have pent within the earth's recesses the exhalations which gave death to whatever bird might skim this lake's atmosphere, prisoned from circulation by

* "This New Mountain, when newly raised, had a number of issues; at some "of them smoking and flaming, and at others disgorging rivulets of hot waters, "keeping a terrible rumbling; and many perished miserably that ventured to de- "scend into the hollowness of it above."—Sandys's Travels.

the primœval drear woods overspreading the hills, deep among which the lake is basined, and that suffices, without extra-mephitic aid, to choke respiration as surely as the impenetrable forests on the baleful Spanish main.

Let the visitor explore a tunnel into one of these hills, some 150 or 200 yards onward, narrow, low and winding, with secondary passages branching from the main one—through parts of which you proceed, mounted on your guide's back, and he wades, by torch light, through subterraneous pools to chambers that shew their remains of fresco embellishment; —the whole maze counterpart in primary intention to the grotto of Pausilippo, though contact with Naples has, in a succession of ages, opened out and disenchanted the latter; —both one and other, and various suites of caverned recess besides, of dreary and horrible underground progress, the burrows of the Cimmerians, of whose national peculiarities Homer, and those who have borrowed from him, give such striking delineation. Go then to the Stufata of Nero, and if you can, enter so far as ten yards through the low hole of passage, a chink of volcanic rock, where you are forthwith melted in heat and steam, and whence—disabled from pursuing the crevice track farther—you face round in precipitate retreat: your demonstrator, more used to it, and his trade consisting in making a merit to you of how he has, for your sake, undergone the agony of being boiled alive—after some little interval returns,—in actual suffusion, and in much real and some exaggerated pain, bringing a bucket, drawn from the cauldron within, of boiling water. Repass then to the other side of this little bay, and at the back of Puzzuoli, you behold in Solfatara an actual and quite come-at-able volcano's crater, emitting thick smoke, with sulphur, from different holes boiling tumultuously, and in constant and large supply out of the ground: listen to the hiss of boiling water beneath the surface you stand on, and, from the slend-

erest stamp, mark that all below your feet is hollow, and a cauldron for water, as for sulphur, under the action of fire!

This same region, in Virgil's time, and when honored by his residence, was as "golden" as Rome's own Capitol, and the favorite retreat of the World's masters from the cares of their mighty metropolis: but it bore impress, in an utterly higher degree than the Capitoline Rock, of the awe in which primæval superstitions had invested it. Present appearances broke forth, even when all was garden and architectural magnificence, in palpable proof of this having been the actual land of the Cimmerians, of sorcerers, of ghosts, of wonder and terror—a land of divination and dreams, whose inhabitants dwelt between the living world and the dead, and whose abodes gave passage and porch to the habitations of the departed. Then below, what tracts of horror—of gelid wave, and of lakes interminable—of that same boiling water,—regions of amazement and of punishment in frightful incarceration of caverned darkness and sulphur, and peopled by forms of hideousness as unspeakable, as in number, endless. It requires not Virgil's genius, it requires not a better than Pagan mythology to give extension and variety to such dreadfulness of a world below, as superlatively greater than Virgil's puny subterraneous Hell, as that is to the paltry dog's-hole on the verge of the lake of Agnano. Homer I fault not nor forgive; for he is but incidental: but Virgil was on the spot, and ought to have imparted largeness of poetic creation to this district of wonder, corresponding to what, under a modern enchanter's stroke of wand, converted the bowels of a granite rock into a palace befitting the daughter of our British King Arthur, and the destined spouse of the Knight of Triermaine.

Here is infinitude of subterraneous extension to work on. Is not Naples bay one great crater? Even by that appellation do both Neapolitans and foreign geographers designate

it. Is not one half of Lower Italy, and all Sicily—and are not tracts beneath the sea, far and wide westward, volcanic, and, in all likelihood, theatre below of all manner of astonishment and of portent unutterable—a world close under our feet, of other products and other sights, realms of abomination and woe,—and realms also of delight and joy, in range of vacuum as vast—in what way fitted, high mystery to us—to receive the disembodied souls as earth's soil suffices for the inhumation, generation after generation, of their corporeal remains.*

But bating his inborn modesty, and that he would not unfetter himself from following even these poor hearsay stories of Homer—the fault in all this lies not with that master-spirit, Virgil. The peopling of the lurid regions of Dis, after the accepted mythologic creed, involved in the attempt at once paltriness and grossness. The look forward to a Pagan futurity could not but have carried chill to a poet's powers, and supremely so to the affections, exquisitely pure and sweet, which characterized Virgil.

I may, after this, with all consistency, express how I am ever gladdened by the free air and purple light, with which Virgil clothes his Elysian fields. He has here given himself to somewhat of amplification of the matter of fact narrow and low verge of smiling land in appanage to that lake —severely changed I apprehend by earthquake—which now is named the Dead Sea. And well might the poet place his fields of happiness in the most lovely scene of earth's surface that land and sea can combine to embellish—Naples bay and its shores, and Baiæ's precincts commanding and enjoying Elysian delights.

* In much of this identical tract of Circœan enjoyment, of generations long gone by, of the wise and the mighty, the palumbaria or tombs have very numerously been converted from receptacles for the dead, into tenements of the living;—within which burrow crowds of the present population and their brats—a human rabbit-warren.

16th April. At the opera last night. The opera seems as specially national in Italy, as our drama is in ultramontane regions. With us the opera is a hot-house plant, the growth indigenously of a quite different climate. Here comedy and tragedy late in the last century, obtained favor through Goldoni and Alfieri: yet they are mainly a foreign article.* And in seeing at the Grand Opera house of Naples La Donna del Lago—the Lady of the Lake—represented in Italian, i. e. opera guise, I could not but take it as a proof, one out of a hundred, of the voluntary slavery of this existing Italian race to the representatives of the heroes of Galgacus, who exercise dominion over their very pleasures, and to whom they are beholden—so far as unsensual mind, if any mind at all, is theirs—for their mental comforts. Sunk from poetry into music that is in divorce from sense, and from the expression, which actor's genius can give, into attitude and dance—it appeared to me that the mountains of Benlomond and Benledi, instead of that coarseness of heather and that enduring inclemency of coldness and of snow, in which they best please our outward senses and our imagination, were here frosted like a plumbcake in confectionary-work of sugar—the lake improved into lemonade. These people would recoil from their own Appennines with the same unhealthy horror.

Criticism—in other parlance common sense—and an opera, have little to do with each other. Yet as we do furnish the staple in the shape of plain loaf, which their palates reject until it be spiced into gingerbread, the resentment is the more legitimate in us against a sacrifice of the wholesome pleasures of nature for vitiated indulgences: and the feeling is a direct one of the lampoon, nationally, that is implied in

* "The title of Saul induced me to expect a sacred oratorio; instead of which "I found the whole biblical narrative dramatized into a complete opera."—*Ackerman's Book* (of vile authorship) *on Naples.*

the abasement of imagery and sentiments befitting heroic nature, to answer their purposes, which demand mummery and child's plaything.

Through last night were very heavy showers of rain at Naples: and though in the middle of April, the mountains round the bay, were to-day robed far down their sides with snow; which, on Vesuvio* particularly, had nearly disappeared in the afternoon, when we were returning from a delightful sail to more than midway in the bay between Capri Island and Sorrento—and in a position finally, to command Puzzuoli on the inner shore of the inner recess of the bay, taken in the largest sense. We had thus the whole of the shores in scope, with all the disadvantages that the water's level imposes on scenery; besides that the extent is here so great that the features of the landscape undergo little variation from change of station. But here is one feature which from the water, and till distance impairs its impression—is of singular and sovereign beauty—Naples city; its immensely long and rectilinear ranges of street rising from the shore's edge; each vast rectangle of edifice—thrown into separation from other by the change of direction through sinuousness of the site—emulating in impression that prominent structure, as seen from the water—the Royal Palace; and each street appearing as composed of absolute palaces. The general tendency to flat roof, adds much to this effect, from the conformity of its plane to the entire superficies beside; while from the bold amphitheatric ascent of the brow—that swells outward at its centre—each line of street shews in special

* Such are the snows in this country, that the summit mountain of Ischia Island —1920 feet high—yields enough for its population of 24,000 for the year, and the further large consumption of strangers who repair to its baths. And nobody can judge how vast the quantities thus consumed must be, who has not witnessed with what prodigality it is used by all classes in southern Italy. The meanest pauper contrives to obtain his glass of iced water, as with us a dram. There can be no exaggeration in the statement, that in Naples a failure in the supply of snow would be felt as a nearly equal calamity with a famine in bread.

elevation aloft and close aback of that next it, displaying its entire perpendicularity of front, and in a continuity of horizontal wall plate of six or seven miles, unmarred by a ridge and unbroken by angular gable ends. Thus the entire city retains a distinctness of plan that adds delight to the astonishment excited by dwelling on so immense, so majestic, and so eminently fair an assemblage of structures.

17th April. The luxuries of life which Naples affords, cannot, I conceive, be surpassed elsewhere on our globe, and surely not any where on easier terms. A dinner at a first-rate tavern, if you desire half a score dishes of excellent cookery, vegetables abundant and excellent, and a desert equally exuberant, with wine, ice, and all fit accompaniments, is to be had, without descending to details, by the simple application for a dinner of eight groats: three times as many shillings might fail to procure as good a one at home.

Italy every where is a cheap country: but in no part of it, where I have been, appears the style that reigns at Naples. Florence is most abundant and respectable in its accommodations: Rome most abundant, but rather homely: Naples, far more variously abundant, exhibits all these comforts with the magnificence of a metropolis of the first pretensions.

The progressive importance of money during my course southward has been palpable. The French five-franc piece, the German scudo, the Spanish dollar—are to a traveller's general purposes, and as to his common parlance, much the same matter. When a short way out of France or Swisserland into Italy, you find that the French franc, of 9½d. value, obtains good substitute for its former purposes in the half-franc—that is formally replaced at Florence by a coin of the country—the paul, of which ten go to the scudo. At Florence also, the gold you may have brought induces a premium in the commonest shop transaction of receiving change. At Rome this premium is yet higher: and still

more, at Rome is a premium on the Florence scudo. At Naples, the Roman scudo is at a set premium. Besides, the scudo, heretofore divided into ten pauls, is at Naples divided into twelve carlines. The paltriest matter of copper change is in meet sequence. The general consequence is, that a gold piece may here be accounted a sort of bank note; a scudo you part with as at home you do with a sovereign; and a carline enacts all the parts of a shilling.

In Italy there is—out of Lombardy—distinctness enough of understanding as to coins; but much less as to weights. As to measures of distance all is vague. The Italian post is the standard rather of time than of distance: the mile shifts its extent according to the district you are in, if it be not, in some, a term disused: in general phrase the Italian mile is to be accepted as the geographical, 60 to the degree; but in particulars there is no certainty in so accounting it. The canna, the braccia, the palm—which may, in the very loosest paraphrase, be of our description of ell, yard, foot measures—have in each State, or even in each provincial district, a value not commensurate to their scale in any other. To take the Roman palm of about eight four-fifth inches, in translation of the Neapolitan, and found thereon any statement, would be to give in to utter delusion. Provincialism seems the incurable bane of Italy.

Even at Rome, the palm I have spoken of is the architectural; there are besides it different other palms, each of its own specific application. To measure in this country wherever I wish for accuracy, would consume in that toil my life's length. Much therefore that I am compelled to acquiesce in as to extent, is founded on guess; and guess is a scale that expands and contracts with the mind's mood,—an infinitely, often miserably, often ludicrously variable standard.

Studiis florentem ignobilis oti,—in wrapt enjoyment of inglorious ease, this delicious city has for me the day all too

short, even when consumed in sauntering through the Villa Reale, a suite of gardens extending nearly 1,100 yards along the quay, separated from the strand and surf by a parapet, and, at a breadth thence of three score yards, by an iron ballustrade dividing it from the street. Here, sometimes from a projecting rampart, with the waves lashing against its base, sometimes under the long close roof of ilex, trained and trimmed to an awning from the sun, or again in the spacious center walks, free from the intrusion of carriage, or horse, or donkey; free from rabble revelry; free, nearly, from beggars, whose entrance can be but by stealth —I pass whole forenoons in all the luxury of lounge that can be fed by air, sky, sea, mountain, magnificent city close by and, from its cliff, impending over,—with tree, and shrub, and herbaceous flower in thicket and perfume about my walk;—the bay animated with pleasure vessels and fishing boats; the strand industrious, and silently so, with gangs of fishermen drawing their tackle from forth of the deep waters, to which, with lines of more than a mile long, their nets had been consigned; nor at all wanting frequent large vessels under sail, on various tacks, to get out of or to enter the haven: so delicious a range of expatiation on the verge of such a metropolis—that metropolis on such a sea shore as can no where else be found! New points of landscape beauty, or other than I have before me, I feel no disposition to explore: as to the Belle Arti, or to Antiquities, the intrusion of any such notion, like that of hard labor, I hold in abomination. No wonder Virgil lived here, and here chose his sepulchre, enfilading, as it does, this range of lounge. The story of the Sirens on these identical shores dates as long back as Homer: so far as April month is concerned, I am in evidence that their witcheries continue in full force of intoxication. The rage of summer, I am told, is greatly moderated by the daily sea breeze. But just now with the London newspapers, supplied by the hospitable and most

unostentatious courtesy of our ambassador, Mr. Hamilton ;* and a dose now and then from Mr. Matthias's Componimenti Lirici, (re-published at Naples under his own eye,) I find the delirium confirmed and complete, and myself good for nothing. Simple existence here is substantive luxury, and the life of a drone is thrilling enjoyment.

It is now the middle of April, after a most hard Winter, and with, even now, many days of boisterous inclemency: yet, on the sea's verge, most of the forest trees, the lime, oak, plane, are shot or shooting into that green leaf which is decided coloring though not umbrage. The acacia, late with us, half green also, is sheeted with its white flowers as profusely as our orchard apple trees of shewiest promise. Full blossom on the orange and lemon trees, while the greater portion of their golden fruit hangs from the boughs, in full ripeness, and most plenteous, ungathered, gaudiness. The stag's horn shumach, in great numbers, and taken indifferently, measure from 28 to 30 inches in girth—planted apparently at the same time with their neighbour acacias, which are of a slenderer stem: but one shumach I measured was 46 inches in girth at three feet from the ground: it, and some gross ones near it, form a straight stem at about 14 feet high. Long ago I have remarked the fig-tree, in great numbers, luxuriantly leaved, and with its fruit fully shaped. It is a singular tree—in vegetable, what the goat is in animal life, rejoicing similarly in regions of sterility, and drawing food and fatness from the wall-top, † from rock, from precipice,

* Author of Ægyptiaca—as I have the opinion from a learned friend, whose course of studies constitutes him an unexceptionable judge—the best modern book on the subject of Egypt.

† And such a station Homer, ever most true to nature, assigns to it in Andromache's wife-like endeavour to fix Hector's attention on a weak part of the Trojan wall.

While on this subject, let me mention from one of the best books in description of Naples bay and its conterminous shores, of which when I was there, but the first part had appeared—the statement which I know to be true; that

from sites, if not so out of all bounds lofty, yet as fantastic and inaccessible: and to such sites I need not add that the vegetable, as well as the animal, is of fine and most picturesque ornament.

19th April. In these gardens I have, throughout their extent, the Bay spread before me, myself raised on a terrace over its last surges. No where does Capri island, full in front, appear more advantageously, and with the various coloring of the still changeful day playing over its length of nearly four miles, and its shattered surface and height, that exceeds 1900 feet of naked and headlong rock. I sometimes fancy I see from hence on the summit crag, its capital, Anacapri; to which, as I learn from a friend, the only approach from its sole other town, Capri, is by a staircase of above 300 steps, cut in the face of the rock, that is plumb over the ocean's depth. Its only soil is a stripe, fertile enough, but not visible without its own most straight bound, being included within the crests of the island's either face. To this detail I add the farther fact, that round the island's entire base there is but one landing place, even for a boat. In main effect Capri is the most exquisitely featured rock I have ever gazed on: for what can be more exquisite than an island in elevation above the waves thus lofty?—every where wall—that wall in nature's own perpendicular, which is fractured precipice—its face not more broken than its summit outline is fantastically irregular.

The sweep of mountain on the left of the bay,—and from

here, as elsewhere in Italy, the fruit of the fig-tree is in greater part the food of the poor for much of the year,—its first growth being unwholesome, the latter ones of sound nutriment, and saved for winter use:—and as an illustration of the "*duplice ficu*," which Horace puts into the mouth of his honest Ofellus, let me add, from the same book, that a practice here is to splice the best figs, and apply one, so cleft and spread, to another, in such manner that their juices form them in the drying into one double fig—to heighten the flavor of which it is an approved course to insert some fennel before joining them.—The work from which I cite bears on its title to be "by an Ultramontane:" the author's name is Haller.

which Capri is severed by a strait, short of its own extent of length—is also superlatively fine. Its range is fifteen miles, measured on the map: but I have in vain tried to procure information as to its altitude: by inference from the known height of Vesuvio—3,500 feet,—I judge it to be in some parts much above 5,000 feet. To this altitude it rises from a base, much of it—as I measure it from Zànnoni's large map of the bay—of not quite a league from the hither shore of Naples to the farther on the outer bay of Amalfi: of course the coasts are truly iron bound, majestically rocky throughout all its ascent, and with vast intermixture of precipice. Its outline on the sky is of the finest picturesque. It has elegance, for there is no where sameness, and no where violent transition: and it has great force; for one portion, the nearest of three into which it may be distributed, is half as high again as the next, which is by somewhat an equal proportion loftier than that which terminates in the Cape of Minerva;—this last line out-topped by Capri which, island though it be, belongs to the range. Of its outline let me not take leave without once more remarking on the castle remains of St. Angelo, like a diadem of distinction on the supreme summit of the entire, and a pyramidal rock crowning a brow near it, so regular that, for a long time, I had doubted if it were not also the fantastic remnant of some vast human edifice. Both the ruin, and the rock so distinctly like one, give to the line of crest an expression, that is a spell evermore on the attention, and is absolutely speaking.

These are the sovereign objects of this bay. What may be mentioned after them, but of very inferior dignity, I take to be the Islands of Ischia and Procida. Ischia is the ancient Inarime: the summit of its crater—now extinct—is of equal height with Capri: but on its surface in interchange with precipitous rock are, as I learn, large tracts of cultivation, though of little verdure—the absence of which, in decided hue, is the sore want, to an English eye, of this bay's

shores. Assuredly over these Islands, as over the mountain surface of which I have spoken, as terminating in Cape Minerva, there must, despite the general shew of rock, be much cultivation: for there are different towns that project on the picture in noble sites; and these must depend for at least four-fifths of their food, (leaving the rest to the chance of the fisheries) on vineyard and garden—here, in a crevice of cliff not quite headlong, purloined from the monstrous precipice—or there embosomed among crags like islands in the waste. And also, there is here and there, as I am certified, copse and venerable chesnut timber. Still at such a remote distance, the crops are on the eye as nothing, between the drills which the hoe must ever be keeping brown. That distance has even the power to dull or do away all charm or almost semblance of forest foliage.

Ischia and Procida are on the western side of the bay at large,—which faces south—and are in continuation of Cape Miseno: and no one of these objects is visible from Naples, nor, unless at the expense of much locomotion, from its immediate heights. In fact, the promontory of Pausilippo blots out hence one side of the bay, and, in doing so, performs for it a kind office: unless under this infringement, its expanse would spread into vapidness, and, even with such a shore as I have described, would cease to be in keeping. Yet Pausilippo does not intrude into the bay for more than one part in four of its entire depth: our obelisk hill at Dublin runs out three-fourths of the space which would be needed to clear Howth or Bray heads.

Pausilippo then, in foreground closeness on the eye, is a prominent object: it is also an unsightly one. Its elevation, though efficient for foreground obstacle, is mean, its outline dull. A sylvan robe would be the cure for these defects: but here is such raw nudity that the ravines on its surface (which, close on them are chasms) appear from the contiguous Villa Reale, to be repulsively ugly gashes,

fit company for the garden walls that every where, with lumbering deformity, fritter what altogether is not large, into patches. That the misery might be complete, each and all of these patches are kitchen garden, ragged under digging and hoeing, the reddish brown earth unsubdued by the culinary growths, and the fruit trees—incapable, on such a steep ascent, of the office of covert—in disheveled dispersion. In saying there is no wood I am wrong. Just one bad clump of cypress, and just one small groupe, with, besides, one or two stray, solitary trees of stone pine with parasol spread—in the manner that the human figure in landscape painting is the scale by which to measure other objects—establish by their superiority the meagreness of the ground growths, and by their five; at most, stiff and stark evidences over a tract of five square miles, confirm the general disconsolation. Writers of worship tell you that this promontory is a noble object: if they had said it yields noble produce of legumes and lettuces, their opinion would have been more within the limits of their competent judgment.

In fine, and in respect to Naples bay with reference to Dublin, of its similarity to which I have been hearing from my cradle—I now fully agree with an intelligent friend—Englishman by the way—whom it was my good fortune to know at Rome; and who there stated to me that when he first saw Naples bay, he was impressed with its likeness to that of Dublin; but that the longer he remained there that impression became impaired. As to the relative extent of the two bays, the matter is settled in a trice: in so far as want of extent can be urged against Dublin, in at least as far can over-extent be charged against Naples: rather Naples suffers from the one extreme than Dublin from the other. And this, as the matter of atmosphere stands now; though the difference resulting thence is ever to be held in view. Just as Loch-Lomond (its southern portion) disappoints every traveller from over extension into stupidity,

while the lake of Geneva, of a dozen of times its surface, is of cheerful loveliness; from the same cause Dublin bay would in this climate be a cove, a well; and in our's Naples shores would not be vastly less remote on the view, than Mourne in Ulster, or the Snowdon chain in Wales, which, as it is, we command with the naked eye. Mourne, or its vanguard Carlingford, is but forty miles remote, and Snowdon sixty: in counterbalance, the Naples barrier range is half as high again as the summit of either.

Monday 21st April. Went up Vesuvio—a delightful, though rather fatiguing saunter on foot, as I performed it,—and not at all difficult to the base of the summit cone: thence a toilsome dirty clamber up rocks, or sinking at each tread in warm ashes, up to the crater's verge—which is upwards of a mile in circumference, the rim being often less than two yards in width. A friend, of that class whose eyes are like feelers in the finger's or toes's ends, and whose mind cannot master the figure of the circle that is in unobstructed sight, unless with the body's labor the actual round of its circumference be undergone, footed this ring accordingly—to explore the best point of view of its centre. Another friend, superadding sailor foolhardiness, descended, some little time back, to the bottom of the crater. Neither had a particle of novelty for his wise pains. The crater exhibits as filthy and uncouth a steep to the bottom, on all its surface within, as its surface without the cone does: I estimate also the extent to be gone over in either course to be about the same. But within are frequent changes from the workings of the volcanic furnace—rents larger and less, and the more than possibility of pitfalls created by such rents, too minute to be discovered or too slightly ceiled over to give support—and in which to find extinction could be no glory to a rational being.

One hole, of which I could not descry the bottom, and several minor ones, were in the large, what Solfatara—of

which I am glad that I had made previous study—were in much lesser and far more come-at able way. The frequent counterpart to such holes is a little cone, like that of sand where it drops in the lower half of an hourglass (only that the feeder is here from within) while a hole at its top resembles that hollow in the surface of the upper which feeds.

The volcano was all silence to-day, as it has been since I came to Naples: from the largest hole, at the bottom of the crater, issued a very little smoke. It was quite otherwise in October last, when, as from very various quarters I have had the details, the phenomena were in every way superb. By one gentleman, of power to enjoy and describe their sublimity—as far as man's powers can so measure themselves—the beauty and grandeur has been painted to me of the projection aloft, amid lightning's glories unspeakable, of the volume of liquid fire in slow giration, but on the exactest pattern of a corkscrew's winding—be the justness of the exemplification taken in atonement for the debasingness of the image—in strangest and enchanting effect. He is a scholar as well as poet of whom I speak; and he is unable to correct the impression of what he saw, by any thing his stock of reading can furnish in proof, that so surpassingly elegant as well as majestic a figure as this spiral of fire, wreathed too and robed in deepest blackness and smoke, was ever in exhibition to human eyes before. As to the altitude of the flame's ascent, I can understand that matter from the raw statement of the guide books, which, tell that the eruption of 1631 was computed to be in a column of thirty miles high; and, in the same sentence—that in the eruption of 1779, the elevation of the fiery matter was 1,000 canne, viz. less than a mile and half. The bookmaker is but a copyist; and, in giving the computation of an ignorant Neapolitan age, supplies an accurate picture to the imagination.

The nakedest statement of the accompaniments of the recent

eruption seems bombastic. I have had the facts from many and distinct witnesses—a blackness that through the day enveloping all objects—darkness in Naples for the three days of its violence, making candlelight indispensible even at noon-hour;—flame from the mountain so fierce as to illuminate the night, and reflected from the sea in such glare as to give the bay with all its shores in thorough but horrible display—that horror added to by the blazing rivers boiling over the crater's edge, and pouring in torrents of fire in different channels downward to the mountain skirts;—the noise during the whole time not less awful on the ear than what the eye took in was frightful—one protracted continued roar, which stilled with terror while it defeaned the noisiest and most restless and densest population on the globe, compacted within its reach, and awaiting destruction from its fury. The sound emitted—I ask pardon of myself for the bathos, but my main object is to fix the impression with justness—bore strict analogy to the working of the volcano's entrails: its was a sort of roar incorporated on the working of a forge bellows: by night this roar and this working were especially hideous.

Even after the three days of eruption had ceased, the ashes fell so thick, and in such an impalpable powder of distinctly diverse colors, that for nearly the week ensuing, a silk umbrella was not a sufficient protection against them in Naples streets. I have seen a parcel of them so obtained under his umbrella by a friend—who having put the matter to experiment, was amazed at the quantity he procured with very slight tax on his patience. Well might this be, when the deposit of this impalpable dust reached to a depth of six inches under shedded buildings.

In the ascent of Vesuvio I had under my eye and my feet, the torrent violence in full exposition: some of it a puddle of what has recently been red-hot fire, smoking now when stirred, and charring a stick thrust within its surface

to prove the fact. But ravages of ancient date, as well as new, traversed us every where: the people here tell the Anno Domini of each out-break for half a century back, as a wine merchant keeps count and chronicle of the contents of his vaults. And the eye is no judge of the date of the ejection of any course of lava: some, very old, was as hard as stone and absolutely naked: other parts, but recent, have already their surface so pulverized as to be afresh subjected to cultivation — the front shewing its raggedness in an elevation of some feet over the contiguous tract, as in a peat moss, cut into dikes for turf, a face of indurated matter is exhibited to the depth of the excavation. Over large wastes the chesnut is peeping, in promise of copse, or has secured strong growth. It is thus that the Somma—the twin pyramid to the existing volcano—is extensively sheeted with chesnut, in succession to whose robing are the vineyards, which produce the wine called Lachrimæ Christi. It is a horrible contest between nature, ever working ravage—and man, alert in repairing the destruction. That town of Torre del Greco, on the bay's verge, but at the mountain's foot, containing 18,000 inhabitants, is ever and anon its plaything: it is destroyed and rebuilt, and re-destroyed to be renewed over again. In 1767, the lava—in a spread of 300 feet, with a depth of 24—reached Naples itself.

But no more: in the Album of the hermitage—which is no other than a tavern very high up on the mountain, kept by a priest, (they say of no good fame, and I know his manners shift with his notions of his guest's consequence, and that he can be reprimanded into comparative propriety)—there is, among very much trash, this sentiment expressed—"Where God and nature speak in fulness, it becomes man to be silent."

Of the transcendent loveliness of the sea and land surface, which, from the mountain's skirts, and sides, and summit, are seen in ever changing prospect—it were also vain to

speak. Solely, and of a single tract let me note, that in the descent, and with the light thrown favourably, I perceived that the lofty crest, on which the castle-ruin of St. Angelo stands, is not the narrow ridge it appears to be from below: for, marked out by distinct coloring from the brow on which I had supposed it to rest, and separated from that brow whose depth I can but guess, but whose terror it was in competence to the eye to take in—its actual base is a separate rock, of a height in suitableness to the castle pile which holds seat in tyrant jealousy at its extreme termination on the left. That precipice must be in still more tremendous fall to the sea's depth on its opposite front. This for myself: for, when I get home, not one of my friends will be able to comprehend the glory which an afternoon sun gave—of shadow, of splendor, and of roseate coloring—to this mountain summit, the proudest decoration of Naples bay.

From Vesuvio appears, in fullest abomination, the wide mouth of this bay, between the Islands of Ischia and Capri—if that be mouth, which is breadth, and somewhat bulk, of the body itself. Pity it is that the courtly precedent which Virgil hails, as a preparation of the constellation of Scorpio to make room for Augustus in the Zodiac, by drawing in his claws, should be here out of question;—that the Capes of Miseno and Minerva cannot, bringing with them their respective islands at their present relative positions, approach to within one-half, or one-third, of the distance that holds them in alienation.

22d April. Before the formation of the Villa Reale gardens in 1779, the only promenade at Naples was the Mole, perhaps 250 yards out into the water, and forming one side of the harbour—in which I ordinarily see about forty large merchant vessels; besides frigates and sloops of the Neapolitan Royal Navy. This mole is, as a walk, resigned to the sailors and boatmen, and their lounging associates: a knot of these is commonly to be found seated round a staid

person, who, from a tattered and greasy set of leaves, reads out to them from the Orlando or some other old poetic legend. Of course they have heard the same passages often recited, though the calm pleasure they evince is apparently not the less fixed.

I had read a world of matters about the Lazzaroni. Doubtless they are a changed race from what they were, and their numbers greatly reduced. They are a square, short, strong built tribe;—a nightcap, which bookmaking men, one in echo after other, call Phrygian, on their head;—jacket loose, and breast open, with breeches whose knees were "never meant" to button. They are an utter exception to the character, for restlessness and uproar, of all that is Neapolitan beside. They frequent not the city, but occupy the quay and its purlieus, and are, in some sort, a half amphibious race. A more tranquil, gentle, and inoffensive description of human beings, or so especially so, I have never seen. They are strangers to mendicancy: a beggar's claim, even on your looks, from a Lazzarone is out of question: they have no air of shrinking from you, nor any nervous symptom of poverty or wretchedness; but appear of modest self-possession, and so little coming in your way as not to offer themselves on your eyesight. Vigorous labor, when he has work, and quiet harmlessness when he has none, are their characteristics—silence assuredly. This last quality I do not attribute to their mates, who are often obstreperously talkative, but never interfering, and never mendicant. Their brats are a superlatively fine little race: they have the merriment of kittens, and live in an unremitting heydey of disport and vehement glee. But that wonderful eye of these children —and of Italian children generally—of brilliance, and fulness, and force unspeakable; it is out of my power to do justice to it.

Of insufficient or unwholesome diet I see no trace. Food here seems to require no hard straining for. Macaroni is

the species of food objected to Neapolitans ; as, some twenty five years ago, before potatoes had spread into use over Europe, that vegetable was, in an Englishman's mouth, the topic of standing joke against the natives of Ireland. When it has been said to me by a townsman of Naples, that the weather was bad, and I retorted in jest that it was Neapolitan, the rejoinder I had was, " Macaroni." Yesterday in the ascent of Vesuvio, different public works, some executed, others but commenced by Murat, were pointed out to me by a man, who was proceeding to the summit with a freight of refreshments, which I afterwards saw, had there a ready sale. I asked him in banter, who Murat was : he replied " Joachim :" I asked farther, who was he : the answer, with a laugh, was " a macaroni-eater :" I demanded was he any thing more : the reply then, with a change of face from broad laugh, was " he died a brave man's death." A feeling visibly accompanied his words, not implying attachment to this or the other political party, but in human sympathy with one who had met his fate as became a man : I trust my rejoinder was not in discordance to that feeling. I have understood that Murat had done much to meliorate the condition of the Lazzeroni, and was deservedly popular with them ; and that his queen who, with some faults, did a great deal of good—was highly so : they called her in their familiar talk " our Caroline," as if one of their own body. On that subject, and in no such excellent meaning, I had heard from Italians in Lombardy—without reference to dynasty—that the entire population of Naples, from the lowest class up to his present Majesty, all are to be accounted Lazzaroni.

Monday, 28th April. To Cumæ. In our way, took some of the remains of Antiquity near Puzzuoli ; especially the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, discovered in 1750, and disinterred by the Government ; who, transplanting thence, as well the statues, vases and furnishings, as the architectural decora-

tions—have feloniously deprived the world of a heathen temple of ample dimensions in all its completeness. In this vicinity also, are the remains of an amphitheatre of much greater antiquity than the Colisseum, capable once of containing 45,000 persons, Within its basement runs a massive corridore, on either hand of which is a series of vaults round the ellipse that was its figure. A sufficiency remains to point out its exterior architectural expression: on climbing its broken walls, the fragments of the pile are seen in such dislocation as to resemble natural rock scenery—the more so that in the rubbish, which chokes the blocks of stone, fig and other trees are growing rank wild: the area below is a garden under full cultivation.

The baths here—of various degrees of heat, and very diverse properties, and apparently under good classification—detained us for some time, as did different other objects round Puzzuoli. Thence, by the inner shore of the bay of Baiæ, and afterwards inland,—with various long lines of ancient sepulcture exposed to view,—we wandered at great length, in admiration of the close cultivation and marvellous richness of this garden country, and in great satisfaction with the courtesy and decency of the peasant population: their good-natured, respectful, manly kindnesses were delightful.

In this tract was scarcely a trace of ruins; so that in this respect our former, left-hand, course to Cape Miseno—which had shewed what, in guide's nomenclature, are the Temples of Venus, Mercury, and Diana, the Cento Camerelle, and, beyond all, the Piscina Mirabile—was comparatively rich. I think that besides an arch, under which the road passes,—a Temple called the Giant's, and quite fit for its present use of a winestore—and the ground plan of an amphitheatre, of which the materials have vanished, there is nothing: if there be, I have forgotten it. Over the whole Cumœan mount, where Dædalus alighted, from the recesses of which

the Sybil gave forth her responses, and which was the site of Italy's most ancient city, it would appear as though the stones that had composed its buildings had submitted to decomposition: not one stone is any where to be found bigger than a small apple. From the summit is one of the most delicious mountain views, in long extent, that I have seen—beginning with Linternum, just below, whither Scipio

> From a base world, to this Cumæan shore
> Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

Thence it recedes northward across the bay of Gaeta, and to Terracina and Circe's mountain;—reminding me of that vast extent of sea margin, backed by mountain, to be seen from Aberystwith in Wales, supposing the spectator's stand to be not central, as in that case, but at one termination of the free crescent;—in style, however, altogether beyond what that comparison would seem to imply, such is the picturesque irregularity here, and also the majesty of ridge after ridge, and of range behind range.

On the face of the Cumæan hill, which is in one part precipitous tufo, exists much of deep and black grotto recess. One large open tract of grotto has been converted into a receptacle for cattle: another space is used as a winestore. In an attached most spacious and airy building, laid out for making and keeping wine, my friend and I, seated on the stillions,—with my penknife for my sole table utensil, and a bill-hook for his,—a frying pan forming our cooking apparatus—we contrived, with eggs, with excellent bread, of which the good peasants had luckily the day before made provision from Naples, and with the adjunct of capital wine, the growth and manufacture of the farm—to make a luxurious repast.

Returning towards Puzzuoli by another way, we had, under us, the lake of Averno, embosomed in a volcano's extinguished crater, a lovely sheet of water, 700 yards over. In nothing does it exhibit a vestige of its ancient terrors: the peasantry, however, insist on its being bottomless. A

naval friend tells me, that he recently put a boat out on it, and his soundings were twenty fathoms in the deepest part. —In one spot, just beneath our path, stood an octagonal remain of an ancient temple, of good landscape effect: from its being partly in the water the inference is, that the lake's surface is more extensive than in the old time.—It was evening now, and the croak of frogs, which rose to us from such a depth below, was utterly amazing: the noise that individuals of them emit, exceeds in depth that of a duck; but, from their host, the united roar was an immense thing.

This voluptuous climate dissolves me into poetry, or at least versifying. Just returned from Cumæ, I try to express in English what the Neapolitan poet, Sannazarius, has given in Latin.*

Here Cumæ's walls arose in pride,
Metropolis of earliest fame,
Bright mistress of the Tyrrhene tide
Ere History was yet a name.

High strangers once have sought this port,
Enquirers at Apollo's shrine,
And barks from far this shore did court,
In trace of Dædalus divine.

Even here! but fate has willed stern change:
That grot of dread flocks nightly fill;
For savage beast is wooded range
Scene once of pomp—now lorn and still.

That hall, where swayed the People's sires,
Of serpents is one loathsome bed:
Those hearths, where blazed the hospitable fires,
In unmarked ruin lie outspread.

Prostrate to ground each trophied pile,
Deep hid in soil each sculptured god:
Of tomb and fane the fragments vile
But break the surface of earth's sod.

* Lib. 3, eleg. 9.

In the prophetic dread—of not impossible event—that similar awful changes may await modern Naples, Sannazarius, through the remainder of his effusion, sinks into a stupidity of prosing of which I shun the encounter: already I may have gone too far.

Since this poet's time,—the fifteenth century—the changes also have been great. His wild beasts are gone by, and their sylvan covert: with the exception of a low swamp, beset with thicket, along the sea shore, there is no pasture. All is culinary plant and vine, in densest growth: all bespeaks unremitting manual industry.

SECTION IV.

To Pæstum, sixty English miles; taking in our road POMPEII, fourteen miles from Naples; which last distance a pair of fiery little horses most easily performed in less than two hours, though the road was broken up in the process of re-setting the blocks of lava that compose it. On the way, the puddle, that had been ejected at various times from Vesuvio, was seen in destructive coating to numerous fields; its appearance being that of mire that had been in violent motion, and became fixed by frost, and also chapped and riven by that agent:—the road itself had been cleared of this indurated mire; but in different places its boundary walls, which had been prostrated, were, badly, or not at all, restored.

Came on Pompeii at that impressive portion of it, the street of Tombs, about 200 yards long. These tombs—with small shop buildings in the intervals between them—are of much diversity of design; some of them cylindrical; the greater part rectangular, with the facing of a flight of steps to one or more, or all, of their fronts. Their usual tendency of elevation is towards a vertex, giving station for a statue, or a groupe of statues, without which the original plan were palpably incomplete. Over most of them the sepulchral inscriptions remain conspicuous. The entrance of some has not been found, or been made free with: into most a passage is given through the original door, which seldom exceeds three feet high: their sepulchral chambers, respectively, vary from large to contracted dimensions, and from

display to nakedness of ornament. Of the larger niches for the cinereal urns—which are ordinarily of coarse pottery—the dimensions I measured 23 inches by 16.

The only thing like a perfect house at Pompeii is at the commencement of this street,—which, being without the walls, terminates at one of the City-gates. Within this gate is had distinct command of the Main-street; the houses in which are very mean in their dimensions, roofless, and as if cut short of their primary elevation. The carriage-way is seven yards wide; and deep grooves in its flagging shew the wear of the carriage wheels, at a very short interval of axle. A footway runs at either side, twelve or fifteen inches above the centre flagging, the material of which is lava, as at Naples at this hour. The lesser streets are on a much narrower scale.

The better houses form a small court, or atrium, from the buildings being distributed in quadrangle: central to this is sometimes a basin and fountain. Into a portico lining this court all the apartments open,—no room communicating by a side door with a contiguous one. They are windowless, and, with the exception of the single door, without an aperture or air-hole, unless, to some few, a small one over the door; —a want of comfort, to say nothing of want of space, so great, that from our habits, formed to a degree by our climate—we pronounce them to have been uninhabitable. In the face of this disbelief is the Mosaic almost every where, with the marble not unfrequent, the stuccoing of the walls, the Arabesque decorations, the pictures also—of which, notwithstanding their exposure to the weather for half a century, the colors are deep and rich, though not various. The best of these paintings have been cut out, and lodged in the Royal repositories,—one of them giving to sympathy the tragedy of a school-boy horsed, and the master in the act of flagellation. All the furniture, and all sorts of moveables, have also been carried off: and thus the impression is lost which Pompeii, on its first disinterment, must have excited.

Even much of the interest induced by the removed articles is evaporated,—in pell-mell shew, as they are, in one museum or other, in the style of house furniture in an auction room.

The shops are of the meanest size: the names of the occupiers, with their occupations respectively, still appear distinctly legible over the outside, in red paint. Enough also is left of proof that morals were at least as deplorably vile, as the main comforts of life were ill-understood,—not that I can mean by this casual juxta position, to infer connexion between the one and the other.

The public structures, theatres and temples, are on a quite different scale—in fact, a grand one, and with ample space in front of the latter for public recreation, and for the exhibition of their architectural magnificence The vicinity of the Forum is especially impressive. In such public scenes the generations of idleness of old spent their life: home was theirs but for nesting: much the same stands the fact in Italy at this day. No manuscripts were found at Pompeii: there is decided reason for believing that its inhabitants must have returned, over and over, to search for, and carry off, the moveable part of their property. The destruction here was not, as at Herculaneum, by the overflow of lava, as from a lake: the covering is of ashes and of cinders, in different layers, as they fell in showers severally: their total depth is not much above twenty feet; and at least four layers are distinguishable, of diverse material and very unequal thickness. The disappearance of the highest range of the buildings is frequently to be inferred from their imperfect elevation, and still more frequently from the incomplete stair-cases. The disappearance of the un-overwhelmed portion of the edifices is explainable from the necessity, which urged the expelled inhabitants to transport them to the new sites they had fixed on, and with all eagerness, as building materials anew. In this general transfer, we may well believe, that those loftier tombs, to whose due completion some termina-

tion is obviously wanted, and which were found in their present truncated state,—when about a dozen years ago the street of Tombs was cleared, under Murat's patronage—must have also experienced a removal of whatever ornament overtopped the new fallen surface of cinders.

Quitted Pompeii by a gate opposite to that by which we had entered: and resumed our road, through a plain, pulverized to dust, yet rich to fatness, and in one thicket of cultivation—in toil of which all hands were engaged. In this tract, the vines are no where in horizontal trellis, which seems a mode of northern Italy. They are here drawn, like living cordage, from tree to tree, with a light and pleasing effect, though not comparable to that thorough fleece, that wealth of warp and woof, which reposes on spread framework—with corn crop beneath its awning! Perhaps, among a most dense population, that was but garden: what is garden out of Italy is, in it, but farm. Much watering of these pulverised tillage grounds is practised, from large cistern wells, that give such a copious supply as evinces their being fed by a stream, of which the course is covered over, for saving of the ground. The water is drawn from these reservoirs by a lever mounted on a pole, or fulcrum, about fourteen feet perpendicular,—one arm of the lever charged with a stone, rather more than equipoise to two buckets when loaded below, which its descent raises to a level with the trough they are emptied into, by a properly adapted obstable upturning them: to make the buckets descend, two persons, by a rope, hawl down that arm to which they are attached, having the labor of raising the stone's weight diminished to them from the rope being fastened to the extremity of the lever, which that suspending the buckets but approaches.

After two hours' drive, we entered the gorges of the detached Appennines' range, that had long appeared in our front. Here the scenery was delicious, particularly at one opening to the left, where a diverging valley set before us a

noble conical mountain, with a Castle on its summit,—one only among numerous and exquisite savage and sylvan scenes besides. Not entering this pass, the road holds through the close valley of La Cava; its right hand screens a diffusion of chestnut forest, over several miles of haughty mountain swell,—its left, a range of equally lofty height, broken into diversity of parts. Low in the vale are frequent villages: and in the demesnes that gather round one of them, a novel feature of architecture, in the shape of a Round Tower, perhaps 35 feet high, with an internal stair-case. Some half score of these structures are interspersed hereabouts, at no great distance from each other, several of them in very happy sites—a lofty hill's summit, or the side of a hill with a groupe of trees for accompaniment. Their origin is beyond the ken of this generation: the name of the village, however—I Pagani—viz. the Paynim, refers it to the Saracens: and my opportunities allow me not to trace whether in the East there may be any similar clustering of such towers. I have not seen, and, so far as negative proof goes, believe there is not any thing similar elsewhere in Italy. The vicinage calls them the Tombs of the Goths—a misnomer of course, of tradition, substituting one race of destroyers for another. At present the use of these edifices is to give station to slingers, who are appointed, from their elevated stand, to frighten the clouds of wood pigeons, that periodically repair to this vicinity, into nets spread below, in which, couching from their flight, they are entangled and taken in immense numbers. It is said to be a sport of great interest, and regularly pursued, on a large scale, in the autumn, at which time the proprietors of these charming little demesnes are residents in what they call villegiatura,—with which vacation they combine attention to the state of their crops and the care of their rents.

Approaching the town of La Cava, the crest of a great mountain to the left sustains a structure like a castle-ruin,

which with its enclosure walls, I was informed, is neither more nor less than a cemetery. Without the town is valley scenery of unexampled loveliness—with superb accompaniment of mountain, cliff, rock, ravine, dip; every particular feature of purest elegance;—wood, too, and garden in the justest keeping. Across a glen which margins the road, an aqueduct extends in tall and slender arcade, which, if money could buy it, the owner of Stowe ought to obtain and transfer to his deepest and very finest imitation of wood-screened vale: in its present station this aqueduct is subject, low down, to pensile gardens from on high, of I know not what guardian, but it would seem wizard, keeping. Rounding a promontory, a lovely little bay disclosed itself at the base of the precipitous cliffs far beneath us—the town of Vietri scattered on the offside over rocks that shelve from those cliffs up to our level of road; which, taking advantage for its course, of a ledge of rock on the face of a mountain magnificently protracted, made at length a turn that threw into view the most delicious sea and land scenery I have ever witnessed, the bay and shores of Salerno.

I scratch with black lead pencil these things as I find and feel them, and am not sedulous to put into counterpoise, of a drachm more or two scruples less, subjects not susceptible of coldly minute criticism. The bay of Salerno is neighbour bay to Naples, to which it is in general counterpart. It is larger; but its mountain accompaniments bear so much more directly on its shores that its expanse of water is in better keeping. Beyond all doubt—though with all submission to the superb position of Naples city—the site of the utterly lesser one of Salerno, resembling most strongly that other, is incomparably more picturesque. True, it is site for but a small city: space for a great one is prohibited by the dread and headlong rock which surmounts it behind, and ranges for miles of straight onward direction. A crag in offset from this glorious sheet of precipice, gives eagle's abode

to a castle, that scowls contempt on the inferiority of St. Elmo, which has been called the diadem of Naples. The entire vicinity here is of the same lofty superiority—with a quality prominently impressed on it, to which I now feel that Naples is a stranger—the Romantic. Instead of Pausilippo's poor promontory, stands close to Salerno the vast mountain range in the direction of Amalfi, several thousand feet high, and so headlong as scarcely to grant a most dangerous footpath athwart its breadth. And instead of the dignity, I admit—yet subdued by mildness—of the shores of Baiæ, and that elevation which is accounted majestic, at some moderate distance aback of Naples, the Camalduli;—here is, close at hand, that small, but most bewitching of all sheets of sea-water, and to which nothing of land-lake can compare—unless the upper and unequalled one of Killarney—the inlet of Vietri: and here spreads, in astonishing array, at once of haughtiest bearing and inexpressibly lovely features, a high over towering mountain, at once protection and glory to the mistress of this peerless, and distinctively shall I say, Italian bay. Drawback this bay has but one: it wants island.

At Eboli in the afternoon, we came on a string of carriages from Naples, bound to Pæstum. The inn was abominable; aad the insolent frauds of its hostess were gross to laughableness. It appeared at one time that we must be without a roof for the night. The population was all in the street; but though they were witness to our perplexity—to me highly amusing—I could not detect in any countenance the slightest tendency to enjoy a smile at our expense. At length we obtained a direction to a house at a quarter of a mile without the town—a village inn—where all was homely, but our host was honest and decent, and our fare and beds were comfortable. No sashes in my bed-room; merely wooden shutters, with wicket opens in them; no fastening to the chamber door, other than a chair to put it close: a gale in the night blew it open, and also the shutters; and the joint noise of

both, in response to the blast, was an effectual bar to sleep —though, after the day's fatigue, not to refreshment.

In almost the twilight I took here a stroll among the olive groves and rocky grounds that overhang the road, and enjoyed to extacy the quiet once more of country — the peasants driving home their black cattle from browsing, and their sheep, goats, swine. By the way, these last are, in all Italy that I have visited, kept in as much neatness as a parlour dog. The habits of these peasants are striking from their decency, courtesy, great and thorough kindness evinced to strangers, and among one another, in every way they can shew it—specimens of what rural manners were of old time described to be, and we have now brought ourselves to believe existing but in poetical tale. The road was in one string of these most decent people returning from the industry of the day—the children as decent as the grown up. It was high luxury after Naples, this twilight country scene of simplicity and propriety.

May-day. From Eboli by first dawn : crossed an extensive plain, heretofore waste, now largely subjected to the plough ; much new ditching, and not a few farm-houses : still much pasture by bullocks and buffaloes—much underwood of thorn, and large tracts of myrtle :—numerous marks of winter torrents, and formidably infirm bridges over the slough : I except one new and great bridge over the Silaro, constructed by the late government, in substitution for a very bad ferry. What astonished us was the extent of open groves of ancient oak, little injured by lopping, in full foliage, with clean grazing ground beneath—utterly new this to us since leaving England, and inexpressibly refreshing.

PÆSTUM lies in a plain—in such desolation that its extent is commanded with ease. The town walls, of perhaps two miles and an half in circuit, half a dozen yards high, and as many thick, are constructed of great blocks of stone, without cement, and so correctly adjusted to one another,

as scarcely to shew the joinings. The ground enclosed exhibits no dispersed fragments of walls or other ruins: all is plane, vegetable earth. Somewhat centrally thereon stand the three extraordinary structures—two of which are temples,—which are the main and ultimate object of our visit. Any thing approaching to them I never viewed—roofless, the walls vanished, the columns remaining, their pediment and their entablature equally imposing with the columns: these are Doric, in the shape of a truncated cone, their sides right-lined instead of in swell, and in that most antique style, which is the fac-simile of the trunk of a tree, without base or other garniture interposed between their feet and the floor. Their diameter is enormous in reference to their height, viz. about a fifth of it:—of such a proportion there is nothing elsewhere found that approaches the example. Yet with this monstrous thickness, they are arranged so close, that the interstices are, in one temple, but eight one-sixth feet, where the shaft is six three-fourths feet; and, in another structure, the column and intercolumniation are pretty nearly equal, either of them scarcely above four feet. In the Temple of Neptune, the principal edifice of the three, there are fourteen columns on either flank, and six in front. In that other structure, which is next to it in importance—of which the dedication is food for conjecture—there are eighteen in either flank, and nine in front. Columnar edifices of this venerable and chaste design—in such dense array of shaft that, taken flankwise, they are near to solid,—supporting an entablature with its appendages suitably massive,—and based on a platform, (as each of them shews even now,) above the earth's surface, to the height of nearly five feet, which elevation is on every one of the platform's faces distributed into three steps,*—thus given to full view over the waste—thus

* With the special intent, as my reading since tells me, that the leader foot shall be, in alternation, the foot first planted on the temple's floor. A stair-case

extraordinary in their fabric and style, — exhibit an absolute refusal to compare in character with all other edifices of antiquity: and their origin is involved in an impenetrable mystery— of which History can give no explication.

The materials of the mighty blocks which have been transformed into fluted columns, are strange also; coarse in grain, and porous, a petrified mass of earth, combined with vegetable roots and boughs: * yet the surface of this strange stone, that resembles bad cork-wood, remains uncorroded by the action of the elements through countless centuries.

However imposing the appearance of these structures, they have not the air of vast size: but they have nothing with which to compare themselves over the extensive surface, above which they alone are erect. It was otherwise when the city, in the midst of which they stood, approached to them an array of edifices worthy of such contiguity. The isolated farm-house in the neighbourhood is disconnected with them, not merely in the mind, but to the eye: at less than a mile off, is the sea, though unseen through the brush-wood that intervenes; and backing the plain is a majestic chain of mountains, that from Salerno had appeared to descend direct into this, the farthest portion of the bay, but which here is found to give space to a champaign tract of several miles breadth. With such simplicity of objects around them, the mind has full expatiation in the fields of time, from the æra of their construction to that of their re-discovery—by a Neapolitan landscape painter, in the middle of the last century. Anterior to this last epoch all is a waste, over which

of nineteen inches height to each step bespeaks not the human dimensions of our dwindled days.

* The little brackish stream which flows near the walls, was stated to us to possess this petrifying power. Of the Silaro river, which we had crossed, four miles behind them, Pliny mentions, that "not only twigs but leaves, immersed "in it, become petrified."

fancy may try its flight, and meditation deepen into melancholy; but of which History can declare marvellously little. That this city—which had also been called Posidonia—of whose habitations no vestige is left, and of the origin of whose temples no guess can be hazarded, was—not founded perhaps, but—occupied by the Sybarites—once the name of a nation, and even now an abiding epithet of unmanly voluptuousness, generally,—that they were supplanted by the Samnites,—who were swallowed up by the Romans—is the sum of our facts. That in the year 915 of our æra, the Saracens destroyed it by fire and sword, modern annals have been ransacked into giving evidence. And tradition on the spot* points to the place, within the bay's terminating promontory, where they effected their landing.

We revert, then, from this undiversified extent of nature's surface, and this barrenness of information through thousands of years, to these strange, and mysteriously majestic structures. And in the words of Forsyth, that incomparably best of all guides a traveller can furnish himself with—

"Taking into view their immemorial antiquity, their astonishing preservation, their grandeur, or rather grandiosity, their bold columnar elevation—at once massive and open —their severe simplicity of design, that simplicity in which art generally begins, and to which, after a thousand revolutions of ornament, it again returns,—taking all into our view, we do not hesitate to call these the most impressive monuments that we ever beheld on earth."

* Tradition of a waste from the tenth century, till within the memory of the present generation! Yet such is the disport of excited feeling, that the statement I received there had power thus to impose on me. Still tradition at Salerno, commanding a view of that spot, MAY have handed down the fact, of a destructive Saracen force having disembarked there. The truth I find to be, that this destruction was perpetrated by the Saracens in revenge on being forced to evacuate these fine countries which, in a three score years' tyranny, they had reduced to a waste, as one of the old writers expresses it—dreary as that caused by the general deluge.

We made time for enquiry after the Pœstum roses. My companion had stated to me, that a friend of his had seen them and impressed on his mind—(probably through mistake of the Tuscan rose,)—that their color is black. In vain we enquired for them in the open champaign: our guide stated, that they have been extirpated by the hoofs of the pasturing cattle—but admitted that he had four of them in his little garden, not yet, he said, blown into flower,—of which flower, I presume from obsequious courtesy—possibly dotage, of which his years were a reasonable justification—he pleased my friend by confirming to him that the color is black. I was resolved to see a Pœstum rose, in blow or out of it: we were conducted into the garden; and the majority in number of the four rose trees were just in bud, or opening into flower, and blushed in pure red their sense of the guide's deception, and correction of my friend's error.* Thus of the Chamelion, when produced: "Lo! 'twas white."—Returned by Eboli to Salerno for the night.

2nd May. My companion remaining behind, to acquaint himself with this district's localities,—I re-measured my way, with fresh worship, through the scenery of Vietri, La Cava, and its valley. In the town of La Cava an incident occurred—in supernumerary evidence of the generic cowardice of this people—from the viciousness of one of our horses during a half minute's halt in the street. He bit with such rabidly pertinacious ferocity, over and over, his companion in draft, that the latter, though much gentler, was roused into resistance by desperate lashing; and both became so entangled under the shafts, and made such efforts to get free and run from each other, that the death of one of them, or the destruc-

* Martial is decisive,

"Pœstanis rubeant æmula labra rosis—iv. 42.

And on the same evidence this country was, in his day, far other than a brushwood swamp.

"Tantaque Pœstani gloria ruris erat."—vi. 80.

tion of both, by running the carriage into the arcades which line the street, was a probable consequence. But the infantine fear of the boy—an uncommonly fine one, of fifteen,—and the panic of the man, (for two such attendants at Naples we must have,) a thoroughly intelligent, well conditioned, and quite manly fellow,—were beyond expression: both were afoot, chatting with their acquaintances. For myself, I profess neither heroism nor apathy; and I was at the moment occupied in minuting some remark in my tablet: but dangerous to me, seated in the carriage, as the adventure peculiarly was—I became engrossed with the paralysis of fright to which it reduced them,—and for which, when it was over, they attempted not, in answer to my disdainful ridicule, the least extenuation. The bystanders were their worthy compeers in pusillanimity. There was obviously no want of zeal, or of good nature; but every individual of the crowd shared in the general consternation, which was abundantly evinced by their shrieks of terror, and the incapability of exertion of every one in the street full of poltroons.

Again to POMPEII; of which I made a second inspection. I am not sure that we ought, from the smallness of the rooms in this sixth-rate town, to infer so strongly the domestic discomforts of the ancients. What England was content with, in its provincial towns, before manufactures diffused wealth and a taste for luxury, I am old enough to know. Nor ought we to be borne away by fine names, as that of Sallust—the house inscribed with whose name is diminutive enough, though its apartments in detail have much decoration. We have not evidence that the Historian, or any Patrician of his name, was more than patron of this house, in virtue of its being his property, or of some connexion with its occupier:—or Sallust might have occupied the interior of this house, as an occasional villa residence,—its exterior ground floor being—as is now-a-days customary in Italy, in respect even to palaces—let to shop-keepers. This must more obviously

have been the case with the greatest house yet disinterred, whose premises are insulated by four streets, and the interior of which afforded ample accommodation in respect to the style here prevalent. One of the small rooms in this house—a favourable specimen—I measured, eleven feet by nine one-third: but from the court into which it opens, runs an apartment of which three of the walls remain, thirty-four feet by twenty-five. And robbed, as all this is, of its coating of white, perhaps colored, marbles, and its other decorations, the mind has much to overcome in the attempt to attain a just conception of its condition under family occupation. What ideas could be excited by a line of ground floors in an English country town, open to the sky, and of which nothing was left but the walls?

The materials of these houses are mean, where the stucco is stripped off—rubble stone, or brick;—very different from the town wall, which Murat's government laid open in its whole circuit of nearly two miles: it is composed of massive blocks, solidly constructed, with turrets at no wide intervals. Contiguous to it, at a great distance from the streets which are disinterred, is an amphitheatre, cleared under the same vigorous rule: it is imperfect, in very few particulars. In its lowermost compartment are five, in the next twelve, and in the uppermost about sixteen elliptical rings of benches, seated with white marble—the seats very commodiously formed, with good foot room and knee room intervening. As a separation of each compartment, the hindmost bench is backed. Its arena is just now sheeted with the fine dust which fell during the recent eruption of Vesuvio, to a depth of four one-fourth inches. In the direction of Naples the fall was much greater.

The course to the amphitheatre is over a tract of vines, intermingled with culinary plants; the soil a most fine powder, requiring—as the guide stated, in confirmation of my previous remark—a season, of great rain or, in lieu of it, especial

watering, to counteract the evaporation from the loose but most fertile surface. All these vineyards spread over Pompeii. Though it was discovered in 1748, there is now not much more than one fourth of it cleared, though that clearance could be made without the sacrifice of buildings, or any thing but soil, that is regal property—quite different from Herculaneum, which is buried very deep, not in ashes, but in molten lava, and that lava covered far and wide with the modern city of Portici. It was Murat's government, that, since 1812, laid open the city walls, cleared the street of Tombs, the Forum, and several of the grandest structures now seen. His queen encouraged, by a donation of 15,000 francs, a splendid publication on the subject, commenced under her patronage. Seven hundred labourers were then employed in laying open Pompeii: at present there are fifteen, helping one another—to do nothing. The reigning monarch is miserably different from his father Charles III., who, before resigning his Neapolitan for the Spanish throne, had projected that road of Pausilippo, of which Murat completed the half; who has left so illustrious a monument of himself as the matchless hospital of Naples; who planned and executed the mighty palace and aqueduct of Caserta, the palaces of Capo del Monte and Portici, gave being to the museum, and explored with energy Herculaneum, and Portici. All this was, for such a kingdom, on too vast a scale. But in wretched contrast to this is the long life of his successor! The pettiest of its consequences is that neglect, under which we are left to speculate what treasures may not remain choked under this pitiful covering of dust and loose cinders! New views of domestic œconomy, of heathen rite; new treasures of art—even manuscripts of less difficult developement than those of Herculaneum—perhaps more of Cicero, and the rest of Livy!

Certainly we shall not here find Tacitus, whom Mr. Eustace, the compiler of the very bad guide-book, in sing-

song, which he entitled "Classical," deems recoverable from these ruins. Mr. Eustace, however, retails blunders by the score, to keep in countenance even this poor blunder.*

Returned this day to Naples.

* The combination which his book exhibits, of genuine eloquence and absolute drivelling, is a phœnomenon without parallel.

SECTION V.

3d May. Circumstances press on me forcibly the superstitious observances of this place. In very numerous shops a lamp is kept burning from earliest morning until night, or, for what I can say, through the night, before a picture of the Virgin Mother. Whether this practice be universal in the rains and gloom of winter, I know not; but at this season, theshops that do not exhibit these lighted lamps, are exceptions to the general practice: they seem rather to be shops that enjoy a brilliant exposure; and where the lamp burns in the darker shops its place is most in the back ground—so that the observance is palpably in struggle between superstition and grand free-thinking,—and, even with the superstitious, between duty and œconomy. At Rome the practice is far less observable.

For the two past weeks the theatres have been closed, and balls and parties superseded, in preparation for the mummery of the liquefaction of St. Gennaro's blood—that just now has been going on. I had enough of all this at Rome, in the Holy week; and setting aside the recoil of instinctive horror from direct blasphemy,—on the far minor principle of the pain excited by seeing a friend, or whatever object of sincere value, exposed to indecorous treatment, I would avoid witnessing the sacredness of Christian truths in maltreatment of ribbald buffoonery.—I am told by friends just returned from the shew, that it was a hideous affair—the Saints' images brought forth robed and crowned—one

crown in particular so rich in gold, with diamonds, that they have not any where heretofore seen its equal;—a grand procession of thirty-six of these images,—silver, though probably hollow, inasmuch as they are as large as life;—some of them only head and trunk;—each raised on the shoulders of its set of bearers—these a motley crew, of from bishops down to Lazzaroni, who were distinctly ascertained to be such, though partially robed for the occasion;—most of the images and their bearers surrounded with great lighted tapers, sometimes half a dozen to each: the meaner, however, were without lights;—in particular St. George, our's of the Dragon, is stated to me to have been the smallest and most insignificant of the thirty-six. These images, nodding the head, as if miserably shaken by the movement, were successively halted before that of the great Saint; and at each halt, a service was brayed out by a herd of women and vile men, with deafening uproar. What shewed especially execrable, was the conduct of one Ecclesiastic of conspicuous rank—to say nothing of others of his brethren—who palpably manifested, by a display of derision, his utter disbelief, and high scorn of the whole farce. Enough!

My friends could not prevail on themselves to see the thing out: of some of them I have witnessed this afternoon the exhaustion of the feelings, and indeed bodily frame—as well from the horrible nature of the exhibition, as the description of the congregation—mean, filthy, and abominable beyond all telling—and its effects on these wretched victims of superstition. For once I ought to have martyred my feelings, and stood a witness to the hideousness of the scene: once in a life to do so were an impression uneffaceable, and perhaps carrying with it its own impression! I am told that when the blood does not liquify within the time these beings think their prayers ought to take effect, they turn the prayers into execrations of the saint, and spare not to call him, in bitterest gall and fluent rage, scoundrel, bric-

cone, and every other choice term of mob opprobrium: and in these paroxysms instances have not been wanting of their directing their ferocity on one or other groupe of foreign heretics, whose presence they may surmise to be distasteful to the saint, and the motive for his withholding the performance of the miracle. Murat, on one occasion of an orgy of this kind, sent an aide-de-camp to the archbishop, with an intimation that if the blood should not liquify within a given number of minutes, he would undertake the liquefaction himself: and on this occasion the King's mandate overcame the Saint's obduracy. It was understood to be in contemplation of the late government, to put down the nuisance definitively: but they yielded to a mixed feeling of compassion and scorn, and left to the great baby its infantine diversion —that interfered with no French purpose.

An utter trifle, connected with this day's affair, let me minute, from the general implication which it suggests: one English gentleman had his pocket handkerchief pilfered in the crowd. I had heard exceedingly much, before coming into Italy, of its being one theatre of pocket-picking and petty robbery, perpetrated even in your apartments, and in respect to all matters of stray luggage. I would not relax precaution, while I minute that this is the first instance, under any circumstances, that has come within my knowledge, as having any where happened in Italy. Trickery and specious attempt at fraud you meet in it at every step: but pilfering no where.*

5th May. Resumed my visits to the museum, in which are deposited the main spoils of Herculaneum and Pompeii —all set out in fair classification of subjects, yet destitute of the interest which very moderate ingenuity might have

* One other English Gentleman, who travelled with me in returning from Naples to Rome, stated the same circumstance to have happened to him in the same Church, on the occasion of this festival: both were probably the feats of the one performer.

given to a small portion of them, arranged through even two or three rooms in appropriate furnishing. The very quantities of the selfsame article, warehoused together, rather stun than satisfy. Perhaps those matters which are most trifling intrinsically, make the deepest impression—the fruit—the corn—the bread—the painter's colors. The similarity is especially striking, of much that is antique here, with what the world has in present use—the ladies' ornaments—the kitchen utensils, saucepans, cullenders, skillets, pots—the door hinges—fishing hooks—even the bells for the cattle, more modest indeed than the nuisances in actual use, yet implying an identity of taste referable to some common cause. The entire exhibition always sends me away melancholy.

A friend had to-day the curiosity, in the suite of apartments of this museum allotted to pictures, to follow, as if casually, into the cabinet which contains Titian's exquisite and voluptuous Danae regarding the descent of the shower of gold, an Englishman of perhaps thirty-four, in company with two elegant and pleasing females, obviously his relatives. Of my friend—a young man too, and a clergyman—the exclusive drift was speculation how our countrywomen would comport themselves in the view of such an exhibition. Their conductor was highly but suppressedly angry: but nothing could exceed the propriety of the ladies in a situation that was severely embarrassing. Agreed as I am in the truth of Swift's aphorism, that "a nice man is full of nasty ideas,"—I am evermore penetrated here with the painful predicament into which our females of just feeling are every day thrown in this country of painting, and sculpture, and naked nature. It is palpable, that whatever polish or benefit they may derive from travel in such a country, is far more than counterpoised—though absolute deterioration of principle be not induced—if that bloom of purity be put to hazard, which is woman's finest and finish-

ing ornament, and gives her to be the object of man's scarcely earthly worship.

There is a story of a visit made by his late Majesty, with his Queen and Daughters, to a nobleman's mansion, within a day's course from Cheltenham ; and of his at once backing out from the exhibition of its gallery of statues. George III., "born and educated a Briton, and glorying in the "name,"—as he declared in his first speech from the Throne, —was eminently British in his virtues: and he knew and practised the precept of giving up an eye or a limb to ensure the human creature perfect.

I have been much in English society in Italy, and of my company am ordinarily senior in age. And I can witness how very often this subject is canvassed. The special "ne plus ultra" in sculpture, at the Louvre, is notorious, which usually sends back many of our fair country-women, in their first emotions of untravelled modest disgust. How that impression too generally wears away, may well be judged, from the detestation expressed by our men, of the notion of marrying a travelled young female, however accomplished, or rich. As one gentleman recently said,—(he was a military man, thoroughly well conditioned, a sound calculator, clear, intelligent, and, to sum up all, a Scotsman—Knight of the Shire, he seemed to represent the whole body of English tourists;)—"I have often heard the matter talked "over: I have very often made it the subject of interroga- "tion: every one of us asks the question of every other: "and not only have I never met myself with a dissentient "opinion, but I never could learn from any man I knew, "that, in the range of his society or information, or interro- "gation, he ever met or heard of an individual that did not "loathingly recoil from the idea of matching himself with "any girl who had gone the round of Italy."

Take the matter as we will, that round is an abominable one. Now that we have imported waltzing, of which, from

its very grossness, we infer the simplicity, and, by best logic, the delicacy, it may be little to give ourselves to the extra incitements of the coquet-dance,* and to the displays, licentious even beyond that, which belong to certain other dances of Naples. Even keeping clear of these indecencies, and in the privacy of plain society, all here is anti-English: not a female attendant in their utmost retirements, whether in the inns or stationary lodgings,—the Courier being the only regular attendant, even in the female bed-chamber! Travelled ladies may well, for the rest of their lives, screw up their remembrance to forgetfulness of their having been abroad.

I have, in vain, in this as in the various other galleries I have studied in Italy, looked for any picture in which the archetype might be detected, of Gray's rather grotesque comparison of the hair and beard of his Bard streaming abroad like a meteor. Not having seen the pictures he himself cites as having suggested the idea, and thinking, besides, that such an extravagance is beyond the sufferance of painting,—I take leave to believe that Gray, who knew he had borrowed the idea, and forgot whence it had accrued, had, in fact, taken it from Spenser—the poet, from whose perusal it is on record that he was in the practice of drawing refreshment, preliminary to setting himself down to compose. The passage I refer to, describes Florinel in flight—

> Her fair yellow locks behind her flew,
> Loosely disperst with puff of every blast,
> All as a blazing star doth far outcast
> His hairy beam, and flaming locks dispread,
> At sight whereof the people stand aghast.
>
> Fairy Queen, III. i. 16.

* The gross taste is as palpable, as the heinousness is absolute, of the Home Missionaries in the service of foreign pollution, whom I find, since my return, votaries of these rites of obscenity. Their own sex ought to recoil from association with these recreants from decency, with a scorn that even their affectation of ton

I conceive the canon to be citable in Hurd's code, which will derive this extra-gorgeous simile—even though Gray's guiltless "Not Guilty" be in bar—from a direct imitation of poetic phrase, and which will prove it to be abhorrent from the painter's delineation. Chapter, and section, and numbered paragraph of Hurd, may doubtless be brought to account for, and exemplify, his friend's having lost the clue of his own thoughts, and misquoted accordingly.*

6th May. I just now see it stated in Gallignani's Paris newspaper of the 16th ult. that the births in that city, in the last year, were 26,970,—of which 17,219 were legitimate, and 9,751 were illegitimate! This in a Christian country, or rather a country in which modern philosophy has its headquarters. I am humiliated: I shudder at the beastliness which this one fact puts into picture.

Metaphysics are not Morals, any more than Mathematics are useful to human purposes without being clogged by a world full of qualifications, in virtue of which a point has multifold parts, and lines have large breadth. Insensible of this, the revolutionary schemers made and lost their experiment in the one act. Their successors see not, that a people lost to the home virtues, which are the best ornaments of our species, and serve as an equipoise against its worst vices, that are incident to the license their system would induce,—are unfit for self-government. They go on grumbling, because French vanity is not suffered to set France into vertigo, and Europe into convulsion. The half radicals, who claim political power for the commonalty of France, as though it were trustworthily moral, are not safer reasoners than the active Citizens, who would commence slaughter, in the first instance, and bid you trust to fraternity among the unmurdered survivors. Even charity

shall not fortify them to withstand. Of these women, old or youthful, who seek distinction by activity as inoculators of taint on our comparative wholesomeness, the meed ought to be notoriety and blast. There is yet true and highest English ton, that is abhorrent of extra-professional, and vilest, Opera display.

* See Hurd's Works, II. p. 210.

must pronounce, that the more deliberate revolutionists are but more cowardly than their more straight forward brethren, and are equally selfish. A gang of brick-layers, in quest of plentiful work and extravagant wages, would, after their maxim, involve a tract of town in conflagration : these statesmen, in consigning London to the flames, would put into cold-blooded plea the need of substituting, for its world of narrow, winding lanes, the regularity of New Edinburgh —of giving to the southern metropolis, architecturally, the Constitution of the northern one.

How much more comfortable was that secret, lost, however, to us, together with the knowledge of ancient music, by which Orpheus could tame wild beasts—the fiercest of them less savage than man let loose from the restraints of civil society ;—and by which, also, in relevant precedent, Amphion moved stones into well-constructed edifices. I have the praises of this ancient art before me, in an Italian lyric poet, Mezzini, which, without constraint of the original measure, I would do into this English :

> Dread sight ! as bid the well attempered wires,
> Aloft in air the hideous mass aspires !
> Dread sight ! as take you Alps of lumpish stone
> Of shape the features, and of life the tone !
> Lo ! towers superb which from earth's bowels rise,
> Instant as thought, and dare in height the skies :
> Lo ! theatre, and arch, and colonnade,
> Without Art's help, in Art's full pride array'd,*

Certain dull men scoff at these feats, as though they were only fabulous legends. These sober persons, instead of being on the look out for Fortunatus's wishing cap, content themselves with the sober despatch of the mail coach.

Of Morals and Naples, in the same breath, I may spare myself all beyond the juxta-position of the two words : that is a contrast to grief and pain. Of Italian morals, generally, I have just seen the opinion of Buonaparte, expressed to a brother of Sir Hussey Vivian, in which, admitting that

* Mathias's Componimenti, Vol. II. p. 14. The anachronism of the Arch belongs to my author, as well as the use of the term Alpine, where Greece is the subject.

it is a nation of strong passions, and excellent stuff for soldiers, he testifies how much they are now effeminated—and slaves to the company, and society, of women! *

Indolence is the paramount vice, and the parent of all other vice in Italy. Yet it is the listlessness of genius, and contrasts favorably with the hung-on-wires volatility of Frenchmen,—an animal quickness which has to do with cleverness, but not with lofty talent. Of energy the Italians give, despite their languor, most various proof: their well known strength of passions establishes it: their physiognomy expresses character: their vehement action, in speaking, with spread fingers—and as if utterance proceeded from each one severally of their ten finger-tops—tells the over-fulness of their mind. That the mind is solid, as well as forceful, the proofs are superabundant. Italian subtilty is a term of reproach, as strong as that which stigmatizes French manœuvring, which latter species of cleverness is grafted on insincerity. Why insult Italy with farther comparison? Galileo is a name, singly, that is worth any dozen of French names in science. France cannot instance one writer of History :† Italy has her full quota of dignitaries, who are held associate with the rare few of the ancient and modern world, that have obtained that distinction. France cannot name one rhymester, in all their generations, that is genuinely a poet —epic or lyric! Italy need not name *Dante*, *Ariosto*, Tasso: for Italy itself is a country, and a nation, of poetry.

To descend from this—rather to rise above this level;—be it especially borne in mind, that the Italians are a warm-hearted people, and in no inert way: they are, high and low, city and vine-yard population—all classes of them, suffused with good nature.

* It is curious how Buonaparte, in this conversation, so decidedly authentic, lets down French pride, and his own, in the "puisque la France avoit succombé" to England.

† If not De Thou; of whose merits I am not competent to speak.

10th May. This country is not at present adapted for the minute study of him who hunts after the picturesque, in its more withdrawn recesses. The jackboots of pass-port must be drawn on, and worn: and what, with that annoyance, and the worse risks from brigandage, the want of roads, the intervention perhaps of swamps, the unpenetrableness of thicket, and the much more frequent spread of vines and their supporters, that are yet more impervious to the eye than natural thicket, which may have its breaks;—much fatigue may be reckoned on, in purchase of small pleasure. But life is short: and a tourist's portion of it abroad, who would not abdicate the scene of his home feelings, how far shorter! How much better may it not be employed than in the brakes of Calabria and the Abruzzos—giving up the Italians for the surface of their soil—making reconnoissance hither and thither with the bee's convexity of eye,—as an unwinged insect would explore its cabbage leaf,—and returning to Naples, wisdom laden!

To a friend of mine, whose mood it is to substitute touch for vision, a circumstance has happened, worth the labour of such a cruize. After a day expended in ascending one mountain, in order to gain a notion of its style of descent, —and so forth onward—in a tract some score miles from Naples, he had, almost at twilight, and on the summit of a mountain, begun to feel hunger—which again called his thoughts to order, as to where he might find a lodging. Looking all round, he could see no human habitation: at length, he descried, at a distance below, a man, gazing intently at him. His perplexity as to this man's purpose was decided by his situation; and he approached the stranger with due precaution. Their mode of communication was singular; for the Englishman knew as little of Italian as he does of Welch; though in Wales, to which he is familiarized from boyhood, he had, in numerous peregrinations, similar to this, practised the explanation of his wants to the

peasantry, by dumb shew. The man, it appears, was at first fearful that the person thus wandering at evening, on a desolate height, was a fugitive outlaw; but being assured on this point, he brought my friend to his own lone house, shared with him his humble supper, gave him part of his bed; and at break of day, when some offer of compensation was made to him at parting, rejected the tender of money as an act of discourtesy.

12th May. It is strange that in Italy, and with so musical a language, there should be a gutturalism that is shocking to the ear, in the usual current of conversation. Even at Rome, the head quarters of mellifluent cantilena, this harshness shews itself wherever there is vehemence—as vehemence is an Italian characteristic. The French, with all their vivacity, are less guttural: the French *y* or *ee*, with which they chide their horses into brisker movement, is luxuriously liquid—whereas whatever corresponding interjection can be quoted of the Italian is scathing. Their Ah! in talking, and their Eh! is, one and other, detestable, sent forth from deep down in the throat:—lips have not to do with such a noise. The Eh! is of everlasting recurrence: it is their ordinary interrogatory—a sentence in a syllable, doing lengthened and cruelest execution on a Christian ear: the attempt to imitate it produces a schorching of the root of the tongue.

In a place of uproar through each day of the year, equal to the bustle of a one day's fair with us, a bookseller's shop must afford tenfold the luxury of the lounge which it supplies elsewhere. It was long however, before I accomplished any refuge of the kind here. My searches in another pursuit made me, for some weeks, despair of its possibility.* A friend at Rome had commissioned me to search out for him

* I found it in the shop of Angelo Nobile—a most respectable and actively obliging man—Strada Toledo.

at Naples some dozen of engraved views of ruins and other objects of poetical or topographical celebrity in its vicinity—with the intimation that to him proof impressions were indispensible. Not a single view of the entire in his list is extant here. The only engravings that Naples exhibits for sale, through all its shops, are a very few, and most miserable outcasts from the shops of Paris, and perhaps a rather greater number from those of London—that in style, as in subject, would disgrace an English pot-house.

In respect to book-shops, the farther you advance in Italy, the worse you find them. Milan I had thoughtlessly settled in my mind to be a bad place for book or map establishments. Florence has two very good, and many minor shops, but is inferior to Milan. Rome is mean: that whole city does not supply for money a map of Italy of whatever merit or size. At Naples, you descend to Zero. Yet who can blame the Neapolitans? They care little whether you blame them or not: but this much must be said, that here is a Royal duty of import, progressive from three carlines or groats on the smallest size and least possible number of pages—to nine on a folio volume!—whether to encourage the home manufacture, or to discourage books generally, the wisdom which recently enacted this regulation, could not perhaps itself tell. Certainly books may be, and are, printed here, with as little restriction as in other parts of Italy: yet a book in much use through Italy, and which sells for three farthings at Venice, from which it was in course to import it, costs now at Naples, in consequence of this tax, something beyond a shilling! Speculation is at so low an ebb, that they will not print a new edition of even this trifle—lest the Royal edict, forsooth, should be, as they expect, rescinded, and then Venice may undersell them. This fact comes to me from a sound quarter and far less biassed authority than that of any bookseller.

I have every where on the Continent been struck with the

possession which our English school books have established for themselves—books of arithmetic—grammar—Goldsmith's elementary histories, all of them—Guthrie's geographical grammar! It is in assimilation to the possession which our English classics have taken of the reading world: English literature is in all these countries in universal acceptance, and the study of our language is in general vogue and high fashion. The Rambler was translated into Russian in Johnson's lifetime: the honest transport he indulged in, while thinking he should be read on the Wolga, every Englishman may unblameably give himself to, on witnessing the supremacy of his nation wherever he opens his eyes throughout Europe.

15th May. The fault of this climate is that it has but two seasons, just as it has but a short twilight. There was winter and inclemency of storm: there is now summer and blaze of heat. Within the present month, and since my return from Pœstum, I remark a great change in the arrangement of the day. Not only will you now see the wretches who had been retailing their commodities in the morning—towards eleven, through fatigue from the uproar themselves had made, together with the effect of the day's sultriness, sound asleep, coiled up, where the footway ought to be, in their own baskets, while the movement and clatter all around them of man and beast continues till noon. At that time the very shops are formally closed; and buying and selling have holiday till three, four, and after five in the afternoon: the intervening time is given to repast, stupor and regular sleep. In some degree, this suspension of headlong active pursuits may have taken place here in mid-winter: yet at Rome, at that season, it was little observable beyond what it may be in England the year round; and if such languor holds its daily interregnum at Naples, its period assumes now a prolongation, and a measured system, that, connected with the other, gives it a new character.

The evenings are devoted to pleasure out of doors; and late night has its assemblages in parties, of which the drawling and langüor of the females is the most prominent character. Perhaps there is not in christendom a less useful piece of furniture in a house than a Neapolitan mistress of a family, who through the live long evening to midnight, puts herself as little to task, even in needle-work, as the seat which accommodates her.

The fair here, whose rank spares them the exposure of their persons, preserve in far better keeping of beauty, and almost of youth, than the less favoured of their sex, that loveliness of features which, with the indescribable eye and animation of face, characterises the children of this country: yet the complexion is so indifferent, that in my police permission of residence, my pale brown face is designated as vermilion. Then, how strange and fleeting a summer is their's—begun before the girlhood, and merged in wrinkles before the prime of womanhood of other, and in this respect, far happier climes. Yet, no country shews longevity in such exact and minute graduation, as among them, as is certified by its corroborative testimonials of visage, white hair—and decrepitude;—the great grandmother clearly marked out beyond the grandmother, and so on distinctly downward. Strange to say, grey locks strewed over not unyouthful shoulders, are a usual case: and the distinctness upholds itself.

I am not even now worn out of my surprise at the practice, throughout Italy, of swathing their infants into the stiffness of a solid package; the lower portion of it as superabundantly long, as the loose vestments of our bantlings at home: here they stick out like a coffin, and the babe in its furnishings is quite like an Egyptian mummy encrusted with cearments, with the exception of the whey face and the surpassing eye of the little being, which bespeaks promise of bursting from its corpse-integument. I am amazed that

such a system of close and stone-like investiture does not induce weak limbs and distortion: but no country can shew a merrier or more active race, than the imps of Italy; and of no country are the men of cleaner limbs, or of greater strength of sinew combined with agility, than they universally are here.

20th May. Here has been a funeral in the most splendid style, of a man of high rank and military station, as well as most respectable character—the Duke D'Ascoli. The affair was an exhibition of military pomp. Of the Austrian force were four squadrons of cavalry, and six battalions of infantry; of the Neapolitan, two regiments of infantry, and the whole of the royal guards, a cavalry body; artillery force of both: an entire regiment marched with arms reversed. The Neapolitan soldiers never looked so despicable, nor the Austrian so admirable, as in contrast at this solemnity—the cannon of the two in absolute opposition of dirt and burnish;—these southern officers abominable, their men's movements those of a disorderly crowd. Beyond all, their radically different style of deploying, into an open space, from a narrow street, and wheeling into a new direction, was specially amazing, even in the infantry: in the cavalry it was onthe point of costing wounds and lives. The Austrian movement was of perfect precision; their youngest boy-officer was steadiness itself; their cavalry and infantry pivot equally firm. The Neapolitan infantry got out of the close street into the square as best they could. At the head of their cavalry proceeded a personage, commandant of course he was, but mounted dancing master he might be hailed: his person sleek, and cased in the utmost finery of the band-box; his arm and hand horizontally set forth, with his sword suspended from the wrist—oscillating in the nicest unison with each particular vibration of sound of his regiment's band,—and his charger evidentlytaught, and touched by the rein into practice of his lesson,to raise in fair accordance first one foot and

then another, without one inch's advance;—this greatest of heroes maintaining halt while he divided his gaze between the worship of his own person, and the collection of the whole tribute of admiration, that was his due from the multitude. When his absolute advance took place, what a brawl! That ball assemblage, where rude boys and untaught lively girls rush from a narrow staircase into a dancing or supper room, would demand police coercion, if it were in the twentieth of the disorder of the deploy which ensued. Instead of attempting to wheel on their pivot, which an Austrian sentinel had been stationed to mark out and keep free, they charged in throng forward on the multitude who had taken, as they conceived, and, as in respect to the entire Austrian force preceding it, had proved, a safe position—drove all before them, and, (but that the Neapolitans have an acute sense of personal danger,) would assuredly have rode them under the horses' feet of their whole gay regiment. An English crowd would have seized and held the bridles of the whole foremost of these heroes of helter skelter and opera. I had planted myself next to the Austrian sentinel: we were compelled, one and other, to execute a rapid change of position, I in towering anger or rather contempt—the Austrian with heartiest laugh, and utter derision of these his brethren in arms.

I find by the way, that the first night a Neapolitan force was introduced into Naples, to replace part of the Austrian force lately withdrawn, they had a row with the townsmen; whereas any quarrel, or any pretext for it, with an Austrian, from the highest rank down to the drum-boy, remains unthought of and impossible. British soldiers in home quarters are not more unpresuming. As to their officers, I have, dozens of times, dined in the same taverns with them, in numbers composing four-fifths of a crowded room, and with all hilarity on their part: their demeanour, without a grain of exception, has always been courteous to the most straggling

stranger, and so unassumingly proper, that I ever felt among them as I should have done in the mess-room of an English regiment.

The Austrians are, however, held in detestation here. Publicly the Academia, or ball room is deserted, because of their presence: in private, non-invitation shuts them out from society. An English friend tells me, that at a party, to which he was introduced a few evenings ago, he had taken his seat near a beautiful woman, who declined all courtesy, and even a civil look in his direction: she was sulky to rudeness. Some person who entered gave her casually to know, that he was not an Austrian, as she had supposed, but English—on which she instantly called for wine, and begged him to join in the refreshment. Yet surely it is not for Corruption to deal forth Virtue's scorn. That this people, who cannot know in what Liberty consists, unless by rote, and has not manhood to assert what, with the infant's peevishness, it cries for, should thus assume the guise of sublime feeling, is pitiable: rather its radical poltroonery gives its plaints to be beneath grotesque: the abiding wrath of a coward scarcely justifies ludicrous emotion in the bye-stander.

To resume the subject of the funeral—the deceased Duke's remains were borne on a bier, with pall-bearers of the highest rank—uncoffined—the body dressed in the full uniform of his military rank—white pantaloons—the hat disposed over his face—his hands joined below, as in natural arrangement. Behind the pall-bearers, and their suite of friends, a military band followed, playing a lively tune; and, not far behind, and closing the procession, as mean an oblong, unpainted, box of thin deal as a hedge carpenter, with but hammer, saw, and nails to help him, could tack together:—this for the reception of the body—which, when arrived at the spot of sepulture, was to be stripped naked of its furniture of full and all other dress.

And this is state burial! In moderate, and much more, in humble life, no box is provided,—coffin-shape being unknown in the highest. But all here is done in a plain and palpable way; and the occasions are as numerous, where the human remains, in conveyance through the streets of the Neapolitan or Roman Capital—(and, I presume, generally) —are not protected from absolute exposure by a cloth, or a raised awning, as those where they are: the exposure or non-exposure rests in the body's being borne forth in dress or in comparative, or, it may be, absolute nakedness. In either case it is scrupulously washed clean, and laid out to seem a wax figure: this office rests not with the relatives or domestics of the family, but constitutes the employment of a body of persons, of whom it is the livelihood, and who follow the corpse in procession, each enveloped in a white robe, that disguises the person,—even the face of the wearer being covered, with glasses in the linen, opposite the eyes, to give the train power to perform their duties in detail. The performance, to poor as well as rich, is obligatory on this fraternity; and the shew they exhibit gives almost as much consequence to the funerals of the one as the other. In Rome the bodies are consigned—coffinless let it be—to earth: and in the exterior of Naples also, is a general cemetery, of which, in sequence through the year, one of its 365 receptacles is diurnally opened, and all who are brought on the same day, are, in utter nakedness, shot into the one pit—that pit to be re-opened on the same day in the following year. But at Naples it is also the practice to reposit corpses numerously in the Church vaults—each in such a position over a hole, that, as it putrifies and moulders, the remains drop into cellarage below, and make room for another corpse to succeed. Mr. ——— was present at the stripping of the corpse of a priest—to the shoes—and the placing him in this position, amid remnants of mortality, and in a

stench which must beggar description : he tells me he never witnessed a scene so odious or hideous.

However I may have it in my nature and disciplined feelings, or both, to hold in no fear—unless as a man in sane mind has it in his constitution to do—the extinction of life; or however prising

"That greatest birthright of mankind—to die,"

yet imagination will have its way; and I recoil from the sight of a corpse: and in the matter of sepulture, my fancy values as asbestos, the half-inch thickness of our deal coffins: and I cannot express how abominable to me are these inhumanities in national perpetration, on those whose sole meed from their survivors is—and for the survivors' profit!—the indulgence of our sympathies in the last cares which are the claim of the departed.

For some cause growing out of that instinctive dislike to the view of a corpse,—(Milton imputes that identical human horror to our first parent)—I dislike hideously the sight—or thought—of the idiot or madman; man, a little lower than the angels, in wreck! With the same instinctive recoil, I shrink from Crabbe's delineations of Village miseries,—the more accurate, the more thrillingly loathsome.

That Poet, began forty years ago, with some imitations of Goldsmith, deeply, and not unpleasingly affecting—though village crime was mainly the subject. Some dozen years back, he burst out quite youthful, in a style, and with an effect, which for the while was the uproar of celebrity. Mr. Crabbe's name is yet remembered, and his powers are acknowledged: but his poems are unread while, despite Arcadianism, Goldsmith's lovely visions give as exquisite delight to the pococuranti, in this most busy age of authorship and novelty, as when first the Traveller and Deserted Village appeared on the bookseller's counter. It is a pity that Mr. Crabbe did not find out in time, that few persons love to

put peas into their shoes, as a preparative for a summer afternoon's promenade. In respect to what goes beyond amusement his poetry strengthens no good purpose, and weakens no bad one; and it has the baleful effect of putting a man out of humour with his kind and himself. The proof of talent which he establishes, sets you also into vile ill humour, that such talent should have been put to so mistaken a use.

22d May. In my lounges, wherever I have been in this country on the sea shore, I remark how faithfully, as though it were a religious rite, they yet adhere to the "obvertunt "pelago proras" of the most olden time. Even now, among the thousands of boats that play or toil on this sea, there is not a lone instance, in this altogether immethodical country, of a boat of which, preparatorily to drawing her high and dry, the stern is not turned to land, so as to be ready to shove off again direct. We are utterly indifferent on this point.

We have had British practice of another kind in this bay. A naval friend, now here, was on board a sloop of war, sole consort to the Spartan frigate, in a cruise on this station in the last war. Having failed, with the aid of every possible challenge and taunt, to lure out a strong fleet of Murat's gun-boats, it was concerted that the sloop should sail away behind Cape Miseno, and out of sight, in the hope that the frigate's unaided force might spirit the flotilla to forego the protection of their anchorage and batteries, and engage her,—when, on sound of the firing, the sloop should return. The feint succeeded: a calm prevented the sloop from taking part in the action: but the Spartan made such a scatter among her assailants, that as many as could escape rushed back to the shore,—where Murat, enraged at their pusillanimity and failure, tore his epaulets from his shoulders, and dashed them at the Commandant's face! The action took place on the Naples side of Pausilippo promontory, and close in: the entire city, in amphitheatre to com-

mand the shew, saw it plainly from their flat roofs, and from the very quay.—But the English flag was otherwise familiar to them : it floated over two batteries, by which we held the island of Capri, which, at the entrance and in front of the bay, bearded their metropolis. No where in Italy are Englishmen more at home than here : the name is a pass-port to immeasurable civility and subservience. And in Sicily, where we had a large force for some years, the very idea of us is enthusiasm. A boat's crew of a ship of war, landing there the other day, kindled in that act a commotion in one of their towns, which the Austrian Commandant of it found difficult to get under : the notion prevailed that the boat was the messenger of England's purpose, to take the island into subject connexion : to bring that about, the Austrian army now in occupation of it would, in twenty-four hours, be exterminated by massacre. This massacre they would execute of their own motion, but that they are aware that the result would be a new and vengeful irruption of Germans, and a protracted conflict, in which, be the issue what it might, their country must be trodden into ruin. Yet these zealous friends of ours admire us in the full sense of their own immense inferiority. A Sicilian, as a friend tells me, who has recently been among them, reverences an Englishman because—what by his own admission he never does—the other keeps his word : If an Englishman pass his word for a sum of money, even though he should discover that it had been under circumstances of deception, he will pay it : if he denoune that he will knock a Sicilian down, or horse-whip him—the event is absolute, and sure to ensue.

SECTION VI.

24th May. Left NAPLES on my return to Rome. At Capua a proclamation is on the walls, reciting that the Austrian garrison had, by the removal of ordure and systematized scavenger discipline, brought the town into a state of cleanliness materially conducive to health; and it provides, by a string of regulations, to be observed by the town's people in concurrence with the Austrian authorities, against the re-accumulation of filth, and for keeping the place in its present freedom from nuisance.

St. Agatha, which I had imperfectly seen, pleases me wonderfully by its site—viewed from the spacious road, which bridges a ravine, that on one hand runs up into dell to the town of Sessa—high on a brow above, and of strikingly picturesque character; and on the other, deepens and widens onward till it becomes a lovely valley;—the mountain boundary in a long line on its front, and in a similarly long line (the Massic mount) on its rere, as if in subservience to the happy mid-height station which this little town of Sessa upholds, of command over the semi-amphitheatre range, its exquisite outline on the sky, its surface in the loftier tracts of limestone crag and precipice, in various color and shadow and brilliancy; and thence its wooded and garden slopes in long descent to the sulky Garigliano. That sloping plain I had slowly ascended eight weeks ago, in a season of almost leaflessness, and little mindful of the trees, seemingly in most loose dispersion

over its open and arable surface: it now exhibits grove, and often dark wood, with agricultural crops covering what with us, in a similar woodland tract, would be nature's turf.

At TORRE DEL PONTE, in the Pontine Marshes, I witnessed one of the most hideous scenes my memory can charge itself with having seen in the most tinker-life of home—of frenzied violence, and quarrel between a Roman nobleman and his wife: the cause was jealousy on his part of one of his man servants, whether well or ill-grounded I know not; but the exhibition of frantic vehemence by the servant to his master—the sympathy with him of his fellow-servants, male and female—the expostulation, not unseemly, or unbeseeming, of the lady—and the beastly ill-temper of the master—these were in open publicity in the front of the inn, and in sight and hearing of a crowd of company.

A very agreeable companion in this journey was a French Captain of infantry, who had served much in the Peninsula; one of the frankest men I have seen, and, strange to say, devoid of overweening national vanity. In no point did he extenuate the failures of the French arms: he did not even disguise his sense of the superiority of the British army in composition and character; nor did he put under veil French rapacity. Marshal Mortier, I love to have to minute such a testimony—paid for every thing he used—a la volaille! He was content, he said, with the pay of his rank. Soult, a sharper, a grinding extortioner, a brigand! At Vittoria, the French army were loaded with plunder, which they had collected with a view to their evacuation of the Peninsula: there were many thousands of horses: my Captain had three to his own share: they were accompanied also by four thousand women, of whom, with the exception of the lady of General Count Gazan, not one but was of base character: at the battle "Phoo!" their whole army was dissipated; their world of plunder was lost; of their

women not one was ever after seen: the Countess Gazan was taken by some of our troops, and conducted to the Duke of Wellington's head-quartes, where his Grace entertained her suitably, and sent her next day with a proper escort to join her husband.

27th May. To ROME again—with great delight to myself, and kindest greetings from friends. What a contrast this city is to Naples! How quiet! How gentlemanlike!

In ceasing to speak of Naples, let me do justice to it. You evermore hear in Italy, that it is the fag-end of their country and of honesty. I found much, and very much decency and probity there, without parade or pretension. Great propriety in the large and in detail, and great intelligence on the part of my landlord of the Speranzella. In a matter of small sadlery, the shop-owner—to whom in chit-chat and disport, while the job was going on for which I waited, I had been wailing of Neapolitan exactions on strangers—presented me the article when complete, payment free, with the pleasantry, "strangers are ever imposed on." I might minute numerous instances in set-off to water-drinking-place pettifogging practice—which here also has ample nesting. But let me not forget Angrizani, the coach-proprietor of San Giacomo, and correspondent of those two most decent men, the Balzanis of Florence and of Rome. On my first application he had not a coach about to go, and professing his inability to fix within what time he probably might, his advice was to try in other quarters; and on my pressing him to give, or get for me, the earliest news of a conveyance to Rome, he gave me the caution that "the expression of my anxiety could have but *one* effect, that of enhancing on me the fare." He sent me word on the first occasion of his having a coach to depart on such a day, with the cabriolet seat to me for eight scudi: then again, that the company he counted on had failed him: and finally, on another company being formed, of which the promoters had

insisted on the whole cabriolet seat, he gave me—with a specific statement that he felt engaged to me from the first failure, though without any fault of his—an inside place, with which I was compelled to be content, for nine scudi, with two meals per day; my companions paying, as I saw them do, ten with but one meal, and one gentleman thirteen! Angrizani, however, prided himself on being, equally with me, a foreigner; he was, he said, a Florentine.

Wednesday—quietness: but Thursday morning, Corpus Christi is a great day in Rome. Was in the grand corridore, at the foot of the Sistine staircase, at eight; and saw thence the procession of all the heads, and, I presume, tails, of the male religious of this Ecclesiastical metropolis—from children up to the college of cardinals. Foremost were the brats—then the fraternity of meanest estimation—followed by that next higher—to the highest in rank: each corps with banners, and a great shew of marshalling, but in miserable halt, and move, and halt again. The array was three in front, but the series seemed to be un-ending: each individual bore a lighted taper of two yards long. The procession—closed finally with the Host—won onward by one line of the peristyle and magnificently lengthened colonnade, —thence under a covered way of tapestry, supported by temporary columns that were dressed profusely with myrtle and other wreathes,—round the immense Place, until it entered the opposite vast colonnade, through which it marched in return home to the façade, and proceeded by the central door into the body of St. Peter's. I took my station in the Church, next within the drum of the cupola:—circling the verge marked on the floor in correspondence with this, the burgher corps were formed, the Swiss halberdiers, and three deep of ecclesiastics of the superior orders. The Cardinals were seated in the tribune; the array of ecclesiastics was in the nave, which was green and most odoriferous with strewed myrtle. All this world of clergy filed into the

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Church, under my view. Last of all, the Host was placed on the High Altar, that is central under the dome. Then came, of all this most tedious shew, the last and solemn and assuredly most glorious scene, when the Cardinal officiating in the Pope's absence ascended the High Altar, and, with reverend slowness, elevated the Host, enclosed in a circular shrine with chrystal in the centre, of ray-like blaze—the sun's face, as sometimes we see it delineated, emitting sovereign effulgence:—this, raised on a support of due height, he waved from side to front, from front to the opposite side, and round back again, in presence of the whole accumulation of worshippers, on bended knee, "of this perpetual "miracle of our Sovereign Lord, who, by a prodigy of love, "has found even thus, the means of remaining with us cor-"poreally, to the end of the world:"—I copy, in minutely verbal translation, the official proclamation, for celebrating the solemnity:—all this, with all the military force of Rome assembled without, and with the whole swell of all St. Peter's choir, to the believing multitude encircling, intent in fixed gaze on the one object of sight, and absorbed in the one common feeling,—with the majesty of a Church structure, such as there is not in the world elsewhere—with genuflexion finally, and gesture composed to identification of all in the one act,—composed a scene without possible parallel. I have often, and very vainly, and to my mortification, hunted the Cathedrals on the Continent, to witness and appreciate the ceremony of raising the Host,—deeply mindful of that incident in the life of the vain and turbulent Bolingbroke, when, witnessing its performance by the Archbishop of Paris, he whispered to a friend, "Were I King of France, I would "suffer no person to perform this ceremony but myself." I never saw any thing imposing in the rite till now: and now, at length, I can sympathise with his feeling, and entirely understand how such a scene and rite could affect, with deep and solemn emotion—even Bolingbroke!

Quitted Rome in the afternoon, with some friends, for TIVOLI. Rain fell for some hours, which must have ruined the promenade display of the Roman belles, to whom this day of grandest morning procession is that of greatest dressiness throughout the year. Passed over a mean and dull country, which gradually became desolately barren. At about thirteen Italian miles from Rome is a vile little lake, the verge of which consists of petrified reeds and trunks of trees, or rather, of these substances saturated and crusted with the execrable deposit of the lake's scum. Beyond it is a larger and very deep lake, emitting, in abominable profuseness, a stench that pollutes the atmosphere far and wide: a scum from it, with the aid of the loose white sand that sheets the barren flat hereabouts, which the wind spreads in copious drift, forms masses which those, who love poetic phrase for Nature in even her unsavoury operations, style Floating Islands. The lake, however it may be fed from earth's bowels, has the outlet of an artificial canal, through which it impetuously pushes its thick and filthy wave, of milk-color tinged by the earth of the ditch side—to join the Anio two miles off.

Having passed the sepulchre of the Plautian family, which resembles in style that of Cecilia Metella, the skirts are gained of the Sabine mountains, up whose ascent is the approach to Tivoli, through noble woods of Olive. Of this tree, the summer effect is utterly more decided than its winter one: age, too, gives it a free outline; and here very many are most ancient: the legend goes that these identical trees had existence in the proudest days of Imperial Rome, and of Tibur. Catullus, the poet, is specially designated as having made one of these plantations. I understand there are groves in Sicily of similar venerableness, the planting of which is referred to the Saracens, destroyers as they were of whatever was built or planted. However absurd the tradition, it is on the part of a people who know

the tree's nature, a pledge of extreme antiquity—a date that runs quite out of computation and knowledge. But the older this tree, the more abundant and valuable is its produce. The trunk of these growths of remote centuries, is usually hollow, and in most fastastic distortion—divided by all sorts of rift, and into perhaps half a dozen fissures of stem, that refer to and, here and there, join one another:—the diameter of a casual sound stem may approach five feet. With a trunk thus massive, thus wreathed, if the noble umbrage of foliage, in dense though easy distribution of boughs and branches, be associated, some idea may be figured of an olive grove, disposed over a partly rocky, partly sward-clothed surface,—that emulates in picturesque uncouthness the trees, to which, for a score of human generations, it has given support, and continues to give fatness.

Through two or more miles, the road is a wandering, uphill course, admitting at times athwart these woods, views of the main Appennines, and of certain out-posts from them that are in bold advance into the plain. These, which are called Montecelli, form a delightful groupe of three minor mountains, exquisite in features as they rise, severally, in a cone's tendency, to a rocky vertex,—one of them pinnacled with ruins. At length we gain the city of Tivoli, imposingly dignified in its position, while in graceful dispersion from the irregularity of its site,—its collective display of edifices in magnificent, and also chastest style, and, to the letter "resplendent' 'outside:—the streets, within, most mean and ugly. Inscribed on the city gate, not the less, are read the letters S. P. Q. T., giving you to understand some unintelligible existence, or supposition, of a "Senate and People "of Tivoli."

Close under the inn we selected, are the Falls—unique in style, and for which I had not been prepared by any unlucky anticipations or information. How glorious in the detail of accompaniments is their scenery! Of a redundant

river, whose strength had just shot in one expanse over a precipice of near 100 feet—so the height, exaggeratedly I deem, is stated;—thus escaped, and on the verge of another precipice, not remote from the first, a main arm of it is stopped by a chasm into which it plunges, there to play the cataract invisible, till it breaks forth from an orifice at the base of the second precipice,—Neptune's Grotto it is called, that leaves behind all the fictions of "lying engravers," and mocks ineffably the painter's art. A sloop, with mast unstruck, might, were it smooth water,—and whether three or five sloops might not, abreast—pass into this cavern, I have not appetite to calculate: for all is tumult and crash to knock on the head such notions: all is fracturedness of rock, and madness of water: all is violence; yet all is loveliness, so magical as to contend for its full share in the emotions you prove, with those which are excited by the rage and wildness of the scene.

Then, opposite to the cataract, thus invisible till gloriously breaking forth below,—are two other cataracts, created by other branches of the river, that, plain to the eye, and home on it, burst over the crest of the precipice, and break in fury over its front,—both of these copious: and besides are minuter rills of fall, fretting here and there down the face of the enormous basin—amphitheatric, but that it is perpendicular, and but for a chasm opposed to the mid-front, which gives an outlet thence, by a similarly perpendicular gorge: all this variety of fall, with whitest foam and justest rage of water, in quarrel with rock; iris of rainbow rising, flitting, and disappearing as the wave surges, bursts, and is sunk; the uproar, the spray in driving clouds; the buried enclosedness of the whole; the accordance with purest taste of the interspersed vegetable fringing of the rocks: their verge, in one part, coroneted, rather aback and unobtrusively, by the edifices of the present Tibur:—the Temple of Vesta, that most absolutely beautiful relic of the architecture of antiquity

that is left to us—prominently apart, and quite on the edge of the precipice—appearing on this side as if not fractured, yet with the air of a ruin, and larger far than its real dimensions, from its being seen against the sky above.

An excellent path gives descent, and access to all the good points of view;—made by the French General Miollis: the inscription to that effect is half obliterated, the year of date quite so,—so brief sometimes is fame, and treacherous to merit: the bough of an ilex plays the part of screening the memorial from casual observation.—Thus much for the history of the existing generation. Then Bernini, of a century and half ago, claims his share of our thoughts: for he was in part the constructor of these matchless falls in their actual condition. Back again the mind is carried, by the ruins on a rocky brow aloft of us—besprent, as they are, with the shower, and deafened with the uproar of one of the main falls,—once the villa of an old Roman, Vopiscus, your ready nomenclator * calls him;—to the days of Horace,

* It is but an instance of the flippant nonsense of both guides and guide-books: they had heard that Statius addressed one of his lesser compositions to Vopiscus, and have denominated this house by that name; though the villa of Vopiscus is distinctly stated by Statius to have bridged the river, and not to have suffered partition by it; and though Statius, farther specifics, that the Anio, at the spot of its site, had laid aside the swollen rage with which, above and below, it foamed over the rocks, and here glided placidly, as fearing to disturb the Pierian days, and dreams of song of his friend:

Spumosaque ponit
Murmura, ceu placidi veritus turbare Vopisci
Pieriosque dies et habentes carmina somnos.

But all is changed here in 1800 years. Petrefaction has given growth to precipices, or convulsion has been playing its game of topsy-turvy—or both: and through the numerous delineations which remain to us of nature's face, as it once showed, there is now small vestige of graphical truth. Yet with obliteration or destruction, thus palpable, of all old landmark, there are who will set every thing to rights and palm on us their nicknames of ruins, as though they held in their hands the old title deeds. A modern publication—the Authors, Cabral and Del Re, Rome 1778—would mark out an old course of the river, which, *taken for granted*, would fit the ruins in question to the description of Statius. These topographers of Italy are a queer race of mountebanks.

who celebrated the characteristic beauties of Tibur, the præceps Anio, and the rocks in uproar and thunder: if they then made the noise they do now, I would hail Neptune's grotto as the veritable dome of Albunea. We are led into expatiation back beyond all this, by the silent indexes of Nature featured in the rocks which form these nobly inaccessible precipices;—and, among countless other instances of this process still in operation, the vast remnant of the trunk of an ilex, close to the path of descent, which had been felled,—that trunk now stone, from which shoot four or five saplings in healthy leaf, some of them of the thickness of a man's thigh!*

But my expatiations must suffer contraction: and giving up the mention of that third fall by another grotto—called the Sybil's—by which the river shoots from this wizard amphitheatre of cataracts to the bottom of the long vale, that becomes its lowest bed,—let me state our progress out of the town, and by a road which Bernini arranged on the opposite breast of the vale, commanding the "uda mobilibus pomaria rivis" beneath, and the parallel range of brow haughtily confronting us: thence through olive grounds, most venerable; and finally our return across the river and return up-hill to Tivoli by its farther gate;—a round of nearly two hours—which we repeated on Friday morning,—replete as we found it with delicious enjoyment. The uniformity of the continued defile was broken by a half hour's divergence in ruin-hunting over a retired tract, umbraged by olives;—the defile when we returned to it, assuming new

* In the moment of revising for the press, I learn that the falls of Tivoli, have ceased to exist—the Anio noble river, having disappeared from its channel! Its waters have found a pit-fall in the rere of that which conveyed one portion of them under ground to the Grotto of Neptune; and the whole river re-appears at some considerable distance from the base of the precipice and from the floor of the grotto, that is now dry! The entire, most various wonder, is a phenomenon at this instant gone by.

interest from the contrast of its busy river, the orchards and gardens which hem in its margin, and creep up the base of its barrier cliffs—that are so precipitous as to permit the adventurer to scale them in but few spots, and respond to each other in profuse hanging wood; and lastly, from two other water-falls, called Cascatelle,—which, but that the falls I had recently seen rendered me fastidious, I should hail as of surpassing beauty. These, also, are the creations of Bernini, their redundant water being derived from a branch of the Anio, diverted from its channel just above the city, for domestic purposes, and for driving machinery.

Though the first seen falls excelled in nothing else, they have the mighty advantage of being retired within the concavity of their amphitheatric semi-ellipse. These, one and other of them, break over the face of a precipitous steep of a league in front extension. You see,—(shame on the nation!)—one and the other like a piece of linen hung out in its length to dry, over a wall adequately lofty: but the allusion is profane; for the wall is in nature's boldness of mountain cliff; and the water is not in smooth right-lined sheet, but in headlong foam, and each fall severally in irregular break; and both one and other set of falls is not only most beautiful, but—unless for their mightier neighbours, whose memory pursues you—most grand. Such an object as either one or other you might long and vainly seek elsewhere than at Tivoli.

Either of these Cascatelle is a set of falls, rather than a single one. In the lesser set, which is the farther one—of which the descent may be 160 feet—you distinctly reckon six several streams, side by side, the second and third to the left being the finest; but the whole give some little disgust from their approach to parallelism, and pain from the misuse of such materials of cliff, mantle of circumjacent wood, and plenteous water. Like Macheath, how happy might we not be with but one out of the Seraglio. Yet what

accidents of nature may not have accrued in the century and half since Bernini's days; what corruptions of his design, from the progressive growth of these vegetable rocks, that palpably are petrefaction,—from the lapse of a crag here, or the interruption of a block of stone there,—from the decay in which Tivoli and all around, except its olives and vines, are involved: for, besides these, all is ruin.

The larger set of falls is most noble and simple: its position is happier, its rock less shivered, its supply of water more redundant. It has the misfortune of being a double fall, that is, when the first is achieved, a second commences at some distance from the first; and the intervening space between the foot of the one and the leap of the other, shews itself flat and dank, the more so that the view is had from the terrace road, which is traced over the front of the opposite cliff, that is too steep to suffer the spectator to vary his level—by doing which, both falls might be thrown into one. The obtrusion of an Olive's bough would, at any station selected for a seat, induce an interruption with the same effect: but I am merely a tourist.

Finally, there is here a luxuriance of nature's charms in the full freshness of her outlines—there is also a world of precipice and of wood, and, ten-fold, of cataract—which it requires the actual visit to Tivoli to comprehend.

Claude Lorraine lived here twelve years; Gapar Poussin fourteen.

Left Tivoli, to proceed on foot up the vale of the Anio; a charming one, reminding me of the proudest Wicklow vales, and occasionally of the Dee scenery, near Corwen. At Vico-Varo, a little town, the Varia of Horace, ten miles on, turned to the left, up a minor vale, in which Horace's Sabine farm was situate. To the right of this lesser vale, and on a height overlooking it, is another small town, Bardela, or Mandela: about four miles higher up, in a similar site, Licenza, which, by like alchemy, a scholar's or a

poet's enthusiasm interprets into Digentia. Not half-way between these towns, but to the left in this progress, is Rocca Giovine, in appropriating to which some Horatian appellation, the same piety has labored less successfully: but the features of Nature are changed. It is a delicious vale, deep sunk between its lofty mountains, yet so high upraised amid them, as to afford a welcome autumnal retreat from the heat, as well as from the turmoil of Rome. We traced this tranquil vale for four miles, in admiration of the free outline and varied surface of its mountain screens;—our road margining the playful Digentia, of which the source is in Mount Lucretilis that, a little farther onward, and to the left, is the vale's termination. In a spot at about two-thirds of our progress, we were shewn under the earth, which is the soil of a vine-yard, some Mosaic pavement, which the peasants aver to be the floor of the poet's villa: it may or may not have been identically so: but I see not why here, or close hereabouts, should not have been the site of Horace's house: he could not have selected a sweeter.

Rising up the mountain skirts where the vale begins to narrow into a ravine, and not far from its last village, Civitella, is, on the crown of a knoll, a small shallow well, which the peasants persist in styling the Bandusian fountain, though evidence has transpired, which fixes that fountain in the country of Horace's birth, far hence.* The water trickles over the steep front of the knoll to join the Digentia below: its supplies deserve not the name of a rill: it may well have been the "jugis aquæ fons," a little more remote from the poet's house than his first wish had dreamed. Of course the "Fons," which he elsewhere mentions as "rivo dare nomen idoneus," is the Digentia's source, within the distance of a lounge through thicket and orchard and various grove, his "latebræ dulces et jam amænæ." The little well was

* See Hobhouse's Illustrations, p. 43.

the term of our stroll up this lovely and secluded valley.* —Let me not, however, forget its inhabitants; a blithe, hearty race. We had a numerous groupe of them round us, where we stopped for the refreshment of some fruit: they were females as well as males, and all was rustic jocund mirth and cordial hilarity. One female, obviously a married woman, about twenty-five, was particularly merry; and the conversation and jokes that were kept up, induced frequent and loud laughing among all parties. There is no symtom of bad clothing, bad food, or languid health among all this people. Bonstetten witnessed nothing but squalor and famine and living death in the vicinities of Rome, right or left, wherever he went, twenty years ago. I have no faith in his quotations from books, and none at all in his deductions; but I confide in his statements of what his eyes saw: the heart-rending ills he details must have been the calamities of a season, whether through failure of the crops, or from political events, or both, and have now no existence, —with the exception of the periodical ravage of Malaria, wherever it extends.

Returning to the Vale of the Anio, we took up for the evening's meal, and for the night, our quarters at the monastery of San Cosimato: and Saturday morning, experi-

* Cluverius alleges that from this vale you see Soracte. The Sabine farm is deep down, where äfe

Continui montes nisi dissocientur opaca
Valle;

and this valley is within the main chain of the Appennines: Soracte is an isolated mountain, a score miles thence: from the western exterior of the chain it is a prominent object of view: but from a valley, embosomed within the chain, unless you can see through the density of a mountain more vast than Soracte, the thing is impossible, and nonsense.

Honest Cluverius went in personal plod through Italy, his geography of which abounds in grievous blunders of omission and, as in this instance, commission. And of his heap of blunders all bookmakers on the subject have constituted themselves heirs in absolute possession, and boast their wealth to the world accordingly.

enced the utmost delight in gazing on its delicious site, on the brow of a lofty cliff over the Anio, which foams directly below,—and which has the additional feature of a broken bridge, that constituted also the passage of the Claudian aqueduct. From this proud and lovely station, are commanded the folds of Horace's vale, that descends on the main one of the Anio, and also the course of that far larger vale itself. All around is the pomp and beauty of the Appennines; their outlines every where spirited, the surface diversified from resplendently calcareous cliffs to the mellow coloring of gardens and fruit trees, so crowded as to resemble groves;—several towns, perched respectively on their pinnacles of natural fortress-position. One fearful spot is shewn as having been the site of a village of the Saracens: it is still pointed out, as in unperishing odium: it must have been impregnable and inaccessible—a safe lair to the destroying colonist garrison that occupied it.

I revert to the mention of the Claudian aqueduct. Through the bowels of the rocks, beneath this Monastery, run far diverging caverns, to which a descent is had by numerous flights of steps,—some of these flights within the mountain,—others, formidably steep, on the face of the precipice that overbrows the Anio. Access is at length obtained, by such a strange descent, to where three parallel water-ways of aqueduct, in strict contiguity, and often absolute contact, though in complete individuality—the Claudian, Neronian, Marcian—pass through the entrails of this mountain, at thirty-four English miles from Rome. The masonry of all of them is, unless where infringed on by antiquarian curiosity, of enduring solidity. From the front of the precipice the procession onward, of at least one of these aqueducts, is seen, and, afterwards, the entry into the opposite cliff. From the road, yesterday, we had obtained frequent views of these aqueducts in a more or less ruinous state, after emerging from, or before re-entering the interior of the mountain,—not vainly monumental

of times and of enterprise, that have ceased from this forlorn land like dreams! It may lessen surprise, so far as regards man's share in these strange works, that the rocks, thus in large chamber and continued perforation, are petrefaction, and full of orifices, like those of Tivoli. Even thus the wonder is but shifted to the operations of Nature.

Proceeded up the vale, nearly twenty miles farther,—to Subiaco, Corwen and Wicklow features continue to be its characteristics, unless that, in one tract of precipice and desolation, it soars far beyond either,—reminding me of certain passages in the valley of the Rhone, in the Valais Throughout, with the exception of that part, all beneath was covered by the garden labors of the population—whose towns were to be seen all along at short distances from each other, never fewer than two,—but in two several spots of the road, we counted, from the one stand, five towns,—perched every one of them loftily, and, as it seemed, dangerously, on a peak of stone. One town, Cervari, is the merest eagle's aery I ever saw, for a collection of houses: at first we conceived this shew of numerous habitations, crusting the summit of a shaft of stone of stupendous height, to be a fantastic sport of nature. How the inhabitants climb up, which they can only do by steps cut in the living rock though eluding our powers of vision,—is as strange as that they should diurnally submit to the toil of coming down to their field work, a mile beneath—again to scale the pinnacle for their nightly shelter,—is wonderful in its way also.

In this progress, our attention was forcibly arrested by the most copious and exceedingly numerous bursts of water, that boil forth from the base of the mountain, which supplied the aqueducts I have mentioned: they appear to have just claim to one half of the waves of that bold river, the Anio, into which, at present, they discharge themselves, after a most brief course. Water so deliciously cold as their's, I never tasted: and in a country where impure water is of

more frequent occurrence than any that is salubrious, the prodigality of a supply, thus transcendently excellent, is a phenomenon, which explains and justifies the perforation of mountains and the structure of arcade by which, in a forty miles' conduct, it was made tributary to Rome's, and its Campania's population of five millions.

After a long walk, in oppressively sultry weather, to Subiaco, being disinclined to the business of driving the preliminary bargain at the inn, I begged my companions to act without me: and sitting down on a stone bench, without the town-gate, I was very soon joined by a respectable person, from his house opposite,—who prayed me hard, as a stranger, to go into a room, and receive the refreshment of wine and food, as well as to bathe myself, and make the necessary changes of linen—to furnish me with which he also importuned. Even though I stated to him, that I expected a message from my friends, who had merely preceded me to the inn, his entreaties continued; and, at length, he was obliged to confine himself to the urging on me some bunches of field strawberries, part of a purchase he made while he sat by me, with the obvious purpose of making me a partaker.

At the inn I found my friends had been compelled to the terms of the hostess, who declared she could not afford "a good dinner, a bed, and a breakfast—all good—for less than six pauls, (half-a-crown) a head." That the dinner with all besides, was amply to our satisfaction, I am, in common honesty, bound to certify.

Traits like these make me deeply regret that, instead of latterly dawdling my time at Naples, waiting till the bootless activity of my friend should have spent itself, I had not executed the purpose we had meditated, of returning to Rome—not by the great road, by which we had come—but on foot, or with donkies, through the Abruzzos, by the lake of Calano, into this vale of the Anio; which route would

have given us Tivoli in plain course. Some of our friends had proceeded from Rome to Naples by that line, and had fired my enthusiasm to witness for myself, not merely the noble scenery through which they passed, but also the manners of its inhabitants, their decency, their comforts, their unaffected hospitalities; with all which they were in extacy. It was a course of several days—which, as they were told on their way, no Englishman had taken for the last thirty years.* In different towns, where they made halt for the night, there were no inns; but the Clergyman and principal inhabitants saw promptly to their accommodation,—which was hospitable, comfortable, and abundant; and whatever was left in acknowledgment of it was taken as a compliment. These people, passing rich, and exceedingly at ease in the abundance which their industry yields, were as much afraid of the banditti of their country as the most timid stranger could be: but as long as the snow remains on the mountains, they held themselves sure of the absence of the robbers, who, in that season, repair to fastnesses in a less lofty, and perhaps more waste district. To have returned from Naples, before the snow disappeared, was fully in my power, had my friend's zeal pointed to any thing beyond volatility of pursuit without adequate motive. The failure of my wish I shall ever lament: it is the heaviest by far, rather the only one, I have met in Italy. That not one in twenty thousand of my countrymen has enjoyed this excursion, matters not to me: I have lost it.

My present trip, so high up the Anio, fifty-four English miles from Rome, is in part a substitution for the other. Subiaco is a resort of painters, and its whole vale is a theatre of landscape study,—even though its chestnut forests are not of that immensity we had been led to suppose.

* This date coincides with that of Sir R. Hoare's journey, which was not throughout in the same, or so good a track,

Sunday. Hired here a donkey, which brought me back to Tivoli—32 miles.

2nd June. Again I rounded much of the scenery of Tivoli; and visited that collection of ruins called Mecænas's villa. There is here much vast vaulting, and some of the superstructure, of ancient time. It is now converted into a foundery, worked by a branch of the Anio, that, bursting hence, forms on the cliff's face one set of the Cascatelle,—the falls of which are not in command at this station. But the view from these ruins is most extensive: it has first the contiguous Appennine; a little farther, to the right, the Montecelli; much farther, to the left, the Alban range of mountains, on to the sea's verge: in the flat spreads the Campania, with Rome in its centre, twenty miles distant. What a site for the Prime Minister's villa! I could easily figure to myself there, Mecænas and the Emperor. There wanted but a telescope to subject to their eye the full broil of the world's metropolis.

Close by is an ancient, modern Villa, with its gardens,—that of Esté—where Ariosto resided, while occupied in weaving his witching legends. The house, now in a state of desolation, and uninhabited, crests a hill, of which the slope occupies from three to four acres,—half of it wilderness and undrest,—the more home portion distributed into five terraces. Viewed from the base of these terraces, and athwart their ascent, the house exhibits that dignity which a great mansion ought to possess; its façade being modulated to the ballustrade, crowded with statues,—to the apparatus of grand stair-case, a sort of edifice in itself,—and to its garden appendages. The splendor of all these is relieved, while enriched, by the garden plants in very numerous vases; and, farther, by the indigenous vegetation in frank luxuriance. I measured one cypress tree, in a retired part of these gardens, twelve feet seven inches in girth.

The five terraces, if on one level, would describe a pro-

longed square, to either end of which a semi-circular space is appended, of which the centre is in the termination of the middle terrace of the five,—or, as I shall call it—the water-walk, since a range of jets d'eau, in close file, extends its entire length. The semi-circle on the left, in looking from the mansion, is occupied by certain miniature models of grand structures, quite ridiculous in themselves, but apologised for as having been constructed for the amusement of the children of the house. The opposite semi-circle is, to me, magical: within its arch-line runs a colonnade, the ballustrade surmounting which, admits of a galleried walk, that commands the view across the gardens, and specially the waterwalk. Extending over the area in front of the semi-circular peristyle is a reservoir for the water, that is received from the glorious burst, which from on high behind—derived from the exhaustless Anio—tumbles in two breaks over rock-work of various freakishness,—and for the water also which shoots from beneath, in diversified jet, around the circuit, and particularly between each one of the opens, of the colonnade. Within that colonnade is a covered walk, adapted for retirement, clear of the water's spray, enjoying the water's full riot, with all, beside such deep quiet as to bid all human cares dwindle into their own nothingness, and, as in the ocean halls of Triton, to suffuse the mind in freshness and liquid delight. My enthusiasm in witnessing such "potentiality" of enjoyment, occasioned to me a degree of discomposure, as with unrelenting persecution of the fooleries of an age gone by, one of my companions would mark out, each after other, the childish devices of the very many figures jetting water, while we paced the walk in front of these objects of criticism. I could have wished that many of the rank and file, thus spouting in line, had not been pranked in such nonsense: yet this very removable objection being taken as removed, I could at once bring myself to delight in slowly pacing such a straight walk, enlivened by the wreathing and

turmoil of water, cooling the fevered air, amusing the fancy, and lulling the spirits. The abuse was corrigible; the reform has been radical—at least at home. All this is extirpated from our gardens: yet in spite of climate and fashion, much of this might have place without affectation, and be enjoyed without the hazard of a sore throat: and near our houses the sound and fury of water—where to be had;—and walks, not after the pattern of a worm wounded by the gardener's spade, might, surely, not receive mere mercy, but meet absolute patronage. I have always admired Rousseau's conception of a secluded spot, sacred from intrusion;* a sort of garden boudoir: in such a spot I would have water playful, without playing very apish tricks, and walks in right line, where to be so is the absence of constraint, and is common sense. But after a boudoir of this delicious seclusion, let my fancies not run in riot. I have not power to cry down, and must endure our home abominations of a house, like a giant brick clamp, staring in a mown meadow —a hedge round that meadow, stiled a shrubbery,—and certain purlieus laid out in Brobdignag pattern, the alleys writhing as though prepense distortion were the absolute path of beauty, and wrought in an embroidery of shrubs—with, here and there, dug spots bedropt with annuals.

Quitted Tivoli finally, soon after mid-day, for Rome,—taking in the way, at two miles distance to the left, Adrian's Villa. Here are the remains of the fac-similes of structures elsewhere, the Lyceum, the Poecile, &c. of Athens, the

* His Russian Baron Wolmar has broached the precedent of a Paradisino—an appendage to the grounds—unpermeable, and under lock and key.

And still one little acre may command
Each varied happiness of light and shade.

Mason.

Laudato ingentia rura,
Exiguum colito:—

these are master precepts; though the primary purpose of the latter was georgical, not landscape instruction.

temples of Serapis, of Canopus, and store of fac-similes beside,* which that Emperor erected for the display of his grandeur, and in proof of his imbecility of judgment. They are now overgrown with a prodigal luxuriance of weed, and shrub, and tree; and their fragments are in such dispersion as seldom to groupe, and no where to give the satisfaction to be had among the ruins of Carcacella's baths. But Adrian was a rare, as well as a mean coxcomb; and it fell within his plan to collect, with the world's wealth at his command, the most abundant treasures of Art, of which large and precious supplies—perhaps the most precious the world now has—have been disinterred hence. A great portion of the eight square miles, which his buildings occupied, is still unexplored!

3rd June. Rome, to which I am thus come back in summer, looks like a vast village,—with the phenomenon of cattle, and specially of numerous flocks of sheep, and many goats, occupying its streets—cantoned over the pavements during night, and driven forth to the country for pasture in the forenoon, with ear-piercing and unremitting cat-call: thus the "*passim armenta mugire*" of the City's first History is seen again in all its best streets, in strange version of the fact. At night, too, and till one in the morning—later, for what I can say—orgies are kept up in the streets, the people rejoicing in the cool air, after the day's languor.

4th June. While loitering in an evening at Tivoli, at the head of that glen, which, though now dry, was assuredly the bed of the Anio in ancient time, and while contemplating with delight the romantic breaks of its headlong declivities, I was struck by a flash before my eyes, which I mentioned to my companions, as supposing it lightening: a second and third scintillation took place, which we then ascertained

* This is Imperial sanction for the re-production of the Parthenon on the Calton-hill.

to be but the play of the fire-flies, or lucceoli—of which, unaccountably, I had not heard in this country before. I enjoy their play, as I move through the shrubberies of the Pincian Hill, in fantastic and most sportive exhibition. When dusk approaches, their squadrons flit through all the underwood, in hosts, like the vulgar flies of this climate, when rejoicing in the sun-beam: but the frisk of these is marked with vividly distinct flame, in accompaniment to each individual insect. In our sluggish climate, the glow-worm on its bank is a surpassing affair: here, the insect disport is in the most wanton prank of winged motion, their co-embodied fire dancing thick and rapidly athwart, in round, or high aloft, with buoyancy and glee unspeakable, and as crowdedly numerous as, in a close ball room, where sixteen or eighteen couples of belles and beaux figure in the merriest country dance: in these assemblies they figure it by the thousand.

It is said, that in each breath of air which our lungs inhale, we destroy the life of countless animalcules: the possibility of this we can easily reconcile to our faith, by slight practice with the microscope. But the destruction of animal life by man, is subjected to the verification of the unassisted organs of vision all over Italy, in the case of the myriads of myriads of ants by which the ground is animated. The pulverized soil, and hot sun, will explain this, any where out of town: but in Naples they bespread the walks of the Villa Reale; and nothing is more common than to see armies of them in movement over the carriage roads and flagged streets. At present, in Rome, in my spacious and airy apartment, well appointed, and with every thing in fair order, I see them countless and active over the floor, bricked though it be, and fourth, or highest,—and in various respects, to myself as well as to the flashily fashionable men, more eligible than the subordinate flats. What an immensity must be

extinguished here, in doors or out, at each tread of a human foot!

In our climate, we contemplate no such exuberance of animal existence. Of a species of which we know little more than by hear-say, let me mention the lizard, that is in such multitudes here, and in Swisserland also—the most innocent, harmless, fearful tribe of animals possible—soft as a snail in the coat, but miniature of the crocodile in form,—which may be from five to seven inches long. In a sunny day, they quite enliven the garden walls, and even the high-way sides, with their often intermitted flight—not of wings, which they do not possess—but of feet. I wish not to increase vermin: but I could desire the lizard more naturalized at home.

Were I to extend the term vermin to the bat, I would say, that it plays here a far more wanton part than with us, where it skulks in the twilight quiet of the country. Here it makes merry in the towns. Rome may be considered too desolate in summer to be a proof of this: but in Naples, the bats, as numerous as house sparrows, are every where seen along the Strada Toledo, the street of greatest uproar in Europe; and they fly in numerous groupes, into and out of the best lighted shops, as familiarly as with us they exult in roundel in the open air.

5th June. Mr. ——, calling to-day on an English friend, found him with a table full of books, and a quire of maiden paper, on which he was labouring, in draft of all the lumber strewed before him. If this delectable compound should ever be indulged to the world, it may well be entitled "The "lucubrations of Mr. Hodge-Podge." Yet could it be in any other way that Mr. Eustace's book was manufactured?"*

* Since my return home, the proposal of a compilation of this kind, founded on my blurred notes as the text, with a full interlarding of passages from other travelled compilers, was actually made to me by a publisher. With this proposal was coupled the desire, that, by giving my name in the title-page, I should brand my-

The reign of processions is kept up in the highest activity. And as these grand trains of robed and gowned and worshipfully bedizened personages move along the streets—with the "Senate" and several Cardinals according to their presence, in their stated places of dignity,—it is miserable to remark the mean boys, each with a paper folded like a grocer's conical envelope, held under that taper to which he is specially appointed to catch, as a perquisite, (or probably, as paying for the privilege,) the droppings of the wax, as they run from the flare consequent on their movement in the open streets,—a circumstance declarative enough of the poverty and the pomp of these pageant shews.

7th June. Whatever may be my sincere desire to stay and batten at Rome, I must yield as must all other strangers, since its summer is death. Such is the annual dread calamity of the Malaria.

I have put together and studied many passages of the ancients on the subject of the climate of Latium. That in old time there were unhealthy spots in it is plain: but that insalubrity was just as local is, under all the direct and incidental evidence that we can muster, just as plain. The whole country was, in the time of antiquity vigor and a dense war-

self as a hermaphrodite. I had, however, the self-command to refrain from putting to the proposer the hideousness of fathering a wife's mis-begotten offspring. My readers—who are men—will allow me credit for a severe degree of self-control on such an occasion.

I am well aware that the translation of my very prevalent inversions of phrase into the current flow of idiomatic construction, would have been desirable; and if my time were at my own command, I would attempt it. But translation is quite a different matter from the substitution of a new composition, cloked with a forged name. Perhaps the apology may avail me, that these inversions were, in a degree, the effect of the hurry of circumstances, under which my immediate impressions were usually scratched: but they were mainly the result of mental excitement from the pleasurable enjoyment of my course of journey, kept up during my whole stay on the continent. At all events, they carry with them the warrant of their originality.

like population. The hills which the city covered were "saluberrimi."

There is but one evidence which glances otherwise,—the contrast exhibited in a passage of Livy,* between the fertility and enjoyments of Capua and the pestilent and arid soil round Rome. And this contrast is put into the mouth of a ringleader in a military mutiny, which encampment at Capua had generated, and which had for its object the seizure and possession of Capua by the troops, in robbery of the inhabitants. The orator, by classing the infertility of a Latian soil with its insalubrity, (if that was in his contemplation,) decides on the value of his testimony against the latter. Labour at home must be a deadly ill, when compared with ease abroad, while a slave population of the natives worked to administer to their enjoyments. As to the comparative fertility of the two tracts, we can even now judge the question. That soil may be redundantly good which shall not compete with the rotten richness of the Capuan. Yet where the Latian surface is a thin layer of earth coating the Tufo, or through which the Tufo breaks in picturesque roughness, and often in cliff, it is kind, and not even there verging to hungry; and the far larger portion of this territory is sound, often deep, and fertile soil,—exceeding, I conceive, different English counties of high pretensions.

Will it be said that the testimony to the hills of Rome, of being "saluberrimi" is questionable also, inasmuch as it is the statement of an orator, even the great Camillus,—anxious to dissuade the Romans, after the destruction of

* VII. 38. "An æquum esse dedititios suos illa fertilitate atque amœnitate "perfrui, se militando fessos in pestilenti atque arido circa urbem solo luctari? "Aut in urbe insidentem tabem crescentis fœnoris pati?" We see that quite another sort of plague had settled on the city:—and it is remarkable that nothing is intimated of the salubrity of the air at Capua in contrast to that of Latium. Indeed the term "pestilent" is applied not to the air, but, oddly enough, to the soil,—Quere if not in the way we apply it to one we dislike,—a pestilent fellow.

their city by the Gauls and Brennus, from migration to Veii? The answer is concise and confirmative: Veii is now equally under the domination of Malaria with all this region beside.

Horace is pressed into evidence of the insalubrity of Rome, though his every statement goes to dislike of town life, a dislike general and in every particular. A less confirmed hater of town would recoil from residence in London during autumn. Horace certainly did the same in respect to Rome, and with the better reason that the Italian climate is then oppressive, and active employment in it is baneful. The first crop of the Fig—which is in July—is, to this day, of notorious unwholesomeness, though its after produce, in succession of fruitage on into winter, is staple food,—like Irish potatoes, store of the peasantry. To its period of first appearance, to the heat, and to the pains of courtier assiduities and minute toil of forensic practice,—to these three circumstances distinctly, and to none other, does the poet refer his autumn dislike of Rome;—while in winter, with bird-like periodical loco-motion, he exchanges the snows of his Sabine elevation for the sea-shore temperature.

Such is his account of himself * to his patron. To another friend he states, that love of country in the one, and love of town in the other, is the single point of difference between them,—that the one likes plain bread, the other must have confectionary. And accordingly that friend keeps fixed residence—nidum servat—in Rome. But where is there, in all this, a symptom of Malaria, even in first concoction, in old Rome or Latium? It might as well be said

* ———— Dum ficus prima, calorque
Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris;
Dum pueris omnis pater et maternula pallet,—
Officiousaque sedultias, et opella forensis
Adducit febres, et testamenta resignat.
Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris,
Ad mare descendet Vates tuus, et sibi parcet,

that it was pestilence and distemper that drove Juvenal's friend to "vacant Cumæ," or induced in Juvenal a preference over the Suburra, to Procida, an island in the sea without the bay of Cumæ.

The existence of this Malaria can, I learn, be distinctly traced back to the dark times of the middle ages; but it is in abundant proof that it has been on the encrease for the last century; and it is now of wide and frightful calamity.

Its type is much that of tertian or marsh-fever; but here are no marshes:—the Pontine existed of old, are comparatively drained, and are far away:—the Ostian are a dozen miles off:—round Rome are no rice grounds: the plashes in its gardens that I have heard of, and looked for, I have failed to find:—the undrained farms in its vicinity I vouch to have no existence:—the filth in the streets is not in the twentieth degree that of several other great cities:—there is excrement in its lanes and it is too frequently thrown from the windows into its streets! but it does not amount to accumulation, and whatever is found is scrupulously carried away;—for Rome, well paved as it is, is also exemplarily well scavenged, and under a frequent, painful cloud of dust from the process of sweeping and transporting all impurity.—Rome was cleaner last winter than Paris is in summer; and it is clean now. Rome is cleaner than Florence. I have never heard of plague at Madrid—a name synonomous with unswept city ordure: and Rome is its summer and autumnal domain!*

* I have before me the "Medical Notes" of Doctor Clarke, the work of a man whom personal knowledge enables me to hold in high and unaffected estimation: and I should be guilty of miserable presumption, were I to set up my opinions against his, after six years' practice at Rome. But this work was written immediately after his first winter,—and with that employment on his hands of which he is so meritoriously worthy;—while my opportunities in wandering without the city were unfettered by occupation. And I would claim, from Dr. Clarke's present experience, the confirmation of my opinion, that it is not want

That there is marsh impurity along the sea-shore, is undoubted, and of that character which makes certain Essex districts and Walcheren infamous: and fact it is that from Leghorn to Terracina,—and beyond that point again, at Fondi,—there is material, plain enough to the eye, to account for the annual calamity of deplorable marsh fever.—But how can this explain the spread, inwards from the sea's border where marsh exists, to the skirts of the Appennines where marsh exists not, and where disease is nevertheless paramount—an awful tract of danger and death! The disease of the Essex fens travels not thence to London; nor is the Walcheren malady thus excursive. In neither of these cases do the miasmata ascend high in air; and hill ground is safe from their attack. How then is it that, thirty miles inland, the lofty region of Tivoli is now under infection, its Villa d'Esté forlorn, and its other villas and lodging houses empty in summer? and why, so far up the Anis's noble and sinuous vale, is San Cosimato, on its glorious precipice, brought down to flatness, under the ascendency of the demon which has travelled thither? Look to the bed of the Digentia, on whose margin Horace found refreshment and health in the most unwholesome season: its "musco circumlita saxa" are, in a portion of their short tract, not innoxious now.*—

of scavenging, nor again that little lake and the bed of one or two ponds, and the winter impurity which discolors in brown a field or two in the Borghese gardens,—that are dry in summer,—which brings the Malaria in annual sure visitation;—or that a "little" or indeed any "exertion might keep the invisible enemy without the gates of the city."

I incline to believe that the activity I have witnessed in cleansing the streets of Rome is recent, and may date within Doctor Clarke's first arrival there. Thus also the draining of the valley of Egeria was an operation I witnessed; and yet elsewhere it would not be a marsh to excite much terror.

Doctor Clarke's book is a mine of information to whatever invalids may have in view a southern climate, French or Italian: none such ought to quit home without consulting it.

* "The Digentia is clear high up the valley; but before it reaches Bar-"dela, supposed the ancient Mandela,—it looks green and yellow like a sul-"phur rivulet."——Lord Byron's note on a passage in his Childe Harolde, canto IV.

Things now are changed from what they were anciently,—And it is not marsh which exists not—nor scavengers' laziness, which is an unfounded imputation,—that can call down any such vengeance—or that creates and instals and upholds this reign of fell pestilence.

What then is the cause? Simply that the whole country is Volcanic, and that noxious exhalations are frequently the disease of such a country. It is this agent which corrupts the bed of Digentia, and poisons the entry of its valley, that is far from marsh, and in shelter from any atmospheric current that could conduct marsh vapors thither: and it is this agent's presence and potency at Tivoli,—and its non-existence at Frascati and Albano,—that will explain why the Appennine range, on which the former is crested, is insalubrious and deserted; while the Alban groupe, lower than the other, nearer to the Ostian marshes, and looking on its infected neighbour in the relative position of one line to another of two which describe a right angle,—in a word seemingly exposed to the same ills, and in a more intense degree, is the resort, during each summer's infection, of all who can afford the repair from Rome to its train of towns and villas, which are then in secure and crowded occupation.

This is no gratuitous supposition of mine. Though no naturalist, I found myself on facts in which no less a naturalist than Spallanzani will bear me out. Speaking of the grotto del Cane near Naples, (he does not appear to have studied the Latian Campania) he says, that it is but one of the almost innumerable pestiferous vapors in different parts of the world, especially in volcanic countries, that are fatal to brute, and also to man, while they do not offer to the eye the slightest indication of their presense.—Vol. I. chap. 3. The greater part of them he admits to be temporary, whereas the Dog's grotto has continued for very many centuries. But this exception which Spallanzani's learning makes, is a confirmation of the theory, and illustrates the difference—

to hideous disease from unseen causes—between the Latian climate now, and what it was in other ages.

I know nothing of chemistry. Chemists themselves are at a full stop in expounding the workings of this grand laboratory of volcanic nature. But I do not impute the main deleteriousness of vapour to the sulphur lakes of this country. At Puzzuoli, the Solfatara is comparatively innoxious, while the Dog's grotto is death. They are quite different. But one cause in different modification and combination may, and, in every likelihood, does produce the one phænomenon and the other. I do not say that the green and yellow impurity in the Digentia's bed emits the miasmata that create disease: but some unseen exhalation, neighbour and kin to that impurity, must. And similarly I do not say that the sulphur lakes, which are passed on the road to Tivoli, are parent to the Malaria of that town and its vicinity. The Alban mountains have their bad neighbours too: the lake Regillus in filthy volcanic desolation, is down beneath in prospect from Tusculum on one side; and the real Albunea of King Latinus—which that near Tivoli is not—still, according to Bonstetten, who saw it, (p. 206) sends forth its execrable stench in that other direction, extending between Albano and the sea. Yet from Tusculum to Albano is safe: the Tiburtine district is more than unsafe: the unseen pestilential exhalation does not pervade the first territory: it is active in the second,—that second at a loftier height and much greater remoteness from marsh than the first!

This mischief is not confined in Italy to Latium. I left it behind me at Baiæ, that was once to the Romans what Bath is to England. It is before me, for I travelled through its district, last winter through, literally, the Appennine snows. Between these Appennines and the sea extends the Maremma, which, as has been well said, is now worse than a desert, though it was once that tract of Etruria, which, from its harvests, was called the Annonaria. At several ridges

inland, is that altogether inland mountain, Radicofani, on which I passed a night: it is palpably a victim spot of earthquake, with all the marks round it of a volcano lately extinguished: fire-stones have recently fallen in its vicinity, which must have been sent from some tract of its surface that was tranquil after the ejection.* Towards its western base are the sulphur baths of St. Philip; and from the profluence of their rills, even thus low down, medals are coated with the subsiding deposit, and valuable cameos are produced. Its skirts, northward, repel any thing of marsh to many miles distance. Yet Radicofani town, contiguous to its summit rock—in sovereign eminence over all its neighbour Appennines—is notorious for Malaria. Whence but from spiracles, high to the mountain top, can the virus proceed? What can the line of valley which goes southward of it, to Aquapendente, have to do with marsh miasmata, where marsh is not to be found? Bolsena lake, still more south, ought to be as innoxious as Derwentwater, but for its territory, that is volcanic: its very islands are of basaltic form; and though such forms be but the exhibition of a brutum fulmen in the many volcanic countries where the ill has spent itself, it is far different in the few where it has not. It is the same onward to Monte Fiascone, and south of it, where vegetation has the richness of proud flesh, and is not verdant, but bottle-green: accordingly, there is in advance of Viterbo, that plash emitting noisome stench—index of the poison which bloats vegetation, and is deleterious to man's life. With the intervention of the Viterbo range of mountains, the potency of that poison is continuous over many a breezy hill, and fair tract of champaign ground, on to Rome. In all the tract, from beyond Radicofani hither and for a score miles south, to the Campania's barrier mountains, there is no spread of marsh; nor indeed quite sufficiency of moisture.

* See Forsyth, page 161, Geneva edition.

Finally, reverting to Latium, I say that the calamity which has ruined it is beyond cure by man; and Rome's mysterious doom can, at human hands, experience no cure.

There may be correctives: there may be preventatives: but their effect must be slight. It may have been an imprudent act to cut down a wood whose density was barrier to the mephitic vapor—that is heavier than the atmospheric air, and therefore floats near the surface of the ground: but it can answer little purpose to plant fresh belts here and there, because the exhalations may be on the hither side of the fence, of which the desired effect would be the creation of a safe lee space: and to look for plantations over a tract which human desertion has devoted to pasturage, were a mad speculation. Personal prudence on the part of those who can afford the comforts of sound nutritive diet,—and humane care of the class who cannot—may do much: the fly fixes on the morbid spot—disease knits itself to maceration. Above all, the practice of sleeping on the ground floor is direct invitation to the contagion: the higher up from the ground's surface, the greater is the safety;—for the miasmata which the day's heat has rarified and put into large dispersion, become condensed, and fleece the earth during night. Add to this the very frequent case of the human body suffused by perspiration, from labor under a hot sun, and resigned to sleep on the cold ground, in this atmosphere of pestilence,—and why say a word more of the frightful consequence! Here preventatives may come into play; and with all that has been said, and justly said, of the imbecility of the Ecclesiastical Government, I conceive it to have the power—and I would look with some hope to an enlightened Pope's benevolence, that it shall proscribe, by coercive regulations, the use of the ground floor as a dormitory. In this country, the meanest houses exceed a single story or two in elevation; and the evil of the Malaria is too rife not to provoke the trial, in every possible way, for its alleviation.

Already all our English world is away: our English congregation has been closed for some weeks: the English physicians are fled to a man: nor does any other than a stray Englishman show his face, perhaps like myself, on return from Naples, and anxious to take all I can of Rome. Even in this I am under restraint; for certain streets are subject to Malaria on that side of their hill which is in exposure to the prevalent wind of the season—that wafts also the miasmata, —while other streets, or perhaps a portion of the same street, in another aspect, may be pure. A friend who knows Rome well—and who, after English incredulity in the calamity in the first instance, experienced an escape from death by it, after many weeks of lingering, and almost hopeless illness—has forbidden the Pincian hill to me: and I am thus debarred from the gaze from its brow on the great city spread beneath—the effulgence of this season's and climate's sunsets behind the Vatican and Janicular ridges opposite,— and, in the evening's farther fall, from the blithe disport of the Lucceoli, buoyant every where in my walks in most excursive and untired play of movement.

SECTION VII

Monday 9th, June. Left Rome for Florence, with a regretful veneration, to pain. Coupled and combining with this pain, are recollections of the kindnesses heaped on me throughout my residence there: for my friends' sake, if not for my own, I must, on my return, try to unlearn such things, hard as it will be to make out to them an honest case of my not—"all along of this"—having been spoiled.

My present road leaves that I had travelled before, soon after Monterosi. The country to Civita Castellana, our halt for the night, is largely woody, with tillage interspersed, the combination of both having a soft and pleasing effect. Soracte, now San Oreste, was here near on the right,—and a fine range of Appennine in front, which lessened onward to its termination in the mountains of Viterbo, at such distance as to be low on the horizon. On the left were ranges of mountain distances, meriting the pencil of Claude.

At Civita Castellana is a charming ravine, with lofty precipitous rock, shagged with vegetation that almost covers its either stony cheek, down to the bottom, where a stream runs, which shrubs and trees nearly conceal from sight: a fall, which it makes, was however visible where the ravine first winds into view; for this sylvan glen is of considerable course: the road crosses it by a bridge of lofty arcade, of aqueduct style.

Tuesday. Travelling in vettura has familiarized me here to the sight of dawn and sunrise: I count that of to-day the

finest I have seen. The Appennines were in a position to receive over their whole visible surface the gilding of the sun's rays, enfilading their glacis in the moment of his surmounting the horizon: this took place at a break in their range, where the ridge was remote. Before he rose, vapors, like the sea, had been spreading through the glens and ravines by which the ascent was diversified: and they at length hid out the superior region of the mountain chain, and Soracte. In an interval of their dispersion he rose, distinct in disk, and with a mild suffusion over it, which without veiling his blaze, afforded me as full power to gaze on him as I ever had to look on the moon. First a spark of effulgence appeared, which enlarged into a spot; and, in his progressive ascent, the line of mountain cut the luminary's face across in an indenture, of as much precision as the moon's body is seen to make in an eclipse of him, viewed through smoked glass. I thought it a long quarter of an hour—I referred not, and refer not, to my watch—till he was clear of the mountain edge; with such ease was I able to fasten my eye on him, and so majestic was the movement. Never had I contemplated the possibility of effulgence thus tempered, yet unimpaired. The enamel of gladness with which it enchased the vast inclined plane where the surface was unbroken, and the contrasted lustre and deep shade where it was interrupted by peak or brow,—or haughtier summit, I give up the attempt to delineate. Pre-eminent as a side-screen—almost foreground—to this immense suite of mountain front arrayed in gold, was Soracte, detached from the range: its face was in umber, its utmost crest in gay sunbeam. Soracte is not merely the billow which Lord Byron has bodied it forth to be; but it is a solitary billow, in a plane expanse: it more than surges into crest and curling, and almost falls over as it is stayed in the act of breaking.*

* This mountain is 2,256 feet in perpendicular height.

Very quickly after, the vapor returned, or rather, dense fog rose, which in some places blotted out every object, though in others it gave imperfect vision. In one spot, on a brow over the road, Borghetta was thus seen—the basement of its edifices hid by the cloud, and its turrets in picturesque display, as if suspended high in air,—like the castle of a Wizard, independent of the earth's support, and half veiled by wizard incantation. Even the mist induced variety of beauty.

For an hour or two, still denser fog lost us much fine scenery. In passing the Tiber, which crossed our road, we could scarcely view its noble bridge, a structure of Sixtus V. At eight, it cleared, and we found ourselves among noble dips and swells of ground; Soracte behind, and getting out of view. The country, though so high up, was rich, and very frequently hid out by lofty hedges of elm, oak, or cherry trees that were choaked by the vine, wayfaring tree or white rose, that rambled through the standard boughs to their farthest and topmost spray. The brows of the ravines were gorgeous with tall broom in the full flame of yellow flower, that was here and there subdued by tracts of the white rose. These scenes, disposed in a very large receding distance, were succeeded by a gorge, through which we penetrated into the mountain chain; the river Nera far below, at the base of the precipice, over which the road tended, its ascent being continued thence high aloft: the entire steep, as well as its counterpart, closely confronting it, was robed with flex.

This gorge extended four miles, to NARNI. At this town we descended by a very steep footway to the river, where are the ruins of a bridge, built by Augustus. It was originally of four arches, constructed of great blocks of stone, justly squared, and put together without cement. I measured one of the abutments—that was dry—twenty-six feet in face to the water-way. The course of this bridge had run in the slope of the bold hill, or rather cliff, at the foot of which

it was built, so that the arches were successively lower, to the farther and flat shore. One arch remains undestroyed, the widest I have seen, and so lofty that no one of us, on the river's margin beneath, could say what tree it is which, shooting and growing out of the arch above, produces a fine painter's effect. One of my guide books states that Lalande, in 1763, measured the height of this arch, eighty-five Paris feet: another sets down one hundred feet, by 150 feet wide. This being the second arch, the first—which is destroyed—must have been still more vast.

From the hill side under Narni is a panoramic view over a most delicious basin, framed by mountains—of forms in gradation from ruggednnss and savage protuberance, to side-long slope,—of immense loftiness,—and in hues of all variety, from stark naked rock of resplendent white to sheet of verdure: the outline all round is of noble variety. The flat at foot of this cincture of mountains is fertile to extreme fatness; its products, of the exuberance of kitchen-garden growth, with the freedom of field or farm distribution:—one coat, close on the surface, of vegetable riches,—and above, a loose grove of olive and other fruit and timber trees, massing into forest-like density. The expanse was given to the eye by an ascent towards the mountain skirts, so gentle as, but for this, to escape notice; or it was thrown into parts distinct from each other, as each part seemed placed on its separate stand—ledge or platform-wise—from bolder breaks of the soil that, unless thus marked and at the mountain foot's distance, each shelf must have eluded notice. The Nar or Nera, a fine mountain-river, is conspicuous in course through this charming expanse of ten miles. Across this incomparable plain, so adorned, so surrounded, and high surmounted, lay our road to Terni.

TERNI is a den of rogues, so far as inn, post-people, guides, and all connected with them are concerned.—Ascended to the view of its famed cascade, dragged by four

post-horses up a steep road, that was scarcly a ledge on the face of a very lofty precipice:—rounding the edge of this precipice at its off quoin, we were conducted to a point, from which we could just see the river sweeping impetuously along a trough of native and utterly naked rock,—the sides of this immense trough bearing the imprint of an artificial cut; for this course of the river, the Velino, was an old Roman work, executed to free the valley above from the scourge of inundation. Thence we were led to the descent; thence by slow degrees, not yet, to the verge of a hideous abyss; from station thence to station of the guides, with tantalizing process, till at length we contemplated the grandeur of the first fall, with its accompaniments of chasm deep beneath, and foam to madness, and full semi-circle of rainbow, with the vivid reflection again of a second rainbow, and with noblest dark rock around—breasting it and forward,—seen through copious yet finest spray, in clouds immense. The thunder roar of such a body of river we had heard very long before our approach to the vicinity of its course. Slowly descending, and like devotee—in a series of halt and homage, at spot that is marked after spot for affording a new view, each one of the frequent spots rewarding the pause—we arrived at the river's-bed below. Crossing it by a bridge, that is four parts out of five sheer rock, caverned into passage for the water by its own torrent's force, and the other fifth rustic wood-work—the full breadth some thirty yards; we ascended a rise on the opposite bank, and under a booth constructed for the purpose, had a view thence—which from the tortuousness of the advance rocks, cannot elsewhere be had—of the grand fall, and the two subsequent falls, all in face, and all in connexion. Of this view the common prints give a just idea, and supersede to me the need of memorandum. It is assuredly a magnificent fall;—such an overflowing, overpowering volume of water, such disappearance of the foaming sheet of wave, after a first sublime shoot, within the mon-

strous caldron— of depth and dimensions unknown, and of fractured hideousness indescribable ; thence a break forth instant, and raging precipitation, into a second similar caldron—whence to repeat the madness in a third career headlong,—three separate falls, and one cataract: after all this, the violence that succeeds, that is only not headlong over the chaos of rocks for many hundred yards onward,—a descent that, if it be escape from perpendicular, is no escape from projection which is uproar;—that chaos of rocks fit counterpart below to the cliffs that in savage and awful irregularity are the framing of the fall, and in troubled advance and guard on either hand of its whole descent ;—that descent from so tremendous a height, and into a chasm rather than valley beneath, in such horrible suitableness, that Addison designates this scene topographically, as the spot where Alecto shot direct to the Infernal world.—Yet, surely too, this fall is over-rated : at least my two companions—one of them a keen observer, and fully competent to judge without extravagant bias from disappointment or notions previously assumed,—we all agreed distinctly. There is about this fall much of scaffolding, nature's scaffold of headlong cliffs without doubt, but which obtrude their dread, ragged, shafted heights in prevention of the view ; much trouble to get at it ; much tantalizing search where best to form an opinion of it :— certainly full pleasure at length in enjoying it. But we unanimously gave our judgment in favor of the simplicity, the beauty, the striking variety, the deep tone of effect— promptly and powerfully wrought, as well on the mind as the eye— of the falls of Tivoli.

Terni is held to be the finest Water-fall in Europe. Its main fall is reduced by Lalande, to 200 French feet : the total descent of the three I take to be not less than the 364, at which Dutens rates it.

We were thrown very late in the day by the multifold and ruffian frauds at our inn here, and those of its coach people.

What the evening allowed me to see of the road to Spoletto, was a succession of glens, through which the passage lies over the Appennine chain—here called the Somma, as being the highest in this tract of Italy: its elevation is 3731 feet. The stream accompanying the road was nearly dry; but its bed shews that it must be most mad after rain, the sweep of which has also deeply scarred the cheeks of the ravines in which we were involved: these were monotonous, though robed with underwood, chiefly ilex. When night came, innumerable spangles of the fire-flies' flame played around us —thick and fast, as sparks, seen in the dark, round a smith's anvil at busy work; but they were also in every variety of mirthful roundel, even to excursiveness aloft in the air, where their little blazes were set off by the æthereal blue of the sky direct overhead.

I suspect I lost in the night the best view of Spoleto and its contiguities: the one and other are highly spoken of. On quitting it, Wednesday morning, we entered a very open, very cheerful country, which, onward to Foligno, is a flat, supported by a range of mountains to the right. It is one of the richest, happiest tracts, that I have seen in Italy;—the ground covered with crops under man's disposition of the surface, but the felicity of the soil such, as not otherwise to demand man's care: it would remind one of the fabled golden times of man's history. In this tract flows the Clitumnus, whose little Temple—ancient in Pliny's time—yet remains on the roadside: and the charms of nature, of which, in one of his letters, he indulged in the delineation, are still in unchanged loveliness and luxuriance.

On to PERUGIA, through an expanded vale of exuberance and peace. No towns appear here on their cloudclapt peaks—for no peaks are to be had. The towns in this tract are of a new species, small, open, cheerful, the streets wide, —like villages laid out on a regular plan; the people clean and looking comfortable. Crossed a small river, the Chi-

asi, about midway: and, farther on, the ascent of a high hill gave the Tiber once more, sweeping its base. On gaining the crest of the opposite hill, one of the finest possible little basins was in front! of perhaps two miles over,—as it were a fragment, severed by these hills and the Tiber from the ample vale which we had been traversing. This great vale and its minuter conclusion now narrowed, through the close encroachment of eminences on either hand. In front were lofty heights also: and, mountain site being once more to be had, high on a mountain crown appeared the ancient, well built, and considerable city of Perugia. Such a garden little valley as we had to traverse, to the skirt of its mountain! then a three miles toilsome ascent to be winded, in approach to its walls: then its streets to be also scaled, within the walls! Throughout this climb, you have, on the right, another mountain arm, in the direction of an angle from that which sustains the town, like a spoke from a wheel's stock: between the two, and directly beneath the road's verge, is a noble dip, with such luxuriance of garden produce displayed by this singular promontory and green ravine, as to mock delineation. Yet, even from this most rich home scenery, you are attracted by the views of plain and hill, and distant, and yet more distant mountain, spread forth in seemingly endless extension—the horizon receding into marvelous remoteness. For amazing fertility on an immense scale, for the softer features of nature, and for the boundlessness of her noble ones—the whole in harmonized arrangement—I have not at all seen such a spread of loveliness as that enjoyed by Perugia: it is all that is delicious and smiling and grand, stretched out as far around and forth as human vision can strain.

Thursday morning. Down hill on the other side of Perugia—another league: thence through a tract of lesser mountains besprinkled with wood, a billowy surface of mean expression. After some hours progress, we scaled in zig-

zag, a lofty hill, capt with its old town; and from its reverse face saw, outspread beneath us, the Lake of Perugia —once Thrasimene, of ancient battle renown. In this view of it, the hither shores and much of the sides are overhung with lofty hills, decked with noble oak and olive, and clothed, beneath their umbrage, with corn: to the left in front, mountain disappeared, and all was dull horizon.

Winding round the shore, almost half way on its second side, to our halt for mid-day, this low space of apparent marsh was closed out by an interposing hill: just there was the scene of Hannibal's generalship. From this station, the lake's circuit appeared included by an amphitheatre of finely robed and very lofty hills, of good feature: its expanse is about seven English miles, either lengthwise or breadthwise: its form is not devoid of irregularity, and it has one ample recess retiring behind its promontory. It contains three respectable islands, two of which are wood-clothed. It is a placid and elegant sheet, of pretensions more mild than majestic, but of smiling loveliness.

Our road led onward in ascent of the hills on the third side of the lake, which we had thus sufficient power to study. Here the Pope's territories end; and rounding the hill, and leaving the lake behind, at a place below which was the battle field,—we entered Tuscany.

Here we had new studies. The strath, that had been descried on the first view of the lake, now stretched onward, as if interminably, and with all the marks of its having been the bed of water, in continuity to the lake,—or of its being still, from an equality of level with the lake's surface, poisoned by the saturation of its waters. The eastern verge of this seeming swamp, which we coasted, is margined by lofty hills, clothed with olives: the opposite one is included by a mountain boundary retiring into remote distance. Its dull, dark surface, perhaps eight miles across, seemed one mat of vegetation; and in point of fact it is the granary of Tuscany,

which mainly depends for bread on its crops of corn. But well, from its aspect, can I conceive the intensity of its summer exhalations. This is that valley of the Chiana, infamous for insalubrity.

> Qual dolor fora se degli spedali
> Di Valdichiana, tra luglio e'l settembre
> E di Maremma e di Sardigna i mali,

is the testimony of Dante, in the thirteenth century, of the anguish which issued in groans from the Hospitals, which its unwholesomeness necessitated—as the stench emitted thence he compares with that from putrefaction.

Dante connects the mention of this valley with that of the Maremma and the Sardinian marshes. I conceive that the three produce the real fen pestilence, as contra-distinguished from that which is caused by volcanic mephitism. I am confirmed in this opinion, as regards the Val di Chiana, from the circumstance that midway in the chain of Appennine, (on the off-side of it, and at some ridges distant from its margin,) Radicofani mountain—of volcanic properties—is, at its summit, afflicted with Malaria, while it does not affect the village population which, in crowded cheerfulness, occupies the hills that all along overhang its hither verge. To that population and its labors I return.

The transition from the Roman to the Tuscan territories—a mere gate's passage on the road—is as violent as the shift from the blaze of day to dark night under the equator, where twilight scarcely exists: a juster image is afforded by the change produced in an orrery, by the black ivory cap that cases a geometrical half of the white ball which revolves beneath its covering. The man's black hat in female use has instantly supplanted the Roman head-geer; and, with the latter, slatternliness of dress is departed, and, delightful to see, slatternliness in every thing else, within doors or without. All is succintness of vestment,—activity, energy, industry. Instead of a population pent up in towns, farm-houses—at least here-abouts—

are distributed through the country ; the roads are hedged ; the hedges very usually clipped ;—the pomegranate, with its leaf little larger than the broad myrtle leaf, and of most vivid green, and its blossom a radiantly glowing red, forming a fence, at least as thick as privet, much stronger, and it were needless to say how much more beautiful : the numerous channels which the ground's rapid slope requires for passing off the water—the redundance of which in rain, the furrowed brows aloft attest—and for turning it to good account by irrigation, kept in efficient condition by walling of just masonry : a dense population at vigorous work : teams as frequent in one hour, as before in five ;—such are the objects which Tuscany presented, instantly after quitting the territories of Rome. I admit that through these territories, I had occasionally witnessed delicious tracts of garden product : but this appeared to accrue from nature's luxuriance, too neglectfully or inadequately seconded by the intelligence of man, even where he contributed his labor. Here, whether the field to be cultivated is fertile, or is not, the diligence of man and his skill are equally in action, and the results are strikingly prominent. As minor instances of the difference, the fruit or forest trees supporting the vines, are here arranged in closer and juster ranks : and the robbery of the mulberry trees, for the food of the silkworms, is perpetrated with a cruelty that is exact and unsparing ; instead of fragments of boughs, and handfuls of leaves here and there—and tattered half leaves—being left ungathered, as it were repining in shivering misery.

After an afternoon's course through such a country, we arrived for the night at Castiglione little town : in an inn without its walls, we found almost all the comforts of an English inn—variety of good fare, clean and well furnished accommodation, ready and expert services ; and, strange to our eyes, here were female as well as male attendants.

Friday. The road still overlooked the strath, that pro-

ceeded in lengthened continuity, though in irregular direction. Passing through Arezzo—seated in a lovely plain—we became involved in mountain folds, that led to pleasing scenery, till near Levane ; descended then into a confined valley, where we found the Arno. Thence to Incisa is a perfect garden. I know no spot in England that exceeds it in pains-taking agriculture. But here the multiplicity of growths—corn, with multifold glad crops besides, not familiar to us; orchard trees, and vines, which crop the same field conjointly, —the product of each several crop being of most redundant plenteousness ; all this induces an effect which forbids comparison with our English moderate harvest shew, that is limited to one species of produce. The accompaniments of this glad garden equally disclaim competition ; a mountain boundary, of as exquisite elegance in surface as calcareous rock can assume, and in glorious precipices : such a range of scenery, at once savage and beautiful, on one hand ; and a parallel magnificently bare, and, shall I say, smiling range, at the distance of five miles opposite to it.

At Incisa, having walked out of the town towards dusk, to the top of a brow perpendicular over the Arno, an elderly peasant, one of very many that were returning from labor, accosted me while in gaze on the scene below, with the information, that the hollow which is spread there had anciently been floated with a lake, the rocks in termination of which —over whose face the Arno must have tumbled precipitously,—had been cut through by Hannibal! and that the valley had thus been laid dry,—whence the name Incisa. The respectable old man, having made me this topographical communication, in the most modest manner, retired as quietly as he had approached,—a fair specimen of what the Tuscan peasantry is. Whether this be history or legend—whether I have ever read and have forgotten it—I cannot just now say: but taking it to be history, Hannibal must have the credit of creating one of the loveliest surfaces of

sinuous valley, whereon to contend for the mastery with beauty. If so, he is chargeable with having destroyed a lake, which, in the winding intricacy of its shores, the prominence of precipice in some parts, and recession of its banks in others—in all the play of softer and bolder lines of its hilly and its sublime mountain bounds, as it lengthened on the eye from this its extremity,—concluded by an awful fall of the Anio!—must have been a specimen of lake scenery consummate in all respects. Its length I could suppose some six or eight miles: but a knowledge of the levels—not necessary for romance—would be required to decide that its utmost width could exceed the half of that measure; in some parts it must be far less. As it lies, it is a most delicious valley: why say more? it is the finest part of the vale of the Arno.

Saturday. The road, leaving the course of the river, pursued a tortuous course through mountains of meaner character. Their clothing was various,—a patch of garden—of corn—or of olives; a little sheet here and there of wood; with diversified coloring besides, up to that meagreness of vegetation which is the precursor of nakedness. Before noon Fiesole greeted us once more, with its summit vertex decked by an architectural coronet; and fair Florence concluded this journey from Rome.

Monday, 16th June. Of the Appennine chain from Terracina to Florence, near 260 miles, I ought to minute something specific. Its dominant character is not severely savage: on the other hand it is no where tame. If it never exhibits awful form, it is never without forceful variety: its expression is elegance approaching to boldness. Its tendencies are not pyramidal, nor in any respect grotesque: but, ever throughout its prolonged range, it cuts a beautiful outline on the sky. This it retains, not merely in general sweep, but in the minutest detail of its movement. Range of this character being seen numerously behind range, with

prodigality of rich retiring perspective of the folds,—an effect is thence produced that compensates for the want of bold serration. In face, the chain is especially distinguished by deep recesses, and by coloring in all possible varieties—from gloom to the utmost resplendence of calcareous stone. I have not seen it exhibit the mysteriously spiritualized color of the Alps: but it surpasses the Alps in the warmth of its diversified surface, in break of hues, and in the play of light and shade. This may, to a degree, be an effect of the nearer approach which its minor dimensions admit to the base, and for rounding the several tracts of each individual mountain: yet I doubt if any of the Alps are of such fractured surface as to be capable of this perpetually shifting change of hues, and thence of features. For the magnificence of the Appennines, be it enough to say, that even now the chain of them, N.E. of Florence, continues to be wreathed largely with snow.

Were I to search for fault in the Appennines, I should fix on their want of point—rather piquancy. They do not spire into vertex: their ridge—unless I except that elongated conch figure, Soracte—is not serrated. They want the vigor of character that greatly outgoes complacence, and are not in the decided picturesque. Be not that fault objected to them. The Alps are seldom romantic: where their tendency is such, it has reference to their outline in the large; and then, their vastness gives terror that is overpowering, and of other character than the romantic. In their detail, the Alps are lumpish. I had travelled on the Continent vainly hitherto,* if my quest had been confined to that vivacity with elegance, that continuity of picturesque, and that abundant frequency of romantic scenery, which I trust to re-enjoy amidst the diminutive mountains of Wicklow.

* On after-thought, I must except the vicinity of Vietri, in the passage to Salerno, as picturesque to romantic.

SECTION VIII.

17th June. Proceeded in excursion to PISA, 50 miles; where I arrived at half past one. Travelled through one large scene of tillage, with vines and their supporting trees, —villages and detached houses; one dense scene of rural opulence. In the cooler, morning part of the day, the plaiters of straw into bonnet were frequently to be seen at their work: subsequently this occupation yielded to the manufacture of terra-cotta, this country's ancient staple.

Pisa is a minor Florence, with more spacious streets, and a far nobler double line of quays. These latter are thrown into magnificence by the crescent course which the Arno takes midway through the city: the houses along it are of lofty elevation, and their materials of resplendent color, worthy of their site. In brief, they form on either side of the river a mile-long sweep of palaces. One of the bridges is of marble, which is profusely employed in the construction of the houses here.

The marshy soil round Pisa, and onward to the sea, is cause enough for its present depopulation: it might else have recovered, after the calamities of centuries that are passed away, somewhat of its ancient importance. That importance, with the glory of the Pisan sovereignty, was so great, as to have induced minute historical record.

The style of the cathëdral, marble in materials, was quite new to me, after having been habituated for many months to the Grecian architecture, according to which with more or less of jilting, or cicisbéo faithfulness—while with abso-

lute plight of fidelity—the Italian churches are constructed. There are in this vast edifice—of the eleventh century—peculiarities in capriccio of Greek coquetry with the Gothic style: the prevalent peculiarity is the extreme narrowness of the intercolumniations, and extreme minuteness of the arches on columns or pilasters of noblest grandeur—Grecian materials, in Gothic dislocation. Even the windows are, in this gratework of shafts, almost close together, each pair of shafts being surmounted with its little horse-shoe. The haughty column is Grecian in its entire; the puny arch is Grecian (I mean our Grecian) equally. Has the mis-adaption of the one to the other been induced by an opulence in columns, so enormous in number as to be past reckoning?—Whence these columns were obtained, I have found no explanation; but that they were in possession the proof is absolute.—Or did this mis-adaptation result from a wish to imitate the clustering together of tall shafts surmounted by a pointed arch, as closely as the materials of Grecian architecture, ready shaped to their hand, would admit? Or did the combination of both motives produce this singular and, after all, impressive style of architectural design?

Then, the Baptistery, some four-score yards from the Cathedral—a vast Rotunda, grotesquely composed in a medley of Gothic also;—of different orders, of various columns and scantlings of columns,—of materials that are, separately taken, of most rich value, but are placed in most whimsical junction. In exterior, it is a grand pile, after every exception that can be made:—within, it fails to give pleasure.

How high must the view of such edifices elevate, in the spectator's estimation, a people, who, in the eleventh century, could erect such monuments of lofty architectural genius! Had the materials of the old world's grandeur been always worked up thus, how far less to be lamented had been their fate. In the dawn of a brighter day, the vibrations of the lamp, that hangs from the utmost interior height of this Cathedral,

were a study of Galileo, while employed on the theory of the pendulum: and from the summit of the Leaning Tower, close by, he made his experiments on the descent of heavy bodies. Yet, even while we admire this majestic pile, we deplore the fate of the structures of antiquity, when we see its coin-stones, and very numerous blocks in its walls rough with relievo, or with fragments of inscription, that even now are legible as far as they go,—but are horizontal, oblique, or reversed in their arrangement, after having been shattered to new squaring by the stone-cutter, with as little remorse as if they had been withdrawn from their native quarry for the first time, and expressly for the use of this building.

At some two dozen yards from the Cathedral's eastern face, stands the Campanile, the far-famed leaning Tower. Very much as I had heard of it, its appearance greatly surprised me. Its interior is a cylindrical open, of 192 feet in depth, the circular wall inclosing which is constructed of great blocks most compactly fitted together. Its exterior exhibits eight several galleries or porticos in circle, each circle having its own array of columns, which support arches of Pisan, minute architecture,—each of which is the substructure to the gallery above: the ranges of columns are smaller and more numerous, according to their progressive elevation. A plummet, let down from the summit height, falls at thirteen feet distance from the base. The obliquity is seen the more strikingly, from the proximity of the Cathedral in erect majesty, and from the eight rings imprinting in such numerous lesson—even to painfulness—their discordance from a horizontal position. Within, the ascent gives singular proof of this obliquity: for in the stair-case which rounds the edifice between its exterior and interior surfaces, that farther end of each of the steps is worn away, nearest to the side which is high, and that extremity next the interior, on the side which is lowest,—from the involuntary recoil, in either case,

of every mortal, who has used the stair-case, from the precipitation and fall which the slope indicates.

This tower, though so close to the cathedral, fully maintains its consequence: it quite overlooks that vast structure's cupola; and though its exterior is in such minute subdivision, the effect gave me a pleasure which, perhaps, from the singularity and the beauty of the materials, I was the less disposed to resist. These three edifices, the Baptistery, the Cathedral, and the Tower, are disposed in a line from W. to E. and midway of an extensive open space, of which nearly the entire northern side is occupied by a single structure—the Campo Santo—a cemetery that is another of the peculiarities of Pisa. Its inmost compartment is an oblong space, coated with grass, and open to the sky. This is enclosed on its four sides by a gallery, very wide and very lofty; its roof supported on the interior by 62 arcades of fine Gothic tracery, the material being marble: the walls opposite these arcades, which are the main walls of the edifice, are bespread, over their whole extent of surface, with fresco paintings, that are more curious as antiques than positively valuable. In exterior the front wall exhibits an elevation of pillared architecture, in unison of style with the Cathedral's lowest story, to whose length it is in face. There is no aperture along its entire line except the entrance, which is surmounted by a cluster of pyramids with other accompaniments of a grand gateway. Such is, in general description, this monument of the piety to the dead, entertained by the Pisans of the twelfth century. The entire building is a rectangle of 425 by 146 feet; the earth it encloses, to the depth of ten feet having been transported by their armaments from the Holy Land in the time of the Crusades. At all events, it is filled with numerous generations of—many of them—distinguished dead; and, to say the very least of it that can be, it is a most venerable museum of Sarcophagi, and monumental figures, and monumental inscriptions, with all the other appurtenant

furniture of tombs. For a considerable time past, it is closed as a place of public interment.

These edifices—of marble materials the four—have seduced me into a detail for which I am unfitted, and which I usually decline.

This has been a magnificent day at Pisa, the festival of St. Remi, patron of the city. All the shops were shut; crowds arrived from the country; every female, whether of town or country, in her very best attire: very many of them wore two golden crucifixes depending over the bosom, and immense ear-ornaments—if this use of the word be not an insufferable catachresis—in pendicle over the neck:—a white kerchief thrown gracefully over the head,—white robe. As far as the stature and figure of these females, I admit the truth of the panegyrics of which they are the usual subject: if strength of features be beauty, and coarseness be feminine loveliness, they possess these qualities also. In my life I never saw among females, tall or short, under thirty and thirty-five—such a number of bearded chins. The genteeler order was comme il faut, in all points. The Cathedral was crowded during the afternoon function, and its purlieus and approaches were almost unapproachable. The Campo Santo was opened for exhibition to the throng on this occasion: it has all the appearance of being well kept, and of its monuments and pictures being held in religious guard.

Wednesday. Came in the afternoon, in three hours, to LUCCA. What I had taken in the distant flat, viewed from Pisa, to be meadow, I found, in traversing it, to be corn: and much of what I had similarly guessed to be olives are poplars, which here do the duty of elms and fruit-tree supporters of the vine. All the plain, on to Lucca, is intersected, almost to reticulation, with water, above the level of which the rich soil is but little elevated. How the soil can sustain itself undrowned, through the winter, I cannot comprehend:

at present the crops are luxuriantly abundant, and not an inch of ground is left waste.

The flat tract that spreads for some miles from Pisa, though cultivated, is little inhabited: but the equally flat and narrow strath that winds thence to Lucca, through the mountains, is very populous. Each little plat of garden farm here has its house: but the country is so thick with trees, that it is with difficulty that the houses can be detected at the shortest distance; and ten times you will make out that there is a building for once that you can judge of its outline or condition. The mountains close on either hand of this vale are largely dotted with white houses,—are cultivated wherever it is possible,—and, where the rocky surface forbids not, are covered with chestnut forest.

The ramparts of Lucca are planted with forest trees, and afford a spacious drive. The country, within half a mile of the walls all round, is a tree-less flat, intersected with wet ditches. Beyond this irriguous zone is an enduring memorial of the industry which, centuries ago, under the auspices of freedom, wrought into fatness and wealth, the swamp abandoned to the forefathers of the present cultivators, because it was mire not worth contending for—to the mountains' base,—and which carried their peaceful triumphs over the mountains' front, up to the mantle of chestnut that vests their utmost crags and crest, over rock and sand—that by them were alike had in disdain. For miles along, and high around, their white dwellings, in crowd, tell out the praises of honest exertion and rational liberty,

Lucca is quite in contrast to Pisa—its inhabitants numerous; and with an air of opulence in their equipages, their dress and various details, that at once strikes the eye. But its streets have none of that grandeur which dignifies Pisa: they are irregular and ugly. The churches are in the peculiar style of the Pisa architecture, but with nothing else to recommend them.

Over the Appennines—as viewed in rounding the ramparts here—the singularity struck me of numerous protuberances—half-cone, half-pyramid—mounting, and mingling as they mount, to nearly the summit crest, which, however they seldom invade—softening there into beauty. Though the great frequency in which these protuberances start forth, gives to this amphitheatre of mountains more than the average of boldness and play of light and shade, it detracts, to me, from their elegance and loveliness.

Thursday. From Lucca the road goes for five miles through a country that is even more carefully managed than that of yesterday afternoon;—the vines were festooned from tree to tree, in more elegant garland than I have hitherto noticed. The flat afterwards gave way to low hills, where trees vanished, that was painful to the eye so long used to umbrage. The mountains in the distance continued however to display their numerous white houses, their vesture of olives halfway up, and chestnut forest over the remaining half. Much of the middle and latter part of the course to Florence—45 miles—was insipid, from the road becoming so beset by poplars and other supporters of the vine, as to blind out the lovely range of mountains, as scarcely to suffer a glimpse of them once in a mile.

The towns on this road are a problem yet to be investigated by me; PISTOIA particularly: it is of great extent, the streets spacious, the churches noble, the palaces dignified: yet it is a scene of comparative desertion, while the country round is alive with labor and rural satisfaction. It reminds me of some of the grand and waste towns of Flanders, and the noble agricultural garden in which each is a spot of torpor. Can it be owing to the imposts that Pisa and Pistoia are thus desolate, while Lucca, which lies between them, is a human bee-hive? I suspect so, from a hint I received in one place to that effect, and which I omitted to pursue; and I infer it also from the supremely ludicrous rigid-

ity with which my small sack of night necessaries was scrutinized by the customhouse officers, on entering the Lucca territory, and again on re-entering that of Tuscany,—one search being palpably retaliative of the other. Once only, in all Italy beside, had I met any thing that approached the severity of these two searches—on that occasion with all my luggage—now a handful of nothings detached from it.

For the last half score miles the very numerous houses, in some sort a loose series of villages, exhibited very great numbers of either sex, and of all ages, hard at work, out of doors, in the manufacture of the straw bonnets which are so renowned under the name of Leghorn, and produce to this country such an influx of wealth. A small proportion of the younger females are more distinctly handsome than beautiful: I noticed one or two in especial display, and right vain of both person and dress. But the description of these females is egregiously overhanced in Lullin Chateauvieu's account of them, which, however, I see transcribed, with printer's accuracy, into certain guide-books. Generally speaking, their features are good, and their countenances srikingly expressive of good nature and good disposition: but all this is not beauty! As to the straw bonnets with ribbon worn by them, which ran away with the Genevan's fancy,—the men wear the very same sort of hat and ornament of ribbon, as ordinarily as the females. That writer's account involves the farther mis-statement that none but females—and young ones—are employed in this plait manufacture. The work must be trying to the sight; for the use of spectacles, even by those among them that are but approaching to middle age, is strikingly frequent.

21st June. Left Florence at day-break for VALLOMBROSA. The road up the Valdarno, on the river's northern bank, is hilly for fourteen miles: it then turns off for two miles to the bottom of the mountain. Leaving my "caratella" at a village here, it became necessary to ascend the

mountain on foot. The roadway, which is flagged with broad flat stones, mounts for a mile: it then penetrates a glen, for perhaps two miles; and lastly, crossing the main brook, of which the rocky channel intersects this glen, at a bridge where the stream drives a mill, it makes another elbow turn, that, after another two miles, terminates at the monastery: the course therefore of the road is, in loose shape, that of the letter Z. The structure is at the foot of an enormous, wall-like, steep, which must be a half mile, viz. a half hour's space to scale with severe labor. That steep, the "verdurous wall" of Milton, is robed with chestnut forest. Round the monastery spreads a vast lawn of poor oats, that is intersected partially, and curtained most extensively, by sheets of spruce fir, as well in horizontal spread as in hanging wood: these are at cruel war with all that is visible beside of the mountain mantle, which is composed of beech and magnificent chestnut. These savage usurpers shew plainly that they are aliens; for wherever the wood-man's axe makes an open among them—which it is active in doing—there springs a joyous underwood of chestnut and oak, with hazel. At what date the aggression took place, I cannot procure information: I greatly missed here the intelligent communications of our courtly entertainer, a young nobleman, one of the brotherhood of San Cosimato, and even the hospitable attentions of that monastery's inmates generally, who lavished on us their personal attentions at table,—in utter contrast to the conduct of the brethren of Vallombrosa, who resolutely turned me over to their butler for refreshment, and kept distinctly aloof from communication with me, of any kind.

This brotherhood is reduced to ten chief and ten subordinates, that are mere and poor pensioners, paid by minute instalments, from one fraction of the year to another. Their great estates were seized by the revolutionary authorities, and are retained by the restored government, for whose ac-

count the felling of the timber goes on largely. But where remuneration is made by the visitants,—that, as I understand, are often numerous—less rudeness might be looked for on the part of the entertainers : in respect to strangers, the establishment is a bad inn, kept by a dispirited innkeeper.

Much is changed in the garniture of this scenery since Milton's time. The dip, from which the monastery has its name, is but a scar on the mountain's face, wide beyond what its few hundred feet in descent would require for creating venerable character. The right side of this dip, at the bottom of which runs the brook—and I see not the thing plurally of brooks—is for two parts in three denuded of timber, or is but meagrely scattered with trees : the rest of it is but miserable copse, or the product of recent, and mean, cultivation. When all was, on either side of the glen, chestnut above and oak below—as even now is nature's arrangement on the opposite side,—and when their sacredness of growth nobly approximated the adverse fronts, what a sublime forest partition from man's haunts must have been spread over this mountain's five miles surface, in covert to the haughty palatial retirement under the guard of its precipitous, seemingly impassable, barrier! Now, whoever performs the pilgrimage to witness the brook which, in late autumn in Milton's day, lay choked with forest foliage, will see a stream bare to the day, its less steep boundary brow not over proudly clothed with wood, its more precipitous adverse one bare, at least starved of the honors of forest. True forest character has ceased from both.

The convent structure looks down on the glen, whose direction it can trace athwart the mountain's expanse, which it commands in main spread. I cannot praise the pile itself for good taste : it is quite at variance with the scenery. One front alone is regular—a long façade, which rather induces the recollection of a range of ambitious out-offices

strutting in a site, where a mild series of clustered cottages, or the haughtiness of a mansion in brave irregularity would have found suitable position, Its most stiff elevation—its very eves cutting with transverse jar across the magnificent mountain outline, debased as that outline is, by spruce fir—is as disgusting in the large as the fishpond in its front is in detail :—This, from the slant of the ground, requires a boundary wall, high above the surface of the earth on one side, while on its other the water's brink can only be attained by flights of stairs ; the incongruity of the water's plane with the land's level is thus forced on the eye, with an effect as preposterous as in the case of a plateau half reversed, of which the contents were in the act of precipitation among the table's guests. Certainly this pond-plateau is swarming with stock for table entertainment: but, together with the mansion, of which it is an obtrusive accessory, it is at remorseless war with a vast sylvan situation. The mansion is in mountain retirement, and close under a most majestic mountain rampart,—and it has the vulgarity of the merest town building. I would compare it—but that it is much larger—with the Glancree barrack in the Wicklow mountains ; and there is a distinct similarity in the sites of the two buldings: yet the the Irish vale to the sea is beyond competition more lovely than the dip of Vallombrosa.

High aloft over the convent, on a detached precipice, is a small edifice, in more especial retirement from even the monastery's cares: it is named the Paradisino, and must not be omitted as a striking and, so far as building goes, a redeeming feature in this scenery. At some distance behind, and at the angle of junction of that detached rock with the precipice that, in haughtiest sweep of several miles, girds in the precincts of the establishment, one head of the brook trickles down a succession of headlong cliffs, from the final base of which it wanders to the dip, which, in a series of ages it has worn in the mountain's general surface. I incline to infer

from certain irregularities of the ground, rather than from actual vision that, early in its progress it receives the accession of a confederate, but most trivial, rill from another recess of the mountain amphitheatre.

The day was oppressively bright: but after six in the afternoon the prospect in front, particularly from the Paradisino, was incomparably delicious;—first over the mountain's varied descent down to the Arno;—then beyond, five parallel ranges of mountains,—besides fragments of ranges merging in the main ones;—the farthest range magnificently lofty!—such distinctness of long outline in each series, such softness of haze intervening between each, in a veil that marked the grandeur of the respective tracts of valley, and set off, in hues of magical delicacy, the masses which rose high above the vapor's influence. It is well known, that in clear weather the sea is distinctly discerned from hence, at the distance of seventy English miles. I would not have changed for that distinct vision, the inexpressibly exquisite ornature of colors which suffused, without disguising, all the noble, as well as all the really valuable prospect,—even though I could but dimly make out the domes of Florence,—from the quays of which fair city, Vallombrosa mountain makes a large figure in the horizon, at the distance of a score miles.

22nd June. Left the Convent, soon after four in the morning, and had a delightful stroll through the woods, of which the various paths were quite populous with villagers, in Sunday attire. Of some, the dress was sumptuous, and the ornaments they wore were positively valuable: all were handsomely clothed from head to foot, and with a propriety to do credit to even an English village.

In going up the mountain, a peasant, proceeding to his work, joined me, and learning, in the course of talk, that I was English, he stated, that according to his information, all the English were propertied persons—possidenti!—and

desired to know from what our wealth was derived,—"from "Oil?" No.—"From Vines?" No.—Much at a loss, he enquired, "What then?"—To this I could but reply, Corn, Manufactures, Commerce—the last of the three a matter not exactly within his scope.—Was at Florence soon after ten.

22d June. Anxious to obtain elsewhere the information denied to me by the Monks, I have searched out whatever books had reference to Vallombrosa. A suite of engravings recently put forth by Molini, purporting to be illustrations of the scenery, gives a marvellous waterfall, of which the letter-press makes the beauty to depend on the black colour of the firs, and the white of the snow in winter, that sets off the rage of the water. There is some good œconomy in this describer's adjournment of the display of his scenery to a season, when it is a moral, possibly a physical, impossibility, unless to an Esquimaux, to approach the supposed original of his picture,—that approach lying over a five miles road of large flag-stones, smooth with ice—or, departing from it, through a wilderness of snows of six months' permanence. Furthermore, three parts in four of the trees, which he arrays round his waterfall in copper-plate, have—very far from recently!—fallen under the hatchet. Such usually, and of such vile perversity, is the veracity of guide-book makers.

The travels of a Monsieur Castellan, a very modest writer, made at the end of the last century, convey good information. He had a regular introduction to the brethren, whom, nevertheless, he found shy and forbidding, which he imputes to the persecution they had endured. He confirms, by distinct evidence, my judgment that the firs are aliens: their grove-like phalanxes, marshalled at such equidistance as to induce tall and straight timber, and their uniformity of growth, inferring equality of age, had proved to me that they are the plantation of man. Castellan states, that such is the fact—that the date is minuted in the Convent

books of each planting, as well as of each felling, and that their intermediate growth is matter of systematized care. The Monks hold that the chestnuts, which flourish on the heights aloft, act as fosterers to the firs by the shedding of their leaves, which the wind spreads below in litter and manure;—strange doctrine this to our home planters! The age of felling is about eighty or ninety years; and this regularity of management, and the records of it, extend several centuries back—the first date of the Convent being about 1050. This may have been a good speculation, and these timber crops may have been very valuable: but they are an abomination in the landscape—though I have seen much nonsense on the subject, as if they were the indigenous robing of the mountain and a high ornament to it. Even Forsyth is not free from it.

In former days the brethren of this Convent, living themselves in much austerity, had all the consequence of lordly authority as absolute proprietors of vast domains around. They had then every thing after their own manner. Castellan states, that no woman was permitted within three miles of the Convent: the village is nearer; and a hamlet nearer still; and the poor harvests of corn, which rise under their widows, ripen for the behoof of a tenantry no longer theirs.

At all events I have had the honor, and I feel it deeply such, of expatiating in the scenery, and occupying even for a day's abode, a residence, consecrated by a visit paid to it by Milton, whose recollections it ever after so vividly impressed. The date of the present buildings I have ascertained to be 1637: the poet's presence was 1638,—ere yet, suspended perforce as the work must have been, during a six months' depth of snows—the scaffolding could be taken down, and while much of the workman's task, in various bustle, remained incomplete,—and anticipation had still wherewith to indulge, in vision of the awful effect of the edi-

fice in perfect grandeur, reigning amidst restored solitude. Milton must also have seen this mountain garden in its summer atmosphere, which is delusion to an Englishman, as though winter snows never could deform it. He naturally, therefore, makes it an Asian paradise—of vegetation, and in extension such as few indeed of his readers take into account,—a vegetation of unshorn, unthinned, dread forest,—and an extension from "that insuperable height of loftiest shade," which behind was in wall to the domain, forward in ample fold down to such a river as the Arno, eight miles in the distance; and, in enlargement afterwards, over ridge beyond ridge of Appennine, until, at a score of leagues away, the Appennine is swallowed in the sea. Such a tract as this—the full riches of Nature's garniture not being, as now, passed away in the eye's vicinity—presented a prototype to the poet's mind, of a Tinian, or a Juan Fernandez landscape, * a region untrodden by human feet, without symptom of its exuberance having ever been controlled by the intermeddling of human fingers—save on the one spot of home!—a Paradise, combining nature's majesty and her loveliness. Milton has transferred to his Paradise the features, graphically, of Vallombrosa;†—but most noble as was

* With the single exception perhaps of the towers and domes of Florence: for the general effect of Forsyth's statement will suffice. "One half of Tus-"cany is mountains, which produce nothing but timber," i.e. where they produce any thing: "one-sixth part consists of hills, which are covered with "vineyards or olive gardens; the remaining third is plain." And of that plain, nothing is seen from Vallombrosa.

† Higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,

can only be predicated of a Paradise, of which mountain was an integral part—not after the fashion of our earth in present experience;—and may have resulted from the poet (who loved not "cold climate") finding himself, from an English, amidst the fostering influence of an Italian summer;—which, after all, is not potent enough to foster the palm, or give indigenous birth to the cedar. The extra-ornament of fruit trees—unless chestnut be held such—in highest fringe aloft of, "the verdurous wall," and behind it, were not worth

the scenery which prompted his delineations, the poet's imagination, expanding beyond it, has left the realities at a mighty and unutterable distance—a distance as immeasurable as the creations of mind, in transcendent strength, are excellent beyond corporeal forms. Well can I believe that Milton indulged in the worship of his own workmanship, and that he held thence in more reverence and fondness the forest garden which yielded to him its suggestions.

The appellative Vallombrosa is a misnomer which mystifies and creates delusion, as to the character of the place: its valley is as a nothing, being reduced to the character of a dip by the vastness of the general surface: it can reckon for little more than a dimple, a slight portion of the entire—in all its parts, divine—visage.

remarking on, but that it is the sole exception to the truth of outline in all beside regarding Vallombrosa, which the poet, shall I say,—promulgates, as appertaining to the first Paradise.

SECTION IX.

Midsummer-day—the great festival of the year, in honor of St. John, the patron Saint of Florence. A race of carriages round the square of St. Maria Novella, in the morning: in the afternoon the whole foolish affair of a town horse race, but got up with far more elegance than at Rome. The crowd here was, beyond comparison, more respectable, perhaps because free from Carnival mania: but their conduct assuredly was exemplary, unless for their being wrapt in the nonsense of the race: that however was in part subordinate to their own display of dress. Three times did the Sovereign slowly move by, with his train of half a dozen coaches and six: the ladies in the long cavalcade of equipages besides, were one bed of pinks and poppies and ranunculuses, so bedizened were they with garish-colored silks and ribbands—the livery servants quite splawdry. Then the crowd on foot;—not a symptom of squalidness in any individual of the entire, nothing that approached even threadbare; all were comfortably fine: I think I never saw so decent an assemblage of such a vast multitude. The windows from roof to first floor streamed with tapestry, that was in spread over the elevation of every house.

At five, a vehicle drawn by but two horses, though large enough for a modest dining parlour,—rigged out with a mast, atop of which was St. John Baptist set forth in gold—and a silk drapery, partly sail, partly banner, depending beneath him to the deck, which was manned with masqueraders,—

preceded by two masked outriders, expatiated through the the different streets of the city. Such grown children even now are the Tuscan nation, having the Austrian successors of the Medici in subjugation to their mummeries.

26th June. It appears to me, now returned from the south of Italy that there is throughout this country, a great sameness of coarse manners with a great diversity of bearing. The Neapolitans, with all their rattling vivacity, have great want of manly firmness: the Romans, (I contemplate not the peasantry at present) quieter in conduct, and given up to apathy, are nearly as deficient in nerve. The Tuscans, bold and determined, are perhaps not more coarse than either of the other two, though shewing it more, because they follow their own impulses with less check.—Hence results a coarseness more pronounced, impassive to the expostulation, which would claim the decencies of conduct and mutual consideration that are of ordinary course among us English. It is still worse in Swisserland, where liberty prides itself in ferocity. Of America the case is in notoriety. France is substantially not better. In all these instances there is as much confusion of ranks as there is selfishness on the stretch and in boast of its triumph: rather there exists not any distinction of rank or class. We may full well rejoice that in Britain, where personal liberty is enjoyed to the utmost—where "an assault of a porter on a "peer is an assault and no more, and an assault of a peer "on a porter is an assault and no less,"*—where of course the whims of individuals may run riot in all directions of self-indulgence and oddity,—with all this wildness of misconduct in posse, the social observances are, among us, in paramount observance. Not in the most enslaved countries can the master command that obeisance from his thrall,

* The succinct expression of an eminent Irish Barrister, the late Charles O'Neil.

which with us is, as of undoubted course, paid not merely by menial to master, but by each individual of the lower orders to every one of the higher. We have sauciness, we have wilfulness up to miscreancy,—exceptions confirming the general position that in our most free country the distinctions of rank have despotic power. The surliness of the Gipsies to Ellangowan was a shew of war. In all countries besides our own, where the principle of freedom mingles with its institutions, a tarnish is found of the kindnesses of man's nature. Whence this our superiority? Because, with us, freedom is the air we breathe; too familiar to be put into braggart display:—because too, we have (not as in certain other free countries) an upper order of society, not of superior privilege and power, but of potently influential authority—of jurisdiction not the less positive that it is moral, and seeks no strength from legal enactment.

In quite another view of things, society in Florence is on very pleasant terms: and no where more than at the Grand Duke's, where, after the first most easy introduction, no form encumbers the visitant: you repeat your attendance at your own discretion, and uninvited; you enter into conversation with any lady or gentleman, or propose to any lady in the room to dance, with as much readiness as if not merely you had been introduced to her specially, but were of her intimate acquaintance: the lady accepts or declines with equally unaffected freedom and ease. A friend, in conversation with a Florentine nobleman, high in court-office and favor, put to him the offence which such freedom as this must occasion to an Englishman in escort of a female so addressed by a stranger: "the offence would be offered to me," exclaimed the Italian, "and I would forthwith represent the "indignity to his Highness, that, deeming me worthy the "honor of his company, should have that desert questioned, "by a stranger, whose act proclaimed that he felt himself "in company unfit for his association." Our manner is

certainly (who can say how necessarily) a barbarous one. With the Florentines also, if you are on terms with one gentleman, a second, with whom he happens to be in company, drops at once into your society, and you are at ease with him without awkwardness, or any imputation of forwardness.

The summer hours of the lounging world are got quit of by rising late; lying by in the afternoon; dining slightly at two or three: then the doze, or siesta. At five begins the business of the day: visits, or an airing till the hour of the theatre: there is daylight even when the entertainment is over: a light supper; a lounge on the bridge till midnight;—to bed again, Da Capo.

What driftlessness in all this! Laziness paramount generally; the mind—with deplorably small exception, I fear—unfortified by early discipline, and un-illuminated by knowledge, unfitted to strike out, or to create, any substantial object of wish; the individuals, with all their natural good qualities, pitiable,—the national character despicable.

It is of course that men, thus animal in their indulgences, should be strangers to the home virtues, and should regard their women as objects of the coarsest sensuality. Accordingly they have in implicit credit, and scruple not to quote as of soundest acceptation, the proverb, "An English wo-"man for a wife, a French woman for a mistress, an Italian "for putana." They merit no better! It is in sequence that the Ladies shall be as uneducated as the Gentlemen, and that they shall deem of themselves according to the value which their mates set on them! In these circumstances, marriage is a matter of convenience for establishment and dowry. Marriage also brings with it high privileges. The suite of a fashionable wife consists of four attendants: 1st. Husband; 2d. Amico del Cuore, the Heart's Love; 3rd. Confidante; 4th. Bracciero, or Usher. This last is so indispensible, that the Grand Duchess, a beautiful woman, not

much above thirty—a second wife,—has, to avoid singularity, her Bracciero, that has on his head the honors of beyond seventy winters: Her Imperial Highness, be it confessed, is a German.—Of these four Orders of Knighthood attendant on the Lady's pleasures, the lowest is the drudge to the person, a male waiting-woman, with the privileges of entrée of the Noblesse, and of the male sex of it: in fact, he is commonly a poor relation. The second is what the first ought to be: the third is on duty, not to play false to the first—which cannot be,—but to the second; and to cater for his lady's farther irregularities. The four are, among one another, on the best understanding and good terms.

Is all this very monstrous? Take then, and make the best of the exceptions. A friend of mine was, last winter, in intimate society with a most respectable family, of which one of the daughters,—a beautiful young woman, of the gentlest dispositions, who had been recently married—was neglected by her husband, and of course consigned to the solitude of home. Her mother, in talking over the matter as a mere family occurrence, observed that if things should continue thus, it would be necessary to come to an understanding with her son-in-law, and have,—what she herself had never had since her marriage—a Cavalier Servente appointed for his wife, to give her escort abroad, and to preclude her from home destitution. My friend, on his recent return from the South, having renewed his intimacy, enquired of the lady-mother what arrangement had been formed in respect to this daughter; and having learned that things remained equally forlorn with her, begged to know if he might aspire to be the daughter's Amante,—which she stated to him was out of the question, in consequence of the husband having sulkily set his face against the appendage of a Cavalier Servente in his family. My friend, in seeming earnest, (it was but seeming,) replied, that many things were in course without a husband's privity, and pressed his suit: to which the ma-

tron's answer was, "Fate lo pure,"—Try your hand: urge your purpose if you think it may do; in no way, even the remotest, disapproving his desire, but—under the special circumstances—in doubt of his success.

Wherever the Christian religion has spread, polygamy has disappeared: yet is not Italy an exception to this grand truth? It is the sole exception. Spain knows not this system: France, dissolute as she was, or is, knew it not, and knows it not: no other portion of Europe is thus base. We have heard of savages proffering their wives and daughters to strangers: it is the nearest approach to the heinous usage of Italy.

A mother must still—child of woman as she is, she cannot but feel it—be mother. Yet with all that, what an unspeakably deplorable lack must there not be of the higher tutelage which

"Shieldeth her infant's innocence with prayer."

Prayers there are in this country: and, in a Methodist's congregation at home, more external devotion cannot be witnessed, nor—as far as man may dare to judge—more sincere religious feeling, than is diurnally to be beheld on the part of crowds, in continued succession, in the Churches of Italy. The Why of effect is by far too large a subject to run after here.

The unmarried females, under family protection, are held in the greatest restraint. But in the occasional instances of young women not under direct guardianship, matters are in midway arrangement between inclination and decent seeming. A lady of twenty-five, of good connexions, and in the best society, tolerably handsome,—not rich, but independent,—admitted to an English Gentleman, who is in intimate connexion among her friends, that some years since she had, in a provincial city, an Amante, a young man,—but that as he had small means, and the thing was in their circumstan-

ces ridiculous and a waste of time, she had put herself under the protection of an Amico, an older man, so as to get quit of the other: thus she stood, by her unprompted self-confession, the object of illicit connexion with two several gentlemen! Yet she is a gentlewoman of fair character, of amiable manners, and without a trace of libertinism in her behaviour or conversation. And it is a matter of fairest presumption, that if my friend were to propose himself to her as an Amico, of which he has as little purpose as she appears to entertain an idea,—she would take his proposal into consideration, and in due time give her reply,—of which the chances may be as many that it should be in the negative as in the other way.—Long be averted from our nation the dissoluteness of boyhood, undisciplined by parental care, that is direct cause of this cold-blooded system,—too shocking for our credulity, yet maintaining itself in a country where the children are, in probability, the children of illegitimacy.

Where conduct is thus impure, ordinary conversation cannot but be contaminated. A married woman will to a mere acquaintance, and in a public room, speak freely on subjects that with us are mystery between wife and husband. Female delicacies which no English husband ever heard mentioned,—which I believe to be unspoken between one woman and another,—even more, which I should guess no woman, however abandoned, would utter to a licentious lover,—are declared in current talk, by unmarried ladies in Italy of the best respectability. But where the purpose is merriment, the license is wonderful. Three gentlemen, the other day,—in company with that identical elderly lady who never had a Cavalier Servente, and always lived in exclusive attachment to her husband—were so struck with the complexion of her language, that they conspired on the instant, through the means of covert signals, to try how far she would go, if put to it,—they being ready to rein in on the first

symptom of her disapprobation: but the quantity and the quality of the impurity in which she allowed herself to engage, without the slightest feeling of impropriety on her part, was amazing, and unspeakably disgusting.

And is it for intercourse with society where all is indolence adreamed, and vitiation,—at best, where soundness must be sought for—that an English family, even an Englishman sole, shall abandon the elasticity of his native air, and the wholesomeness of his national occupations, to undergo the winter's discomforts, worse than those of home, and to pine through the summer in loathsome half-sleepiness by day, and, for the day's alacrity, accept the afternoon as first morning: to be kept in countenance in this arrangement by Italian listlessness: to encounter, each weary evening, the tedium of an Italian theatre: to see out of doors the lords of the creation—not conduct either wife or daughter,—nor linked with a male human companion,—but lead their puppy dogs by a scarlet ribband, and with the appendage round their necks of a dozen of bells, in jingle and distraction, in their walks a-foot,—or comfort themselves with a poodle, as the associate in their drives: to batten, within doors, on tattle with their dames, who have ceased to be their mates, while continuing to be their wives: to see that all around is morbid vacuity, and to feel that all beneath the surface is rottenness: to wear away year after year, in witnessing the manly anxieties, and the high duties of man's existence on earth evaporate in driftlessness, and life form one lounge! To live in an hospital cannot but be painful to one of healthful habits. Unquestionably there are special and compelling reasons, of more kinds than one, for a residence in Italy exceeding a season or two: but I rejoice to know that the number of English families, resident on system in this country, has rapidly decreased, having dwindled to below thirty.

Monday, 30th June. Left Florence in route for Venice, re-measuring so much of the road as extends to Bologna.

The mountains overlooking the Valdarno being passed, the superiority of the summer, in enrichment of the vale beyond, was fully displayed, though I had travelled this tract on a very sunny day. I find it difficult to define the loveliness of the scenery in the vicinity of the Grand Ducal Villa of Diritto. There is a basin within lofty hills, just short of mountains; their clothing is of underwood, largely diversified by majestic timber. Without this basin, and round one-half of it, is drawn a really Appennine cincture, with a face of vast stone wall rather than rock,—the coloring and character of which is quite in contrast to that of the lovely lesser chain,—over which in some places, and across it in others, this nakedness of stone is viewed. The effect of this view—which causes the difficulty of describing it—is, that it throws the one half circumference of the lower, wooded, range into the middle of a much larger basin, to which the lesser is concentric, and causes this lesser to act as a foreground, accompanying you in changeful beauty, though in similarity of character, as you proceed in traverse of the valley. The Grand Ducal villa is on a descent of one of the interior and lower hills, in a part that is not overtopped by an outer mass of rock, with all these advantages of contiguous heights,—loose, yet rich oak groves—not a few sheets of oak wood, fantastically pendent,—great fertility of the valley—course of the pellucid river over its bed of golden gravel—peace of all around,—and the stone barrier of Appennine that frames the scenery, and is guardian of all this quiet and enchanting loveliness.

The road having cleared some of these fascinating foregrounds, and got above them, the valley not only enlarges in features, but lengthens on for several miles. The course along its left brow is a series of surpassingly lovely scenes;—a ragged, utterly naked spread of rock aloft, in exquisite variety of surface; wooded ranges sweeping beneath the haughty calcareous precipices, in all bravery of march;

here ancient forest, there exuberant underwood: breaking through their lower fringes, tracts of cultivated farm: downward thence, the mild and fertile vale is impressed with the labors of man, and enlivened with very numerous habitations, moderate in size, as if adapted for actual farmers, or for occupiers of moderate property,—neatness and elegance all. The whole gradation, from the stony ridge of some thousands of feet high, to the level of the river in the vale's depth is in the justest keeping, an Italian sun and sky giving play to all the diversities of color, and no color glaring, amidst the contrasted extremes of resplendently white precipice, and of the spread of garden vegetation, as they are distributed over the immensity of surface that on either hand closely barriers this valley.

It is cleared at the twentieth mile-stone; and another vale succeeds, which is mainly the same in features, but different in the composition. The same summit ridges of lime-stone reign in shivered nakedness on high: below them is the same attire of wood, consisting principally of chestnut, with oak, and some beech—certainly none at all of those robes of pine, which blacken the descriptions of Mrs. Radcliffe. This garniture of wood is not so rich as that of the preceding vale, or its richness is more subdued by sheets of rock, greatly breaking its continuity; and this again is more in consonance with the character prevalent here, of pasturage or poor tillage. Habitations are few, and towns no where seen, as heretofore, capping the mountain peaks. All here is more simple, and, except for that simplicity, not more magnificent than the former vale. Yet the clothing is rich, considering the brokenness of the surface: even that brokenness shews its decorations with more striking effect.—This valley is so irregular in all ways, its lines are so troubled, that I was unable, even from the loftiest station the road afforded, to divine which one, out of different very noble stretches, was our course from it, or where in front the river

obtains an issue, that breaks over rocks along its depth below.

To Covigliaio for the night: Tuesday forenoon to Pianoro: through the whole drive is the same bristle of hillocks over the surface of each individual mountain,—each hillock, as it were, struggling to break into a pyramid as sharp on the edges as at the vertex: there is, also, a continual diversity of distribution of the plan of ground. For some miles, the road is one range through a chestnut forest, clothing a descent that gave view to the depth directly beneath, and displayed, in the opposite distance, a vast tract of mountains retiring to utmost remoteness: their countless calcareous crests wore an appearance as tossed and turbulent as that of the sea under the agitation of contending gusts;—these mountain crests, however, as much surpassing the billow which sweeps in fury clear over the Eddistone, as this latter exceeds the children of the ordinary breeze.

Over all this untractableness of surface in vehement excitation, there is not one trace of wrath. In this lambent air, and under this most azure sky and golden sun, what might otherwise be held madness of guise, is dread dignity, meriting to array itself in brightness and beauty.

Through this country did I labor in the snow and murkiness of December: it was the corpse I then saw, and not life with the exercise of the faculties. It is thus that brigades of English tourists pass on from Paris or from Tours, quite after the departure of Autumn, push to Rome, stay a fortnight there, as mayhap they have done at Florence, achieve the full term of Naples—return to Rome for part of Lent, and are in France again in Mid-April. These worshipful persons have, in doing this, performed a visit to Italy: and often have I, this Spring, as they were trimming their wings for flight homeward, heard them deplore their vain look out for the Italian scenery which, like the Italian sky, they had heard vaunted, and which now they could *depone* to be but

fable. They looked for it through the medium of snow and profluent rains; and they saw through the farther medium of that part that is not wooden, of their strictly closed carriage door.

In bidding farewell to the Appennines, let me remark on that sharpness of their outline, which is so strict as to shew the edge, and to forbid the idea of table-land:—they have a character of elasticity, and they parade ridge in rere of ridge numerously, as if drawn up for general support: each mountain is a lengthened line, flanked by others in similar extension, the breaks between them shewing the rank next in rere; and the whole array of receding crests forms a concatenation of strength with elegance. Quite in contrast with this is the beehive shape of each individual of the Jura;—the result of which is an appearance of uniform lumpishness, in the congregated mass.

After Pianoro the mountains sink in the direction of our road, into two parallel chains of beautiful and very cultivated hill, with the bed of the Reno between them,—its channel broad and nearly dry, but in winter charged with torrents. These chains of hill lose themselves, at three or four miles in advance of Bologna, in the vast flat which spreads, west and north to the base of the Alps, and east to the Gulph of Venice. It is the most glorious level I have ever seen: it comprises all Lombardy, and the region of the whole Po. Of course the eye is no more able to measure it than to measure so much sea; though, in the utmost and opposite verge of this region of towns and trees and gardens, the line of northern Alps prescribes limits to the imagination.*

* This is the view of which Misson speaks. "From the top of the hills, "which end at Bologna, we descried the sea on our right hand, and directly "opposite had a full view of the vast and admirable plain of Lombardy, which "spreads along the Po, between the Alps and Appennines. The surface of "the sea is every where spherical, and THEREFORE we can see but a little

In this journey from Florence, I have had as one associate, a Swiss, who inculcated as a truth which laughed at explanation, that no people on earth can love their land with the intense fondness felt by his nation,—who, being republicans, give all their affections to their country, unimpaired and undeteriorated by attachment to the persons of Superiors.—Tell the precious wisdom to Scotsmen! Another happiness he enjoyed as a present reality, though it was of gratuitous anticipation,—that the German language shall supersede the French in the southern cantons of Swisserland, and, by that means, effect the coalescence of that set of parish governments, into the strength of one nation!" "The force of" nonsense "could no farther go," were I not to match this scheme with the reverie in a late article of the Edinburgh Review, that I saw at Florence,—which, looking to time that may be after the lapse of whole centuries, as though it were time next to present,—and to moral impossibilities as though they were realities within grasp,—is in counterpart to the enchanter's wholesale distribution of felicity, chronicled in an Arabian Tale. Yet these projectors dream themselves to be practical philosophers.*

"part of it at once: but Lombardy, being EXACTLY LEVEL, discovers a pro-"digious extent of land, especially if it be viewed from a rising ground." Vol. II. p. 165. This is a marvellous exposition of the properties of the TERRAQUEOUS globe from a man of the genuine Huguenot sound training of Misson. The Huguenots have ever, since their expatriation, had impressed on them a national character, a marked sobriety of sense and probity of principle, attended with a special terrestrial blessing. I have known them numerously, and I know this of them, in Ireland: I know them distinct in Swisserland,—the existing generation of them there, removed thither from Utrecht in the Netherlands: and they are of the self-same specific character.

* No 73. "The Tyrol confederated in an Achæan league with the Swiss "Cantons, and a belt of mountain republics from Basle to Byzantium," established, "without confounding the manners or shocking the opinions of any "people; each left to their own habits, religion and customs." How detestable to the Tyrolese is the family of Maria Teresa! What family affection between Basle and Inspruck! Basle, which cares as little for the interests, however vital, of its next neighbour town, Soleure, as it can do for those of Seville or of Aberdeen.

Tuesday, at two, to Bologna once more. Disliked it at my first view ; and the dislike revives. Yet it is a magnificent city, with features of a grandeur peculiar to itself. Its long arcades,—in the style of Covent-garden Piazzas—running the length of its streets, are especially remarkable : if heavy, they are also grand ; and during the scorching violence of the sun, their covert must be a luxury, if at such a time you at all venture out of doors.—The equipages also, and the palaces, are superb : and the shops display large investments of stock, and great activity in trade—quite beyond either Florence or Milan. But I take the liberty of disliking Doctor Fell without assigning a cause : yet if I must try to state one—all seems in slatternliness and out of sorts here. There is much grandeur, much competence, much healthful activity—much bad also. Not only the shopkeepers, but the inferior classes of persons in business —down to stall-men and stall-women, great store—all that are at their ease are of an obesity that is ludicrous, and, from its generality, wonderful. Contrasted with this is the squalidness, not merely of numerous beggars by vocation, but of very many others, as if under the fell pressure of famine. Then, there is a distinct parade of all the worst features of Italian demoralization — indications as plain speaking as the hands of a watch. Even the females, far above the meaner orders, look what, for our sakes as well as their own, they ought not,—guise as well as matter so symptomatic of mal-assortment, and unsweetness,—that I dislike to look. Be it my own whimsy ! But with this distaste of their prominent tendencies I have not the heart to consult my other feelings, or to dwell on shew sights. The principal of these I have seen : but though time remains on my hands, and my vetturino would willingly admit of my stay for a day or two more, I wrap myself in my antipathy, and insist on pursuing my journey.

Wednesday. On the road to Ferrara ; a flat tract of dis-

ciplined fertility: the farm-houses very numerous, of exactly regular construction, two stories high, the windows uniform, the roofs more tending to a level than a ridge;—the result of the whole is elegance. The few houses interspersed, that rise to a third story, are equally graceful; and all ought to be a lesson to our ornamental cottage builders of England, and shame them out of the barbarous ugliness of their whimsies in mortar. It would seem that like certain savage nations, who worship their idols on the very score of their ugliness, these designers labor and lick their manufacture into the utmost possible deformity,—the only rational excuse for which ought to be, if reason had to do with the affair, that they were abortions. Yet year after year, a quarto of engraved plans comes out in London, from one mis-calculating projector or other, each of whom prizes his designs in proportion as they reach on and realise the abominable.

The out-offices of these Bolognese farm-houses suit with the dwelling: the roof to each is as high as that of their principal; it is square at the eves, and hipped equally on each one of its four sides,—in cover to the square area below: one half of that area is inclosed by regular walls, and the remainder is open to the eves, which rest on piers so tall as to merit the name of columns: within this, their field crops are stacked, while the walled part is a store. Their farming practice assimilates far more to the English than I have observed in any other district of Italy: the same fact struck me last winter in the approach of Bologna in the Modena direction. We have here corn and meadow, and when the crops are carried—cattle at pasture. Let me add, that I have not seen one instance of nuisance, or even slovenliness, within sight of any of these farm-houses, which are patterns of cleanliness and just arrangement.

At FERRARA, early in the afternoon; a city notorious to even the untravelled for its comparative depopulation: I have

seen as decided specimens of melancholy desertion, the fame of which, in that respect, has kept more at home. The Castle is a singular remnant of the olden time: its peculiarities are set off by its site, within a surface of water, far too large to be designated as a moat; something between a river and a pool.

On referring this evening, as is my custom, to my guide-book,* for its details on Bologna, I am gratified in finding it stated that "on voit dans cette ville des personnes qui ont "beaucoup d'embonpoint." I would hope to keep guard from grafting general inferences on isolated occurrences, especially where they border on the Odd or the Whimsical; yet I have had occasion to congratulate myself on many other instances, as well as this special one—which I therefore minute additionally—where my remarks, though seemingly eccentric, have met with definitive sanction, from testimony that was out of my knowledge, not only at the time my notices were elicited, but till after they were put in writing.

Thursday. The new road, nearly complete, from Ferrara to the Po, is a gratifying instance of the energy of the Ecclesiastical Government: it is an excellent one, and made at great expense; the stones for metalling it, each less than the size of a lemon, are brought by a combination of land and river carriage from Verona, so that the computed cost of each, when bedded, is a half baiocchо, or a farthing.

Crossed the Po by a pont-volant—to swing which, in traverse of this very majestic river, ten boats are moored. Here came on the Austrian Custom House, and that deadly rigorous Austrian police. The officer at this station did his

* On a better principle, I trust, than that of Croker in the Good-natured Man, who was ever ready to listen to advice when he had made up his mind—because advice could then do no harm. There may be disadvantages in this plan of visiting strange places: omissions will certainly be one result: yet I conceive the advantages decidedly to outweigh these occasional losses.

duty to the utmost, but with the spirit of a gentleman; he scrutinized with severe minuteness the whole, and every trifle of the baggage of my travelling associate, a medical person from Florence, — not merely the wardrobe, but even the books, not omitting the inside of the book covers in guard of their bindings. My baggage was less inquisitorially but very accurately examined: even my papers underwent his inspection, and were made the subject of his interrogatories. But considering the nature of the miserable duty imposed on him, and which he very faithfully discharged, there was not a particular in his acts or looks that could give umbrage. All, too, was so conducted, as to occasion the least possible trouble in repacking. A small packet of berries for sowing at home, which I had gathered at Naples from a tree of the sorb kind, (of which the luxuriantly large leaf, and its appearance in fruit and profuse flower at the same time, had struck me,) had been opened at the close of the search; and without trenching in the slightest degree on his usual, and strictly cold, manners, he indicated the wish, precisely as one gentleman would express himself to another on the subject of such a trifle,—that I would favor him with a very few, for a purpose corresponding with my own. Let me add, that the visa of passports, which in most of the minor states is made the subject of a vile tax at nearly every town you pass through, is charge-free under the Austrian system.

North of the Po, all continues so flat that it is wonderful how there is fall for the rivers. The Po, however, sweeps a bold course; and the Adige is absolutely mad. The one and other of these great rivers is cased in by embankments that resemble the factitious ones of a canal, in those spots where mounds of earth make good the level across a dip of ground. But these river embankments run continuously: it would seem that the bottom of the river was almost above the level of the farm ground which it traverses. So broad is the

summit level of these embankments, that it affords a carriage road of double the width of an ordinary highway: the approach to this road from below is by an inclined plane, like a shelf on the mound's outer face. I coasted the Po this morning for several miles, elevated on such an embankment: the road was frequently dangerous from the necessity of jolting though its very deep mire, and of passing from side to side to avoid the numerous pit-falls of mud: this process was attended with the frequent liability of a capsize into the river or the exterior dike, to prevent which there was no where a parapet. Still it is so majestic a flood, and imparts such dignity to the tract of rank fertility above which it pursues its course, that though its general direction is right lined, I was sorry when obliged to forego the gratification of dwelling longer on its proud placidness. The Adige I was glad to get away from on any terms. We had, just before arriving at it—coming out of Rovigo—a tornado share of thunder, with an unremitting blaze of lightning above us, through the air, which was quite black, and rather water throughout than air. My Vetturino had started from the inn in the teeth of my remonstrance that this uproar of the elements was impending: he became absolutely maniac when the consequence first burst on us, and submissively repentant by the end of fifteen minutes, which was its duration, when he and I were soaked through, and, far worse, his horses were as waterlogged as a Newfoundland dog after a reasonable wantoning in swimming. But I have to thank his folly for the surcharge I witnessed, of wrathful and terrible character to the native violence of the Adige. We found here a special patrol engaged in active look for the slightest perforation in the embankments, through which, if not instantly stopped, the torrent would rush with awfully accelerating impetuosity, in a destructiveness of deluge far and wide over this region, of which the bare notion is horrible. The face of the embankment within, might be three or four feet above the

level of the flood, so that the danger was not from its overflow: but the nature of that danger, and its extent, may be inferred from the weight of water confined by the mound on either hand, of which the exterior front may average an altitude of fifteen feet. One tract, however, the Vetturino pointed out to me, and with awe of it, as we continued to travel aloft, where the embankment rises above the plain to co-equality of elevation with a house—in other words, and not improbable guess, twenty-four feet.

The rudiments of the troughs, in which these great rivers run, must have been artificial banks on a small scale, of which the subsequent enlargement must be referred to the deposit of earth, which the rivers' rage,—first from its mountain descent, and subsequently from swell by the rains—hurries on, till a more level bed and less disturbed course admit its precipitation. It is as extraordinary a phœnomenon as the Dutch defences against the ocean;—an inversion of a river's nature, spreading itself over the surface of the earth, instead of channelling a course through it: it is an unsightly and unwholesome symptom—like a swoln blood-vein in ropy thickness over the surface flesh. Even the roads that traverse this country, wide of the rivers, are all causeways. What a hideous and dread marsh the whole region must be in a winter's continuity of rain and flood, my fancy dares not figure to itself: even now it is a half-dry mire of putrid quality: and not a stray corner of it is left waste. Poplars and willows, cropt or pollarded, reign over the whole.

From a considerable distance, I had remarked an isolated tract of mountains, the foot of which we gained at evening, at MONTE SELICE: its outline is irregular, but—after the Appennines—destitute of elegance. At its eastern termination, however, is a lovely round hill, crowned by the ruins of an ancient castle—its battlemented walls extending in long descent athwart the steep. Midway in that descent is a square tower; and below, in conclusion to the fortress

lines, a bold outwork overhangs a headlong rock.* The mount has magnitude to support all these structures as accessaries to its consequence; and its face is diversified by naked rock, by sheets of underwood, and by various tufts of stone pine and of cypress—which latter is a tree of standard growth throughout Italy. Remote on the skirts of the mountain is a Convent; and at its base is the village. The whole scene—after a two days' deprivation of any other landscape subject than is afforded by a dreary flat, intersected by rivers of canal character,—was forcibly striking: it is an Oasis of the picturesque: it will not groupe with its coarser or loftier neighbours; and groves protect it from the ugly and immense level, from forth of which it breaks.

4th July. The road proceeded at the foot of the mountain range, which, taken in parts, appeared of greater diversity than on the first view: still the outline of each individual mountain is the segment of a circle, almost as strict as though described by compasses. This groupe proves to be an advanced courier of the Corinthian Alps: and these, in greeting of my returning visit, display themselves in grand ranges, partly veiled in the spiritualized umber which was my worship in Swisserland, and of which I have not seen a trace among the Appennines.

Habit does wonders. I have ever held that my relegation, by unkind fates, to a flat country, must be death to me, beyond remedy. Yet as I move, this the third day, along a mere flat, I begin to like the exceeding richness which the ground throws up. The word "Irriguous" is a good one as an epithet in poetry; but the dampness of the fields hereabouts unfits them for either a morning's or an evening's stroll. Yet the causeways are dry, and afford views over the luxuriance

* Blainville, an accurate observer, gives to these castle walls a circumference of two miles.

below, to an extent as far as the eye can reach. It is a quiet placid picture. I even begin to take a liking to the poplar tree, which heretofore has been the object of my abhorrence: but the light color of the poplar and willow foliage, diversifying as it does the bottle-green of the fields' surface, which results from rank fertility saturated by moisture, is perhaps the best relief that could be given to the general sombrousness.

On the road—with a cut from the Brenta, which is a mere canal, on the right—lies the village of Battaglia, in the contiguity of which are celebrated baths, with the accompaniments of pump-rooms, lodging-rooms, reading-rooms,—and magnificent gardens; altogether worth the halt we made to view them: they are in extent, comfort, and high style, quite beyond any thing I could have supposed to exist in Italy. Splendid villas and pretty villages diversify the course thence to Padua—a large place, and once of high dignity. In approach, it is seen surmounted by numerous and imposing cupolas and minaret spires. On entering its ample walls a waste is presented, that is devoid of specific form: then comes the Prado, an irregular square, stated to be a mile in contour; it includes a circular grass area, which is protected by a low ballustrade, surmounted by an army of statues, in robed costume: these are the representatives of Paduan dignitaries of ages that are gone by. Round this circus, the corso—that meaner than childish horse-race—takes place on stated festivals. After this second open narnow lanes succeed, not streets, which are tolerably alive with passengers: a few good book shops are in shew, rather medical. Such appears to me Padua—but that after search discovers a few moderate streets.

I hasten from it, with Venice for my scope, but that, arriving before eight, the police office is not open till now, near eleven: and farther movement is precluded till my passport

is marked there: yet it is endorsed by the Austrian Minister at Florence, which does not supersede a rigorous inspection and re-signature in—at least—two towns within every thirty miles.

SECTION X.

The road from Padua towards Venice is magnificent, having been one of the last results of French energy. The country is rich, and dressed to consort with the almost continuous villas which line it. The Brenta accompanies the road, with a bank so high as to be on a level with the first, and frequently the second, floor of the villas; so that only the uppermost stories of those of the loftiest description command the water view. These villas were originally planned and built to this obscuration,* and were once the abodes of magnificent festivity. At present they mostly wear a look of desertion, or, at least, indicative of the impoverishment of their occupiers. It will be obvious that a site where the front wall rises from the high road, and the windows look across that road on an unbroken earthen mound, must be insufferably stupid, even though a spacious canal shall range on the off side of the mound. So I felt it: and notwithstanding the architectural elegance and embellishments exhibited in the elevation of many of these structures, the anticipations of graceful villa-seclusion along the Brenta, with which I had fed my mind, not merely from former reading, but from the collo-

* Dante, in the thirteenth century, speaks of the schermo which had been made by

i Padovan, lungo la Brenta
Per defender lor ville e lor castelli:

that is five hundred years ago: the existing specimens of fine architectural taste are of course of far more modern erection: the dikes, again, were much more ancient than the age of Dante.

quial information of fellow travellers all along, up to the scene itself, have terminated in disappointment.

Gradually the road ceases to be a causeway; and the Brenta, abdicating the character of a canal, indulges in bold bends: and once more, and not far from the sea's verge, I am delighted with the natural course of a river. From Padua to the sea is twenty miles: thence across to Venice five more.

I had never heard of a storm as possible in this Venitian traject; which, on the faith of all novelist describers, I had conceived to keep itself calm, as a tribute of supremacy to the island metropolis. But, as some voyagers are fated to meet a storm at sea ever and always, our gondola was overtaken by a tornado, which put its whole company into consternation, as they saw it sweep in approach to us from the crest of the Friuli Alps on our left. I confess I was more interested by the grandeur of the clouds bursting over these mighty mountains—blotting out almost at once one portion of them, and staining another tract with dread discolor,—than I was by any results to ourselves which I could anticipate from the squall: and I plead guilty to an expression of some mirth on my features, that was excited by their panic. This they imputed to ignorance of the effects of tempest at sea on my part, and also to ignorance of the sea's nature. Being thus excited to tell them that I could not have come even into Italy without having crossed some sort of sea, as being an Englishman, their surmises assumed another shape: "O! then, all is explained; Englishmen never feel fear on any subject."—So, however, it was, that we were compelled by the clamorous terror of the passengers, and the better judgment of the boatmen, to put in at an island at two-thirds distance across the passage, where there is a lie-by, floored over, and large enough for half a score of gondolas to remain secure, even from rain. Here six boats of us took refuge, and were compelled to rest for near two hours, before a

venture was made to complete the half league's passage which separated us from Venice. I could not get myself into an inn till far in the evening.

My quarters being close to the Piazza St. Marco, I lost no time in making it the subject of inspection. I forgive myself if, under the very numerous and specially severe disquietudes of the day, I did feel that my anticipations were not surpassed in the first impression of the city, and of this piazza in particular. But through the twenty-four hours that have intervened to my present writing, I have felt, hour after hour, my satisfaction and enthusiasm grow fast and boundless. And I heartily agree in the feeling expressed by a friend whom, with two others, I rejoined here, that the Englishman who leaves Italy, without seeing Venice, though he may have visited the whole of the country besides—is to be pitied!

Monday. I take the Piazza of St. Mark to be not greatly different in extent from the quadrangle at large of the Palais Royal of Paris: it is three years since I saw the latter, and of course I speak from general impression. There is not, and there cannot be in the world, any thing third to these two extraordinary scenes.

In detail there is an utter dissimilarity between the two. The Venitian Piazza has pretensions to architecture. Its either main façade is three stories high: but they do not respond in design. The newer one was erected in 1583, by an architect of true genius, Sansovino: in an afterage, his design of two stories was maltreated by the imposition on it of a third, to rival the opposite range. Still, it is gloriously rich and noble. The other façade is one lattice window of very many hundred feet in length,—I will not say a hundred feet in height,—a lattice not the less that the glass is set in marble instead of lead—so predominant over its whole elevation is window in respect to wall. After all it likewise has great grandeur: but its style is so dissimilar to that of Sansovino's façade, that it was pity to attempt match-

ing them by clapping an additional height on the latter. This game of Procrustes, played to fellow the fancies of one generation with the caprices of another, could not but produce lamentable blunder.

One end of the Piazza is nearly occupied by the Great Church: bnt first let me be done with the other, where stands a palace raised by the French—a poor affair. It is two stories high, a narrow shell, with an outrageously lofty roof.* This Palace was erected in substitution for the Church of St. Zeminiano which stood there, flanked on one side by a return of the more ancient façade, and on the other by a like return of Sansovino's structure, unvitiated by a third story. The Venitians deplore the loss of that Church as one of their finest, and as having been a fit conclusion to the Piazza, and connexion of the opposite fronts. I therefore greatly demur to the opinion of Forsyth, who calls it "a vile object." I demur the more, inasmuch as this Church was Sansovino's: and I conceive his opinion to be a mere paradoxical error, to which, when he did go wrong —which was seldom—his style was in open. There could have been but one defect resulting from its site, which was the discontinuance of the arcades, that now run in suite along the three sides of the Piazza—the noblest portico walk, I presume, in the world.

Of St. Mark's Church, at the fourth side of the Piazza, what shall I say? It was commenced in 976, consecrated

* I surmise that the Austrian poor jealousy has cut short the completion of the French design (interrupted by the Moscow reverses) which, I conceive would have reached a third story and avoided the execrable isosceles roofing. After all, this is but surmise; and I regret it did not occur to me at Venice to ask the question. I was told there, that the French design embraced a Triumphal Arch, central to this Palace: but the Teusdeschi ordered matters according to their own grave notions, and the Grand Arch was let down to a gateway. The building as it stands, unlike to either of the splendid façades which it connects, is a blot and ugliness, even though its vile roof (which was unfinished when I saw it) were blown into the air.

in 1085,—which is as much as to say that its style has little to do with pure taste: it is a structure of barbaric magnificence. It is one display of the rarest marbles, of columns of all sizes and out of number, of mosaic and gilding within and without. It was built by merchant kings—the dispoilers of Greece and the East, and lavish of their treasures, for the construction of this monument of their wealth and pride. Its fashion exhibits a mixture of the styles of all the various nations which they trafficked with, or lorded over: its general bent is cumbrousness, yet with a grandeur that is independent of large dimensions; for notwithstanding the heaviness, and the great diversity of its parts in the interior, and the consequent contraction of the nave (would that it were a little prolonged!) it has a dignity which, unless in rare instances, much more extensive structures are not fated to impress. Its roof is crowned—it cannot be said China-wise—certainly Eastern-wise—with cupolas, more than can be counted from below from any spot in its vicinity: in exact number they are seven. In the interior, over all the vaulted ceiling, as well as over the walls, whatever is not marble is mosaic, imitative of fretted gold or picture: the floor is in minute marble—of various colors, tesselated in pattern, or into figures,—where it is not mosaic! On the exterior, mosaic ceases not its most profuse display, wherever space intervenes for its gold and pictures in the interstices between the columns—to the extent of many hundreds, with which it is set off, aloft and below. In a galleried balcony, over the central one of its five grand portals, are seen the four celebrated horses, returned from Paris. Viewed in front, as I have seen them by careless spectators, they are four straggingly disconnected statues: taken somewhat in flank, either from under the Great Clock on the more ancient façade, or from the Piazzetta opposite to it, they throw themselves into two fine pairs of steeds, rejoicing in animal activity.

In front of the Church, mounted on bronze pedestals of

elaborate workmanship, rise three masts, to at least the elevation of the loftiest façades in their vicinity. On these it was the practice to hoist, on the festival day of the Republic, the standards of its three principal foreign possessions, Negropont, Candia, the Morea,—or, as others tell, Cyprus. Yesterday, Sunday morning, the Austrian garrison was in fete display, myrtles in their caps; and a feu de joie, with bravest repetition of the compliment from two or three ships of war, close in to the shore, took place—to the utter discomfort of some two or three thousand pigeons which nest and quarter about the roof of the Church and the Doge's Palace. I asked a decent Italian the cause of this riot of military joy: he replied, with a face broad with wicked expression,—"Because the vice-queen has lain in of a little baby." These bronze horses, which seemed to look in mockery down on the scene, what must they not have witnessed, since their removal from Constantinople!

One feature more of the Piazza remains to be noticed,—the Campanile: it is to the left in front of the Church, and at the distance of a street's breadth from Sansovino's façade. It is in absolute discrepancy from every thing else, not merely in the vicinity, but in all Venice,—probably in all the range that the view from its own summit can command. That view is a glorious one. The structure is 330 feet high; to more than half that height, where the bells are suspended, those who will may ride up—if they can obtain a horse in Venice. In the gallery there a watch is constantly stationed, whose duty is to be on the alert, and to give alarm in the event of fire. From hence may be enjoyed the unimpeded prospect of all Venice and all its islands, the Adriatic, the low mainland, and the Alps of the Friuli and Tyrol,—even Dalmatia: it is evermore worth the fatigue of ascending this elevato gain the transcendent view. The structure itself is an unsightly, stupid pile—an uncouth tramontane interloper amidst scenery that abhors it: it rises quadrilaterally tall above the

gallery and bells; and it afterwards slopes to a pinnacle that gives station to an Angel. It is a monument of barbarous taste, though constructed subsequently to the church—which, with all its cumbrousness and caprice, is in every way grand.

St. Mark's Piazza, thus followed up with anatomical scrutiny, appears to myself, while tracing it on paper, in the guise of a skeleton. But how unlike to a skeleton is its combination of graciousness and dignity; even while examining that richly lanthorned side, which, with all its perforations, is supported by fifty-seven pilasters of Tuscan strength, in a continuity of 280 paces. This façade, as well as the other which confronts it, has the aspect of one edifice. Of that other façade the marble elevation is distributed into three orders, each over the other, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. Under any other circumstances comparatively than its present association, the new palace which connects these façades, with a front of 110 paces, would give little umbrage; while the Great Church with respect to its architecture, its appointments and ornaments, involves a world of thinking. Then the area of the Piazza! luxurious to the tread, enlivened with moving groupes of company, or single loungers, in various direction and dispersion, as might be in a grand drawing-room: its arcades still more densely bespread by strolling idlers, or companies seated by dozens, in supplement to the accommodation of the rooms for entertainment within doors, to which these companies respectively refer. Altogether such magnificence of edifice, such accommodation, and such crowds, will not be found on any spot of the world beside. It is the exclusive scene in Venice for gala display: it has therefore a character of its own, to which no other capital can offer any thing in resemblance. It must have been primarily the same cause which created for these displays a theatre that is unmatched in the world.

Two evenings in the week, Sunday rather the principal of them, the crowds here are immense. On these occasions the piles of chairs, that stood before the coffee-rooms, are unstacked, and arranged far over the area. I counted partly, and partly calculated, on Sunday evening, about 1600 chairs so set out: and these, as well as the rooms within, were thronged by ladies—largely intermingled with gentlemen—who spend here their hours in conversation, and with refreshments, as much in course as among us in set parties. I had heard that midnight was the high hour of enjoyment in this piazza: unluckily for me, there is no moon: but I can vouch for eleven being, as I saw it, the time of high tide: even at a quarter before twelve, when I left it, it was, though relatively deserted, in an absolute sense, gay. Then for the lower orders, the Marionettes continued to strut in the mimicry of tragic robes and gesticulation and harangue,—a sort of half puppet shew, half tragedian pomp, in worshipful combination. Even at that hour they held assembled a dense circle of spectators, rather than auditors: among the ring of those in exterior of the pale which supplied benches, the wretched collectress was still making her rounds with a red paper lanthorn carrying a light—to extract an eleemosynary dole on the score that what they saw, and almost heard, they were in honesty bound to pay for; and I have reason to know that many of them actually did pay.

Tuesday. By very far the greater part of Venice may be walked through: the great comfort of the place after Naples, indeed after almost any continental city, is, that however narrow any street or alley may be, you are safe from the justle of horseman or horse, and out of all danger from carriage, cart, or even wheel-barrow. Of course, time is told full audibly at each quarter of the hour in a town where, besides the chime of the clock, no noise is heard but the human voice; and the Venetians, though active, are not clamorous.

I have mentioned wheel-barrow: even of it the movement is impossible here. Of the four hundred bridges evermore interrupting the plane of the flag-way, there is perhaps not one that must not be ascended by a scala—the Italian word for a stair-case:—a corresponding stair-case ministers to their descent. Not one of these bridges exceeds a single arch; nor one but has the ballustrades rather as an entablature than a safety parapet: and though a gondola may pass unhurt under each of them, there is of the entire but the Rialto which has to do with the dignity of a bridge.

The construction of the Rialto dates 1588:—the half century to which that year is midway seems to have been the time of utmost grandeur in Venitian architectural enterprise. It is of marble; the arch a segment of a large circle's circumference, most gracefully imposed on the abutments, which advance into the Canal—their either plane receiving the super-structure at an angle of perhaps twenty-five degrees from the horizon: the inner rim of the arch ascends from the interior of the abutments: the ballustrade and the main dignity of the structure connect themselves with the lofty quay-face of the Canal; and from this disposition a lightness of effect results that is greatly to be admired. Though the bridge is very lofty, its breadth is much beyond the proportion that is usually in relation to the elevation. This breadth is distributed into three passages, by two rows of booths, large enough for shops, and occupied as such: the passages are spacious also; the central being the main one. The booths are six on either hand in the ascent, and as many on the descent,—with the intervention of an archway extending across the summit, which is a flat space. From this summit floor, the descent to the street is by not less than thirty-six steps. The whole structure met my best expectations.

A bend of the Canal soon withdraws from the eye the line of quay on one hand of this bridge: but on the other a noble

reach of it is commanded, lined on its either side with the stateliest Palaces, and Churches occasionally intermingled. They shew in this range of more than a mile, in all richness of materials, in all variety of design, and in all the prominence that every one of the Grecian Orders can furnish of decoration,—solid and enduring, yet wrought as though the trouble had been but that of cutting Bath stone. It were vain for me to deal more with such a subject than in the general. They wear the gloom of desertion, consequent on political abasement, and the tyrant jealousy of their present Government. Many of the Nobles are become residents of Vienna; many have disappeared from enquiry, especially those whose consequence rested on State power, which made very large distribution, among its members, of State employments and their appendant emoluments. The population in 1792, was 154,000: two or three years ago the census made it scarcely 90,000. An edict became necessary, which prohibits the razing of any house: but this edict cannot fill the houses, nor chase away the gloom that hangs over them. I had heard that the canals are filling: but my observation induces me to treat this statement as an exaggeration. I have seen no canal thus choking: one I noticed, which they are scouring: of none could I see the bottom, though I was on the look-out to verify any such fact. For at least the century preceding the revolution, bad smells had been notorious here, caused by evaporation in the summer heats: even opposite to the very broad lagune which fronts the Lido island—two miles off, and where the sea is seen in the richest marine hues—I have been very frequently annoyed when the sea breeze sets in, with the effluvia accompanying that breeze: this must rise from the oozy shallows, which in ebb the lagune waters but cover, to a great extent and very remote distance from the shore.

The Canale Grande, over which is the Rialto, may, in its breadth of water, be equivalent to the width of a spacious

street: the Giudecca Canal is as broad as the Thames at London. All the other innumerable Canals that reticulate Venice, are as lanes, or alleys, in water. The surface of the water, as I see it in summer, may average two feet and a half below the plane of the flag-way, where there is one: but to numerous canals there is no ledge of quay, and the door-ways from the houses, which line these water-alleys, have a flight of stairs: the lowest steps of these must often be slimy and slippery when deserted by the water, that partakes to a degree in the changes of even the Mediterranean, which has something of tide flux and reflux. Of course such doors must usually be postems: I conceive there can scarcely be any house in Venice, that is not accessible in some way by a quay in its front, however minute.

None of the Churches—at least of the shew ones,—are large: but they are matchless for beauty and dignity. Yet what pretensions have I to characterize the works of Palladio! At least let me dare to observe, that certain of them, with the intervention of open space and of canal in their front, are enchanting in landscape effect.

Of the Churches let me also minute, that the materials of their interior are of extraordinary expense and magnificence. Their very flooring excites wonder: it is commonly in strong pattern of diversely and richly colored marbles, thrown into such relief of apparent angles at their joinings, that the eye can scarcely persuade itself but that, at each step, the foot has to place itself on a steep and sharp ridge, formed by two inclined planes. The pattern is somewhat varied in the different churches: but the deceptive effect is the same in all.

Poor Mrs. Radcliffe! Here I deeply feel her inconsistencies in picture, ever in appeal as she is to the eye. Even though the mind were not in distraction, and the frame in consequent fever, the eye thus ever under summons must, from pure surfeit, clench its lids against vision. What is

worse, the attempt to realize her pictures is but to encounter a phantasmagoria, and a wilderness of contrarieties. With all this, the mind of the reader gives itself to be floated down her stream of images with indolent delight. But sight is a crying criterion. There is fair excuse for her having abridged time and space in the journey of Montoni from the Brenta to his lair in the Appennines—forty leagues—which he performs in a day; and similarly, for the curtailment of her heroine's ride from Udolpho to the sea-shore, to the limits of one night: nearly three-fold the time would be required by modern expedition for either march. Therein she epitomized, and with judgment. But she turns Venice topsy-turvy, and for no possible purpose. Correct statement here could have cost her nothing; yet her whole topography is a continued blunder. She fixes the site of the Piazza of St. Mark as much at hap-hazard as if, in the map of England, she had placed London at Dover beach; and her other errors come in such chance-medley justle, as though Wight were located in Berkshire. With all this, there is in her writings such a truth of coloring, and often such a truth in the detail, that I cannot doubt her having been in Italy.* And Venice owes to her, and to Otway, with Shakespeare, very much of its interest with Englishmen. They have created for us a right of denizenship in the place.

Wednesday. Connecting the quay of the great Giudecca Canal with the Piazza of St. Mark, in the fashion of the letter L, is the Piazzetta. Though it has but the character of an appendage, as being but half the length of the Piazza, and of suitably contracted breadth, it possesses in some respects higher attraction. There is always a breeze here; and the sea wears its own green: the eye commands the long shore of the Lido and certain nearer islands: at the

* I give this minute as it was originally written on the spot. I have recently, of course, read the authorised memoir of her life!

termination of the Giudecca quay, directly opposite, is seen the façade of one of Palladio's Churches, the San Giorgio: and a series of structures of splendidly ornamental elevation ranges along that quay, among which are several other Churches of most noble pretensions. As a sort of foreground to the long series, a shewy picturesque edifice—the Custom-house—is seen on the opposite side of the Canale Grande, at the point where it terminates in the Giudecca Canal, and not greatly removed from the right extremity of the Piazzetta quay, where you stand. Along this quay is a whole navy of Gondolas, that ply for hire, their equipments most respectable, their accommodations altogether voluptuous, and, as I speak of picture, their shape and style extraordinarily striking: they are canoe-like in slightness, in narrowness, and in length: the prow rises in the form of a swan's neck, its front elevation aloft armed with several successive axes, and these finally surmounted by a large halbert's face, in the guise of a drooped plume, fashioned in metal; and this prow, several feet clear of the stem, which is not greatly above the water, appears in movement to cleave the air, and frown on any possible impediment. Beyond the crowded spread of the Gondolas, is a considerable number of trading vessels, a Veneto-Austrian line-of-battle ship, with a frigate or two—and a steam-vessel, of frigate size, that plies to Trieste. So much for the front and water view. Turning from it, on the left is a structure of Sansovino's, as beautiful as can be consistent with grandeur: it occupies one side of the Piazzetta, and has preserved itself in the exquisite proportion of two stories, instead of suffering—like the continuation of it at right angles which faces the Piazza—by the super-imposition of a third. The right side is occupied by that uncouth, barbaric pile, the Doge's palace, beyond which the façade of St. Mark's Church is seen in parallel line, though from its site being thrown somewhat into advance, it assumes an enfilade po-

sition. Standing on such a spot, so fickle is human nature, so ungrateful is my own imperfect disposition, that for this flat scene, mire just above water,—raised however, adorned, ennobled into life,—I congratulate myself that I have exchanged the city and vicinities of Naples, and that expanse of ocean and mountains, grand and fair, which there held me in enchantment. A face of more dazzling graciousness than that of the lagune here, with the land merely above its level for accompaniment, the world cannot show.

The Doge's palace invites detail. It forms three sides of a large quadrangle, the flank of St. Mark's church ranging as a fourth. The two most conspicuous fronts are those to the Piazzetta and to the Quay. They rest on a long low range of arcades, that has rather the air of cellarage above ground than of piazzas; and, to increase this disagreeableness to caricature, the bases and several feet of their shafts are buried under the flagging, which it was found needful to raise for protection against occasional inundations. The same necessity has induced a similar injury to the Church, that had originally an elevation of several steps above the level of the square, with the plane on which it is now on an equality,—a fault which, without knowing its cause, had pained me at the first view of that venerable structure.—Above this very low arcade runs a line of shafts of fragile tenuity, surmounted by a tracery of arches in mutual intersection, and of such character that the shafts together with the arches are but as fretwork. Over this breadth of minute lace rises, to the battlements, an enormous mass of dead wall, composed of red and white marble, in dull reticulated pattern. I call it dead wall; because the single range of antique windows, that breaks its stupidity, scarcely relieves it from blindness, so few are they and far between. The whole pile is very lofty, and I conceive the arcade in piazzas together with the shafting above it, to exceed very little one third of its entire elevation; yet that most lubbard super-incumbency of wall has no other

perforation or break than this one line of windows—unless certain circular arrow-holes, as they may be called, close under the summit height, be taken as exceptions. Doubtless the deviser of this plan strained hard for effect: he has not failed to attain grandeur; he has not avoided ugliness: assuredly he has hit on absurdity, in thus imposing a mountain of insufferable weight on open work, that withal wears no air of lightness.

Within the quadrangle, ascent is given to the different stories, into which the pile is distributed. Here all that is, opposes itself to all that has been. One tract of the basement apartments is devoted to the mercantile Exchange and its offices. A very noble Chamber above, of the gravest, even proudest effect—from its paintings, its ornaments, and the grandeur of its furnishings in all their detail—is given up to the Public Library, a really public one: the effect created by viewing it, approaches to that which is excited by the more lightsome and far more extensive Vatican. It certainly transcends in style—which does not imply size—any other library I have seen.

Here is an end to the satisfactory impression excited within the palace. The rest of it is delivered over to public offices, and the transaction of Justice of Peace and other small judicial business. Even the State Council Halls and the Grand Audience Chamber, are but as the ghost of themselves: the pictures, with which their walls are clothed, are to be seen occasionally at the expense of troubling the dignitaries in consultation over their parchments and taped papers. The Great Hall, indeed, is pure vacancy: and the series of historic paintings which represent the humiliation of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa before the Pope of his day, both of them met under the triumphant influence of Venice—the Pope under its patronage, the Emperor after the loss of a decisive battle—seem now not more legend, though of 650 years back occurrence, than the assemblage,

in this very chamber, of a thousand Nobles in full peruke and all other points of formal grand dress, to look grave and seem deep in the transaction of state affairs, each Sunday forenoon, only thirty years ago.

And who is there that may not be at quits with his imagination, for the extinction of such pomp, or its existence but in story—when he sees, in a gallery close at hand, a remnant of the Lion's Mouth, the orifice of which is choaked up, while enough remains to tell us what the thing was;—and when, in addition to what the eye thus witnesses, memory recals the fact, that similar mouths of lion, more numerous than penny-post receivers with us, gaped every where throughout the city! Similar horror fastens on us when, facing the very windows of these state halls, we behold the state-prison, which is separated from the palace by a narrow canal, but is connected with it by a covered bridge, springing from the third story—*the Bridge of Sighs;* across this the accused passed, after inquisition; and into a compartment of it he reverted once more for concealed execution by the crush of his frame to death! Other state prisoners, not entrusted to that separate Jail, were held in dungeoned vaults directly beneath these state rooms: and others again were kept between the leaded roof and the vaulted ceiling—like pigeons in a farm garret, but debarred from the pigeon's license of expatiation—each wretched individual segregated from the society and the sight of every other! Look at that loveliest spot of any city in the world, the quay of the Piazzetta;—and between two most noble granite columns, brought over, many centuries ago, from Athens, then subjugated to the Venitian power—one surmounted by a saint, the earliest protector of this State, the other the Winged Lion of St. Mark—the State's armorial device;—between these, under the windows of the Doge's Palace, is the spot appropriated for executions that were permitted to be public. Go, then, to the other extremity of the Piazzetta, and within a

very few feet of the palace wall, and in an angle so specially public, that it is a spot common to both the Piazzetta and the Piazza, are two pillars that designate the decapitation and the place of sepulture of their far-famed Doge, Marino Faliero—to which the Venetians even now point your attention when near the place, and of which, in the seclusion of their private apartments, they speak with a visible horror.

See, too, to the process by which a Doge was elected. I take it from an excellent old guide-book, which I have been so lucky as to pick up, of the first edition 1740, with the explicit permission—and sanction—of the Government of Venice, where also it was printed, "The Foreigner Enlightened," by Albrizzi. The Grand Council elected thirty nobles, who elected other nine, who elected other forty, who elected other twelve, who elected other twenty-five, who elected other nine, who elected other forty-five, who elected other eleven, who elected other forty-one: a clear majority of twenty-five of these forty-one elected one—the Doge. In none of all these elections, except the last could the electors fix on any one of their own number: the last forty-one were competent to fix on one of themselves, if such was their will. This residuum through ballot after ballot, ten times told, was a living creature in pall and sceptred pomp, but who might well have envied the lowest porter on the ledge of any quay in Venice; for the puppet sovereign was the absolute victim to corrosive jealousy, in respect to any function he was admitted to discharge, or any cast of frown or of complacence with which he might suffer his visage to be shaded.

Take on the surface of things, and within the memory of man, an instance of the jealous fear which actuated this Oligarchy. The Nobles lorded over all classes that were not noble, to such a degree, that the abomination prevailed in the theatre of Venice of spitting down on the persons in the

pit, which was occupied by the non-privileged: of course, these latter looked with fear on the approach of their superiors. As often as one or other of these haughty Signors, by vouchsafing his resort to a coffee room, thinned it of its customers, the master hired a livery servant of some foreign ambassador, to exhibit himself for two or three days at the door, which utterly scared away the grandee, whom positive law as well as usage forbad within any door, where he could come into communication with even the menial of a foreigner of any rank whatever;—the inference thence being held direct of a plot with the State, of which that foreigner was a subject.

Athenian Ostracism was child's play to this: that was an ebullition that stood as often self-condemned as self-punished; and all that concerns it is intelligible. We can also understand why fanaticism has practised the cruelties of hell's demons in inquisitorial search after heresy—in other phrase, in vengeance of supposed religious error, held to be the most heinous crime that a mortal could commit. But the drift of this Venitian state-engine of stupendous complication baffles us: its mysteries were as inscrutable as those of the Druid priesthood, and quite as blind: its atrocities were the result of a system that worked like a machine. That system was not more awful than it was execrable; the more hideously so, that the tortures it inflicted and the murders it perpetrated, were cold blooded. Till it ceased to exist, the demoniac principle seemed to be the promovent of its vitality.

The Bucentaur was sold at auction by the French: Jews became the purchasers of its ornaments and furniture, and stripped off and sold by retail its gold, its carvings, its decorations of every sort—wrecking it to a wooden shell. That shell—to cauterize the fibres of affection which might still vibrate, was exposed to fire; and the more than half destroyed, charred remnant, keel without hull,—which, if you do

not pertinaceously enquire for, you will not, on the score of shame, have showed to you!—is yet "low and dry" in the Veneto-Austrian arsenal.

Thursday. Proceeded to an islet at half a league from the Piazzetta, which is occupied by a conventual establishment of Armenians—of large, and by most lucky accident, unconfiscated, property: I say lucky; for the institution seems an excellent one. It is a college for the combined purposes of instructing Armenian youth, and of cultivating and extending the knowledge of that language. Of the boys educated here, some remain as reserves for the vacancies of the College: the rest, when the course of their instruction, (which is a good and an extensive one,) is completed, return to mingle in the various pursuits of life in their own country. Their treatment here seems unexceptionably exemplary; and the condition of their chambers, and of the College generally, is praiseworthy in all the details;—cleanliness and ventilation, and all the other ministrants to comfort, quite in English propriety.

A library, adequate to such an Institution, is shown to strangers: here also is a printing establishment, in which twelve hands are kept in full activity: at this rate, all who use the Armenian language ought to be well supplied with books. The gentleman who, with great urbanity, conducted us through the College—his name Aucher, a Doctor in Divinity—is the author of an English and Armenian grammar, of a Dictionary of the same languages, and I know not how many books besides;—but certainly of a translation of Milton's Paradise Lost into the language of Armenia—that ranges geographically on Eden!

The Armenian character, which is a handsome one, appears to be extremely well executed in these publications; and the English characters are assuredly so. Doctor Aucher is a jocose person; but he evinces in his manner and kindness all the marks of a highly good-natured and worthy man.

Friday. However it may be, it is certain that no mainland town can enjoy greater super-abundance of country luxuries, not merely of fruit or of animal food, but of vegetables also, of butter, of milk in all freshness,—than Venice. Florence, or Naples, seems not to exceed its plentifulness and cheapness. Its draw-farms are some islands, from one to three miles off; and, unless in long inclemency of weather, it has the continent besides. Thence, also, its supplies of water are derived; but it has within itself draw-wells of considerable depth, that are in constant activity of working: they are fed by the savings of the rain water from the roofs and even from the street flagging, to which a tendency is given that conducts the water to the receptacles allotted as preliminary reservoirs. None of these comforts, not even the necessaries of milk and of imported water, seem incumbered with the cost of carriage across the lagunes. Nor do articles of foreign importation appear affected by custom-house duties.

There is here a large number of Greeks, intermingling peaceably with some Turks: they are seen occupying through the day different coffee-rooms in the Piazza of St. Mark; and their assemblages, in the oriental loose vestments and turban, and in apparent lethargy of lounge and smoking, are a striking feature in the scenery of the place. Many Greeks are employed in trade; for trade seems brisk, if any thing can be inferred from the immense crowds that collect at the hour of Exchange, and the busy countenances of the groupes gathering thither and spreading thence. That there is a number of rich Jews is to be judged—if from nothing else—from the fact that of a quorum of four, whose signatures are given to a regulation of the general mercantile body, the first three names are palpably Jews,—the fourth is a Greek.

Notwithstanding this activity on a scale of exceeding crowdedness, and with it a large shew of two-masted and

other vessels of trade, with numerous placards of arrivals from, and departures for, various foreign ports, it is stated, and I conceive truly, that Venice languishes from being sacrificed to Trieste,—which latter Austria has greatly privileged. Trieste, forsooth, is German, and Venice is Italian: and Foreign is thus, even at this day, synonimous with Hostile! If this policy be not the result of infatuated ignorance, it is sheer wickedness; and, whether one or other, it acts in multifarious energy of mischief; and it will one day draw down its own curse, and work its own vengeance. The misery is, that the vengeance will stick fast with the Italians also. Who can penetrate the secrets of Providence? Who may dare even a guess at the grounds of a dispensation that neutralizes, or turns to a curse, the physical advantages of Italy, and far more, the bland kindnesses, the sensibilities, the shrewdness, the humour, the lofty genius of the Italians! I speak from feeling: I speak of Irishmen as being possessed of similar high blessings, and under a similar blast of inscrutable destiny. The crimes, and also errors, of legislation with regard to Ireland are past: this generation has had no part in them: the cure for the ills they have wrought appears next to hopeless. The oppression of Italy continues; the ills will come in gallop; the consequences may not have an end before the end of time. Certainly Carbonarism will but stir the caldron into more frightful mischief: it will be but the tunic of Nessus—accepted and worn with full warning.

Saturday. Venice is a residence of Circæan ease. Nor are gardens and trees wholly wanted to it. At one extremity of the City is a tract of sand-hills, which the French had the merit of clothing with grass and plantations, intersected by gravel walks, and to which there is access by an extent of broad quays. These gardens are a crowded resort in the evenings, Sundays particularly; and they afford delightful views of the islands in the offing, of the city and its bold

variety of structures under the golden richness of the sun; which at that time is seen beyond them. For myself, I cannot tire of the Piazzetta, at the evening hour: I shall never forget the effect, as seen from it this evening, of the sun's saffron on the line of edifices beyond the Canal, and specially where the eye just caught the façade of the Pesaro Palace: it was absolutely magical. Evening, also, is the true hour for the Piazza, and for scanning the façade of St. Mark's Church, its oriental crowd of cupolas above, and all its minute decorations of columns—many hundreds in number—bespread above the elevation of its galleries, or in clustered distribution upon the buttresses of its five Grand Portals below. Even the atmosphere, that forms the canopy of the Piazza is then, in itself, a study to an Ultramontane: after the suffusion of sunset has withdrawn behind the marble ranges on the west of the Piazza, the sky assumes a chaste brightness, which has scarcely left me the wish that moonlight should intervene to alter it. And one effect of the moon on this array of architectural relief is well supplied by the coruscations of summer lightning, which, in this climate, continues to shoot its fires for whole hours, and into late night, in harmless blaze. If their irradiation be less steady than the moon's effulgence, their flash is more vivid over the summit entablature that cuts against the sky, the almost excessive richness that roughens the structure's lengthened front, and the arcades—with their groupes of loungers—that run around below; to say nothing of its burst on that wizard pile, the Great Church, which faces west, where chiefly these splendors of the sky hold their wantoning.

These things tone the mind anew. Since my departure from Naples—I plead guilty to much of my time while there—I had given up pictures and statues as from surfeit. Even Florence had failed to restore me to the calm requisite for feeding on its galleries. But I rejoice in being able to adore

the paintings which Venice presents. It may be from the instant incitement of this new rapture, that I can prefer Titian's Assumption to the Transfiguration of Raphael. With the fullest conviction that the Venitian school of painting is rather a school of coloring, (but how magical!) and that it fails to delineate, or dreams not of expressing, the mind's energies,—I cannot but worship this noble effusion of genius;—the painter's colors rising into a blaze of effulgence, even heaven's own; the highly favored among women borne upward to heaven amid myriads of glorified spirits looking, effusing gladness and rapture; a galaxy of blest beings countlessly crowded in their host, yet each seraphic essence distinct in delineation, amidst a brilliance of glory as little sufferable as the sun's brightest radiance.

13th July. The inhabitants of Venice are, to a stranger's eye, almost as remarkable as their City, and continue to bear about them the impress of its long and splendid fate. The nobility are, for the greater part, gone to pine in poverty at Vienna, or in their own dull provincial towns on the mainland; those who remain are as invisible as spectres, the miserable inmates of their broken-hearted looking palaces. Yet their oligarchic pride has obviously grafted on the population at large a mien, a bearing, a consciousness of dignity, as remarkable among Italians at this hour as the superior port of Englishmen is among Europeans. Their features are Italian, but as far removed from the down-cast, dejected ones of other Italians, as the features of a Court-bred man are from those of a village resident, even though he were the P. P. or the Squire. This superiority is supremely remarkable in the women. To beauty of face, of a far livelier cast, and, perhaps, not less in degree, than that of the Roman women, they add a shape that disdains competition with theirs, or with any other Italian, or perhaps continental figures I have seen. And to an expression quite corresponding to their fine oval faces, they join a com-

manding air, with a vivacity, such that—if the males are courtiers in the comparison which shows other men as clowns —they are high bred dames that disdain females who, though of their own degree, are out of their caste. Add to all this, that the Venitians are universally of most ingratiating urbanity, and that cordial manner which, to say honest truth, speaks a warm heart. No quarrelling appears among them, nor the slightest symptom of it: their courtesy to strangers, their benignity, their positive services to a degree which it gives you pain to suffer, place them beyond even my first friends, the Florentines.

Whence these various symptoms of present corporeal, mental, moral dignity, may be derived, is a problem difficult to solve of a community ruled through centuries by an Oligarchy, that was heinous in its best days, and that finally, from mere rottenness, resolved itself into extinction. Certain it is, that they have left the stamp behind, of high manners free from haughtiness. As was said of the Roman Senate by the old Gauls—that they appeared gods,—a stranger may say of Venice, that it is a city of nobles: its *popolo basso* has an air of nobility.

After all, the solution of this problem may be abundantly simple. Carriages, the noble Venitians had none: concealment they enjoyed equally in a casino or a gondola, as in the recesses of their own palaces. Yet a propensity for show, and the assertion of self importance is innate in man, and will display itself, though under the jealous constraint of a system that supported itself by the hellish mysteries of a State inquisition. From the unique situation of their city, St. Mark's Piazza was, with the exception of the theatres, the sole place of display. When a thousand big-wigs filled the Grand Council Hall, every Sunday, in the latest stage of the State's decrepitude,—when, every other day, the various other Chambers into which, in countless sections, the jealousy of these politicians set one fraction of autho-

rity to counter-work another,—when these, with more or less show, held, even here, their every day sittings,—there must have been always a hundred groupes of unemployed lounging nobles scattered without-side. Versailles, in the time of Louis le Grand, could not have counted more idle courtiers than this heart's core of a metropolis lorded by nobles, who, unless in doors, had no other place to congregate, or almost to plant their feet. Add the female congress here, which continues even yet in hey-dey, as we see from the sittings, through half the night, twice in the week, of a thousand or two thousand of belles, unquestionably lady-like, be the real stations of very many of them what they may: certainly of many more of them the rank is, as for ages past it has been, the most exalted. Here is a phenomenon without parallel in Italy beside, or at all in Paris—where such a mixture of ranks in the one assemblage can be avoided, and would be held intolerable.

Taking into account these peculiarities, I more than suspect that what strikes with astonishment among the fallen sons and daughters of Venice, and also among its actual occupants of inferior degree—is the echo of high times that are gone by. Why be surprised that the stamp is distinct on all the orders of her population? This Piazza was equally the arena of display to the lowest classes as to the highest. Shut up from the main-land and from peasant rusticity, unceasingly congregated from every purlieu of their city, into the one scene of it—a sort of grand kernel;—the lowest had no other exemplar of manners but the best:—like Omai, the South Sea savage, who learned European behaviour in the first London circles, and differed not in general proprieties from an Earl Sandwich, of the courtliest accomplishments, (the story is told in Boswell)—Venitian artisans acted the correctness of their crowds of nobles. Not merely may conduct, and gesture, and manner—and grace too!—be thus put into copy: style of features and of

person may also propagate itself, as in Jacob's cattle colors were reduced to a set pattern. Never was so large a lesson concentrated for constant perusal, under circumstances evermore inviting to copy, as here; and never was lesson more profitably attended to.

Many peculiarities of manner have passed away under the change of masters: for instance, the Venitian carnival, once the foremost in its way in Italy, is now a mere nothing. Regattas are wholly unheard of. Even much of costume in dress is evaporated. I enquired particularly after the Zendale, but I am told it has disappeared: it is described to me as having been an article of witchcraft in woman's dress: it was black—quite thin, and seen through almost like gauze, disguising, while it gave a stimulus to see the wearer,—possessing with the protecting power of a cloke, the properties of a veil, not over the bosom merely, but the face, the shape, all that is lovely of woman's person, and clothing the entire figure with a mysterious charm,—while from wreathing the head-dress it floated round, or, in coquettish management, rustled down to the lower garments—black also,—with which it finally blended and lost itself. Even now Venitians, old enough to remember it, have described to me its powers with regretful enthusiasm.

The thick ancle of one portion of my country-women has been recorded by some, and talked into a national opprobrium by more of the sister island: but the foot of the Venitian females—of China minuteness—seems a generic distinction, often too skilfully displayed. Piquancy is a prevalent quality among them: that condiment may here or there be omitted: but high blitheness refreshes you evermore.

SECTION XI.

Monday, 14th July. This evening's dusk shut me out finally from Venice. The moon was just so far advanced as to give the front of St. Mark's Church, and that façade of its piazza of which the substructure is Sansovino's, with the projections in silver, the recesses in shade, and the moving groupes giving life to this peerless place. She was more potent, at the ultimate crisis of parting, over the large canals, and the palaces and churches on their quays, and in the long lines in reflection of her lustre across the Lagune, over which our boat was in movement. A cloud blackened her out; and then we had numerous lights twinkling from the gondolas engaged in promenade around, to which such a precaution is needful to prevent collision in the night.—Finally, I can say that I have realised all the fancies I fed on when, thirty years back, I ran riot through the Mysteries of Udolpho, then just published. I congratulate myself, that though my hair be strongly tinged with grey, I am in this respect as much a boy as I was then, with the world's cares in great part before me.

My conveyance was a large boat with a decked cabin, which poled, not rowed, most of the way to the main,—so shallow is the lagune, even in the trackway, which is marked out by a line of posts, that constituted formerly one of the defences of Venice,—an approach to which was dangerous when these direction-posts were removed. On entering the Brenta, the boat was drawn by horses in canal fashion: an

hour after day-break we were received into a higher level by an absolute canal lock; and arrived by seven at Padua, after a slow and stupid course.

Proceeded for Verona in an open carriage, in company with a young Nobleman, returning from the baths of la Battaglia. He too was this morning detained at Padua for three hours, as I had been before, by the necessity of waiting till the Office of Police opened, which was towards eleven! This young man was of very gentlemanly manners, as well as of most active good nature. I minute the fact in connexion with another that is proof of the mean literary education, or, if not, the provincial vulgarism by which such a youth was marked: his dialect was one of the basest in Italy, or in any rank of Italians. Even in Venice I could compass its poor or gross irregularities of pronunciation and phrase: yet this elegantly mannered person, obviously of superior station, and belonging to the best society, could express himself only in a jargon so vile, as exceedingly to restrain our mutual attempt at conversation, and finally to quench it; though his courtesies were alive to the last, and his good offices substantially useful.

From Padua to VICENZA is a boundless flat, and the road is blinded by the usual triple crop of Italy. Visited at Vicenza that Olympic Theatre of Palladio—simple, beautiful, majestic,—inducing regret that its interior detail is not in marble instead of plaister and wood. Had but time to see various Palace façades, the works of Palladio also, Vicenza having been his native city, and his residence. For what I did see I am indebted to the kind management of my Italian fellow traveller.

Quitting Vicenza, an enclosure of the Euganean Alps extends in amphitheatric ranges, on both sides and in front for several miles: they exhibit the purest and easiest forms; and their coloring is finely broken, from the varieties of the soil and the strata, and from the soft clothing of woods

which intersperse the cultivation. These exquisite heights are relieved by numerous architectural decorations, of highly picturesque embellishment. Just without the City-gate, a crowd of matchless edifices is seen, as thickly scattered as Citizens' boxes close on the suburbs of an English town: of these edifices let me instance the Triumphal Arch—the Church of the Madama di Monte, with the Portico in ascent to it, which extends half a mile—the Casino on the summit of the mountain—and the Rotunda which, repeated by the enthusiasm of the Earl of Burlington, is to be seen in duplicate at Chiswick. Here the site of the original—this charming height—is appropriate to the structure; nineteen-twentieths of England might fail to afford scenery of similar or suitable adaptation to the Chiswick fac-simile: at least, present impressions impel me to pronounce, that the views which this Rotunda commands are as much beyond those in average through England, as Palladian structures disdain competition with the brick villas of our retired citizens. Nor is this lovely landscape confined to foregrounds, or to the vicinity of Vicenza: in the progress onward, the hills are seen to melt, line behind line, in enchanting gradation, into remotest distance.

After passing Montebello, these hills subside to the south, and in front: the northern ranges hold on, and declare themselves the Tyrolean Alps. Rich foregrounds, detached from them, still continue, with their summits thrown into expression by pinnacled structures: and, here, once more, the smaller towns are perched on a crag, or a cliff, that breaks from the mountain brow. One town, about four miles from Montebello, is particularly remarkable: it is walled and turreted, and holds within its enclosure a loftier pile, that was once, of course, an antique Castle, now converted into an imposingly grand edifice in villa style.

The vicinity of the road was delightful, until night blotted out the detail. That tree of sweetest green leaf, the

mulberry, gave its lucid richness to the general complexion of foliage: the vines here were not merely garlanded from stem to stem of their supporting trees, but were in terraced face of the heights, in which way I had not seen them during a long course of journey. The foreground hills mount in great terrace also, formed of sod—not stone—a sight renewed after similar long intermission. Whether lining the lower or the lofty terrace heights, the vine was equally in dense luxuriance.—To Verona at nine, within the gate of which the moon displayed one of the most spacious streets I have seen in any city.

Wednesday. Whatever sense or nonsense may have mingled with the deliberations of the recent Congress, taste has assuredly been evinced in fixing its assemblage in this most fair city of Verona,—gracious in its aspect in all points. Its noble palaces are doubly, trebly, numerous enough to lodge not merely all the sovereigns and ministers, and all their secretaries and dependent suites,—but also to have given fitting accommodation to those mighty co-equals of the high allied powers—the quid-nunc purveyors to the Newspaper press, pending their task of coining into diurnal history all the fictions of all the lazy forenoons, got up amidst the tedium of deciphering the fronts of the houses, or the fancies which their readings in the grounds of their coffee must have supplied,—had they been but permitted to shew themnelves here! Be the Austrian government censured for what else it may, it shewed tact in selecting Verona, as a man of various estates and mansions might do, when entertaining his choicest circle of friends. It is a scene of ingratiating beauty. Omitting to speak farther of the many palaces, the houses which line its streets, though handsome, are not of that duplicated height which gives stupidity to so many towns: the aspect of the population is contented, to liveliness. Enshrining, and overhanging it, is a noble champaigne country, and a range of vine-terraced and wooded hills.

Bounding the city in one tract, and bending through it in another, is that most impetuous offspring of the Alps, the Adige: four bridges over this river; the grandest of the four shut out from use under the pretext of fear being entertained of its stability: the real ground for the exclusion is its subservience to the castle, which was constructed together with it, in 1354, and with as much parade as modern art can furnish for suiting it to the purpose of a street fortress. This style, combining with the magnitude of the castle structure, gives to the bridge the air of an appendage, though one of its arches is of the enormous span of 142 French feet. True it is that its height does not give adequate dignity to such an arch, to which the companions are of seventy and eighty-two feet respectively. A much more striking object is that other bridge, the Ponte Pietra: on the off bank, at the foot of which it is placed, is a hill which is largely covered with the remains of an ancient castle. Of the bridge itself two of the arches are the work of antiquity, and one of their abutments is much worn away by the sheer action of the water: the portion besides these two arches has been repeatedly mended, or restored, in modern time. In proximity to this bridge is a long range of houses, built on the brink of the river, their outer supports being raised on abutments based within its bed, and continually washed by its surges—to such a breadth, that the floor of the undermost stories is, in great part, directly over the water. The impetuously mad torrent, if it has been unable to prostrate any of these abutments, has, in the lapse of centuries, grievously worn away their substance.

Here then is no want of the picturesque: nor where Palladio, Sansovino, and San Michele, (this last the architect of the citadel, and rival in genius to the other two)—have been, can there be any want of embellishment. Beyond the usual course of such embellishments are the several triumphal arches, and that celebrated relic, the amphitheatre.

Of this last, would that for the effect on the eye it were a ruin altogether. One venerable fragment is left of th exterior cincture, high in air over the great body of the edi fice beside—from which it is detached in character, and almost in position.* The interior of this body, thus reduced in height, is kept in repair for the exhibition of spectacles of various character, of which it continues to be occasionally the theatre : the person in charge of it tells me that all its seats, in each circle up to the highest, were filled at differ- ent shews exhibited within it, during the late Congress. It may be waywardness; but the interior keeping is too neat for me, when I combine with it numerous recollections, and the contrast of the past with the present. Its appear- ance in moonlight, by which I also viewed it, is miserable, owing to its curt elevation of two short stories of window arches. Could the fragment, that retains an elevation of three, be prolonged to even half a curtain for the kernel, it would be materially otherwise. That fragment is a rever- end, though a forlorn memento of the structure when its front was dignified by a bold cornice, by pilasters, by the various embellishments of the architect and the sculptor,—and when, in the interior, its arcades encircled the central oval mass in a vast and continued corridore. So much of this basement corridore remains as is commensurate with the four arched porches, which constitute the breadth of the fragment: the cor- responding rings of corridore to the stories above, are van- ished ; and thus it is that two-thirds in height of the frag- ment stands disparted from the inner edifice, and isolated in the air.

Of a street in this city, I collect, from the tablet inscrip- tion on its corner, that the name is "the Four Swords." I am fanciful enough to believe that this name may have re-

* A Church and a Convent in the vicinity are known to have been built out of materials supplied by this amphitheatre.

ference to the story of Romeo and Juliet,—of which we know the groundwork to have been real, and the narrative o have been translated into English, by which means it came within the range of Shakespeare. I court discovery of the incident of which this street was the actual scene—which probably, not blackletter books, but tradition only could disclose.

Thursday. Left Verona, before four, in rain: a dull drive to PESCHIERA,—a very strong Citadel, within which the Austrians are now erecting many new buildings,—among them, ranges of barracks for Privates, that are fit for British Field-officers, to the disgust of their Lombard subjects, and in outrage on common sense. Here the Mincio, retaining its ancient name, breaks from the Lake of Guarda—by two channels, insulating Peschiera—in impetuous speed, and very large volume; and I was wise enough to feel delighted at finding this fine river pellucid to its utmost depth, which is many feet, and shewing the very pebbles that are strewed over its bed: its waters have a sweet amethyst tinge.* I am told they retain the same pure character at Mantua, twenty miles down, though in the marshes.†

* A tinge similar to that of the Rhone, as it issues from the Lake of Geneva, than which nothing can be more exquisite.

† Mr. Eustace talks of the Mincio as "a little streamlet,"—with the contempt of fact that pollutes his book from end to end. Let us come to accuracy in its most sober gravity.

Poor Gibbon, through sheer lapse of the pen, gives the river to flow into the lake; and for lapses such as these, venial as the errors of a printer, Mr. Hobhouse persecutes him, throughout his Illustrations of Childe Harolde, with unrelenting flagellation. It moves one's bile to see a writer, guiltless of having imbibed a ray of Gibbon's spirit, engaged in the elaborate discussion—aye, and overthrow—of errors on his part, which proceeded from the mere wandering of the fingers in mechanic volubility, while the mind was in reverie; and which, through similar lapse, in his revision of a work of long and minute toil, escaped his detection. Error, however petty, in such a writer, deserves and demands correction: but why bring a surgeon's whole apparatus of instruments into operation, where a patch of court-plaister would suffice for all decent Æsculapian purpose!

Coasted the lake hence to Dezenzano, twenty miles from Verona. The weather, gradually clearing, permitted me to command this fine sheet of water. It is much similar in form to Loch Lomond; but being thirty-six miles long by twelve at the base, Italian measure, the Scottish lake is a reduced likeness of it, with the advantage of having islands, of which the Italian has but one or two. In the arrangement of their boundary accompaniments, there is also some similarity between the two lakes: but here, for Grampians we have Alps, which are more befitting to an expanse of four or five times the superficies of the Scotish Lake.

The lake of Guarda has rather flat shores on its S.E. quarter, and falls into marsh on its southern margin: but all along its N.E. shore, N. and all round W., it is environed with mountains of abrupt and steep face, which are disparted from each other by similar precipitousness. The cloud rests on the range farthest north; and I am here three hours: I can figure in that quarter something like Loch Lomond, though much more fractured in its parts, if it be in keeping with the nearer boldly-featured mountains. Far west is an island, with the appearance from this station of an isthmus and a deep bay beyond: and to the right in front is what at

This species of criticism would seem to be Mr. Hobhouse's forte. A recent Parliamentary debate gives a curious comment on small cleverness holding Session on the brave neglects of minds of a higher order. Mr. Hobhouse brought against Mr. Peel the serious charge of having used, in that night's debate, the expression "mathematical demonstration," which Mr. Peel, as a good boy, promised to avoid for the future, even "in flumine orationis," wherever Mathematics were not the subject;—and the farther charge, then first brought into plaint, of having—in a debate two years back—spoken the words "permanent emergency,"—which Mr. Hobhouse—with the fair qualification of that gravity that "ever loves a joke"—admitted to comparative absolution on the score of Mr. Peel's having been Secretary in Ireland. In faint set off to this, it could only be alleged by Mr. Peel, that his critic, a privateer in cruise for peccadillos of small syllable—without the plea of having been corrupted in Ireland—in his very speech conveying this dread disclosure of verbal enormities, had himself the dash to accuse Mr. Peel of tumbling headlong into a pit, "quite full with the "carcases of those who had preceded him."

first I mistook for a considerable island, with its town; it is, in fact, the termination of a peninsula running from the lake's southern base, and so little raised above the water in all its length, with the exception of this its high and rocky conclusion, as to elude the eye. Even where the shore begins to flatten at S.E. beyond this seeming island, are different craggy rocks, with almost the distinct form of castled fortresses, or inviting something castellated to crown them.

After writing what has preceded, and almost in preparation for departure, a clearing away of the clouds and intermission of sunshine exposed the lake's whole extent from the utmost north, in onward spread hither, over fourteen leagues of an Alpine gorge. The mighty mountains in that vast distance are broken into admirable variety of parts;—one, to the west of north, so serrated and so headlong, as to remind me of my especial favorite in the Valais, the Dent du Midi, as seen from the Lake of Geneva. Indeed, the recesses of this gorge are the fulfilment of what that grandest part of the Valesan valley must exhibit if floated with a lake—that lake of such width as to preclude gloom, overhung with stupendous mountains, not so lumped together as to be wall-like, in fashion of the northern bounderies of its reduced likeness, Loch Lomond,—but in freedom of parts and ever-changeful character, far counterbalancing its rectilinear tendency of direction. If the northern termination of Loch Lomond did not wind somewhat among its mountain recesses, it would fall sorely short as a lake making high pretensions.

While wrapt in admiring the rich light and shade of the middle distance, and exploring and fixing in my mind the features of the northern reach, a cap of clouds appeared on the N.W., which at once blackened and blotted out the entire distance. A hurricane came on from that point, the march of which all the people came forth from their houses to witness. A white line of foam, seen many miles off,

in continuous and absolutely rectilinear extension across the lake's utmost breadth, was the precursor of countless parallel ranges behind it of crested billows, shewing a front as horrid as a sea-cliff of dread precipitousness—if a sea-cliff could be found in nature in an accurate right line of so many miles as this lake's breadth: this hideous array approached with a fleetness beyond that of any animal movement—for it was with the speed of tempest, and under its fury, that these surges swept on, till they reached our shore. This they lashed with a rage that threw each wave into high and wild dispersion. I saw them clear a garden wall on the water's edge, and beyond that the second or parallel boundary wall, eight feet high, enclosing the garden from the road—which road was bespread with the sheets that, at each lash of breakers against the strand, overleaped the two walls and the garden's breadth. Not one drop of rain. Clouds of dust and whirlpools of all loose matter in the streets were in the angriest motion: all doors and windows were made fast, and the streets cleared at once of all utensils which in this climate are so usually out of doors, and might be carried off or broken. When all was made fast, the town's people of all descriptions stood fixed in amazed attention. One Italian remarked to me, that he must suppose this scene of infuriated lake greatly to resemble a stormy sea—the sea being, as he went on to admit, much larger. Thus times and generations go by; and thus was emitted by this person, from whom I elicited that he had not read Virgil—what Virgil near two thousand years ago observed of this lake, his Benacus, parent of the Mincius:

> Teque
> Fluctibus et fremitu adsurgens, Benace, marino.
> Against th' affrighted shore
> Benacus storms with ocean's surge and roar.

The storm continued to rage ashore, as well as over the

lake and its strand, so that it delayed our departure for an hour or two;—the vetturino appearing sincere in his fears that it must cause the overturn of his carriage.

Got at length under way to BRESCIA, eighteen miles, close under the skirts of the Alps on one side: though skirts, they are lofty mountains: a rich, and seemingly interminable plain extends on the left. Brescia, as a city, is sadly in contrast with Verona; but its numerous and narrow streets are in the activity of manufacturing and trading stir.

Friday. The chain of the Alps, skirted yesterday evening, runs to Bergamo: the course of this morning, inclining less to the right, holds it in command: and such a chain! a number of them decked more or less in snow: then the unending continuity of range the eye takes in at once; their outline most forcible, their fantastic spires here and there wantoning into vagary that breaks their onward sweep of summit, and fixes the astonished mind on portions of the array. Even their less haughty members, ragged as a saw, and bare as absolute stone, excite emotions, in comparison with which those raised by the Appennines are imbecility.

After a few leagues, the road—a majestic one, recently constructed and greatly crowded—gets into a region which would be utterly stupid from its rank vegetation of hedge-rows and of Indian corn of a dozen feet high, but that it is one net-work of streams, partitioning, not merely field from field, but each and every field into sections. These streams are fed by a succession of rivers, in course from the Alps onward to the Po,—most of them from the lake of Iseo, which the map shows to be far inferior to Guarda, but which pours its waters in strangely numerous outlets, of the character of third rate rivers of very impetuous torrent. I counted one of these violent rivers across the road in every three or four miles travelling;—in more than one instance, three or four in one mile. These rivers are subdivided, ever as they proceed, into reticulation round and through the fields,

by channels that, when narrow are highly enlivening from their gush, and when broad, as very usually they are, delight with the prodigality of rich display of that noble element, even while thus subservient to agricultural purposes. The scene was to me wonderfully new, of such a river as the Oglio, suffering in its rage a distribution into numerous courses, each a broad impetuous river; and for the mile or more before coming on such a course, or on the very river,—the progress over the streams deduced thence: and after a similar traverse on the off side, the advance on other rivers of the same character as the Oglio, similarly subjected to the humble tasks presented by the husbandman, or in plethory of wave holding their floods in reservoir for his further distribution. In the village where we lay by for mid-day, I had an opportunity to explore the details of this: I found the country no where poached: all was sound ground: all was exuberant fertility and gladness;—water no less profusely pouring in a contracted channel its forceful body, or giving in a wider one its lucid expanse—than wood in full counterpoise, giving play to such life and luxury of water and its reflections; mere dull plane surface and husbandman's coil brought into combination and picture, and imparting high-wrought enjoyment;—such is the beauty, the brilliancy, the gush and bustle, the refreshment in minutest distribution and endless intricacy, through many miles of scene of this kind after scene, and over the whole region.

A question suggests itself, what may be the prominent differences between the plains of the Netherlands, and these of Lombardy: I speak of that part of the Netherlands which I have seen, no where north of Antwerp; and from the recollections of a bird of passage, impaired by a thirteen months subsequent activity. In the first place, there is to the former a want that even imagination cannot supply, for it possesses not, in that country, the faculty of supposing the majestic masses which guard and give glory to the horizon-

here. On the other hand, all at the foot of these is an almost mathematical flat, horizontal to the eye, but that the rush of continually recurring river, implies an inclined plane. Little of Flanders is without something that ever and anon relieves its weariness of surface from absolute plane: yet its best rivers are but pools prolonged into continuity; its canals are of almost as good stamp as its rivers. Then its mearing dikes are mud and duck-weed if wet, and dusty trench if their water be evaporated. Yet theirs is often a drenched country, and water is often agriculturally their wealth. How different the action of that element here! This difference I trace to the Alps, from which, as from nature's grandest reservoirs, pour a throng of rivers that elsewhere would be held mighty and have celebrated names—but of the greater part of which, the names are unread and unknown out of Lombardy: these rivers bearing in their fury through countless ages, the spoils of the mountain surface, have with their deposit, coated the low ground into such an absolute level as facilitates that manifold distribution of bounty consequent on the gush of wave through all the recesses of their grounds—each fraction of each field being refreshed by its crisped and wanton and brisk brook. On the contrary, the Netherlands have the appearance—the result, I trow, of the fact—of their having been once covered, and since deserted, by the ocean: the long and lazy swells of their surface have neither been deepened into valley nor levelled into plane by their rivers, that have no head nor height from which to rush, and that do not lounge but ouze through ditches, complimented under the name of channels of river. In the heavy midland counties of England are one and other specimen of water-dike, passing under this misnomer of river,—that are scarcely moving plashes.

The results may be traced in the character of either people. In Flanders the soil is as fat as it well can be: it is heavy also, and appears to give its wealth by the dint of labour of

man and beast and, I had almost said, farming utensil, all to strength composed, and all working to the top of their power. Here, with no lack of industry surely, is the shew, as if all produced were an effect, not of labour, but of wish, an effect elegantly educing itself without any cause that appears. Gunpowder thus and fire-arms operate as by volition, and with a force that sets at nought the coil of hacking and hewing and exertion of man in battle strife of the olden time, which could but put forth bodily strength and toil of sinew.

The transition is a direct one to buildings—and if so, to taste generally. The Flemings use horses, and great ones, most largely—the Italians, little. Hence provision by the former of hay: with them too, corn is stacked. By the Italians corn is at once threshed out: they are, at this moment, every where merrily engaged in treading out the grain by cattle, or threshing it with the flail—four instances of the first, for one of the second mode. Consequence is, that crop and cattle being housed in Flanders, a mode of house-building has been struck out which, comprehending in the one edifice haggard, stabling, and often the farmer's family,—aims at space and covert without regard to compactness of structure: hence the enormous roof, the excrescent corners, the uncouthly outlined, and clumsily dimensioned shapes, all the monstrosities of Flemish, and also German and Swiss house-building — which is but barn-building. This has passed to their churches, and that most frequent figure in Flemish landscape, their steeples,—that, wherever they are not elaborately surcharged with finery, are enormously coarse. Contrast with this the Italian buildings, where no such mighty storage is required, where winter store can find its place in the basement story, where all above is laid out for coolness; corridores and balconies, which, though open, are a protection from the rain—that here falls plumb—to all matters that do not find room beneath, and which in summer, when their deposits are expended, are a scene of ex-

patiation to the family, in preference to the chambers that range from them. Need we wonder then, at quite another style of building, that can as cheaply compass beauty as clumsiness, and has elegance in absolute temptation for its exercise. It were superfluous to say a word as to the effects on their ecclesiastical architecture, even where it runs into the Gothic: even there, the Italian campanile stands aside of its principal, or apart from it, in its own consummate regularity and grace.

19th July. MILAN.—Such were, in outline, the speculations in which I indulged yesterday evening at my village inn of Treviglio. The progress thence has been through a country of more open expanse, still traversed by numerous rivers,—one of them the mighty Adda, the sole outlet of the Lake of Como: here too is a magnificent Canal, the work of Leonardo da Vinci, who appears to have been as distinguished an engineer as he was a painter; for he perfected this Canal, after its execution had foiled several who had preceded him in the attempt.

Throughout this course through Lombardy, I had scarcely met the real Lombardy Poplar: this morning some lines of them occurred. The stiffness of their boughs, rising diagonally from the stem, usually affects my eye in a similar way to that produced by an apothecary's vial rack: the boughs have not the air of growing out of the stem, and being fed by it; but appear as though they had once formed the exterior substance of the trunk, and had been detached from it, except at the angle of junction, by some explosive force acting from within. I dislike them in maturity in any situation, unless in the utmost sparingness. Luckily other descriptions of poplar have all their good qualities without their starved spiring meanness.

To MILAN soon after nine.

In the afternoon to COMO. The little square in front of my old inn, and the passage in rere of the inn, are now co-

vered, some feet deep, with lake water; and boats ply in the market-place, that is still more remote from the shore. The communication, where boats are not used, is upheld by foot-ways, laid on scaffolding along the fronts of the houses. Within the premises, the court and basement story are similarly covered with water; and a passage to the stair-case is only to be had by planks over scaffolding like that in the streets. This is a periodical visitation, consequent on the swellings of the lake from the summer's effects on the Alpine snows. A bar across the Adda, where it breaks from the lake, has gone on encreasing into such an impediment as to deny an adequate outlet to these freshes, which are thrown back to the injury of the lake's entire shores. An estimate of the expense required for its removal has been obtained; beyond this step, the Government has done nothing.

20th July. To the lake and town of LUGANO. An aged female peasant in Westmorland, on an occasion of giving me directions as to a route, used the expression, in respect to the scenery it led through, "I would find it the loveliest "track my feet had ever trod." Of this road from Como to Lugano, the remark holds good to the letter.

Getting out of the old town of Como—a large one—is another that is distinct from it by position, and more so by character: it is an aggregate of very numerous villas, of which the proprietors are Milanese nobles, with which class of society, the vicinity of this lake is a favourite summer resort. Many more of these spacious and handsome mansions are distributed over the impending mountains, at various heights, and in the happiest sites; they are the more conspicuous from the white, which is universally the color of their exterior. At the village of Chiasso, two miles from Como, is the Swiss frontier, not formed by any break of nature, but merely a conventional line: beyond it, the territory of Lu-

gano, though Swiss by cantonal confederation, is Italian by nature and in language.

The road winds over the mountains embosoming Como, till it gets into the rere of that range which is the western barrier of Como lake. It proceeds through a series of vallies that includes every element which a wish could call in to perfect the beauty of that species of scenery—the hills of constantly changing forms, clothed in the various exuberance that gladdens in an Italian climate,—the soil here being of that gravelly description (quite compatible with fertility) of which the calcareous friability is every where exhibited by a play of surface that speaks amenity to the eye:—The mountains which overhang these hills do not mass together in compact ranges, but throw themselves severally into isolated positions; they are mountains in majesty with the loveliness of hills. The vallies that wind among these dispersed mountains are open, peculiarly lively, and luxuriant.

The houses are all of perfect stability and in the best repair, propriety, and cleanliness;—every symptom evinces competence and comfort. These houses are often isolated by their respective gardens, rich in vegetable products, and gay in shrubs and flowers;—their sites are very often eminently fine, occasionally extremely bold. Frequently these single houses groupe into a village; and here and there in so few miles of road—a dozen to the lake,—is a town, not merely handsome in the approach, but neat and well arranged in its interior details. The effect of these groupes of village building, and these pretty towns, is farther set off by an extraordinary number of campaniles, some of which are, to me, of new and pleasing forms. From all of these, the bells were giving their summons to the service of Mass. It was delightful to see a healthy, and an industrious people clad in their Sunday dress, with a sober simplicity that looks down on the gew-gaw and trickery, in which I have so often

loathed to witness the dirt of a squalid and indolent population parade on their festivals.

In finish to all this home scenery of every pleasing kind, I had, through occasional intervals of the mountains in front, one or other giant potentate of the Alps mantled in his eternal snow. So sweet a suite of scenery my eye never rejoiced in. True, it contains no special succession of shew spots ; but it is a tract most rich in its diversity of objects, each perfect in all its parts, each part admirable in its way, and the whole in unison.

Beyond a town called Mendrisio, the road runs under an immense precipice ; and as though it had been tiresomely dull before, and had reserved itself till now, to give sudden and special delight, the lake breaks on the eye here ;—a small bay first :—having coasted this for a mile, the off shore being often limestone precipice,—you see another tract of the lake that branches thence. The mountain which creates the separation sweeps direct into the water : in common with the other mountains in its connexion, it is luxuriantly clothed with chestnut, except where the naked rock forbids, or a torrent has torn away the cliff's face. A mile onward, with but room on the water's edge for the road, advantage is taken of the narrowness of the lake in that spot for a ferry, which I crossed by a boat, that is ample enough to admit a carriage to be driven from the pier on its deck; with the horses unyoked,—that may be landed similarly. The course still continues northward along the off, or western side—the barrier to which for two miles is a mountain, named St Salvador, that descends to the water in a sheet of precipice : the apex on it its ridge is crowned by a plain dwelling house of fair dimensions ; its site is frightful, its occupant a hermit.* Along the face of this precipice the road forms a

* Ebel specifies the height of this headlong mountain to be 1,980 French feet.

ledge, high above the lake, and guarded merely by a palisading. From this gallery ledge full command is had of the eastern coast, along the margin of which the preceding part of the road is conducted, but which is so entirely overhung by wooded cliffs, as to have precluded there a glimpse of their character. These cliffs now showed as the parts of a precipitous, ragged, limestone mountain, bare of vegetation over nearly half its surface; the remainder clothed with cultivation almost in despite of nature. Onward from the ferry where that shore had been left, those bold eastern brows are seen to recede from the water, and the character of the succeeding heights becomes more lumpish, with a more general clothing of forest, the sheet of which has been greatly furrowed by the winter torrents. Succeeding these, and in the style of a promontory, is a nobly fractured mountain, round the base of which a detached reach of the lake winds in N.E. direction, into a remoteness which it is exercise to the eye to explore.* The boundary mountains of this reach are especially ragged, and spire into numerous pyramids; they are the most naked, most savage, and severe of the train any where in cincture of the lake.

Having passed the line of St. Salvador mountain, the lake is seen to open on the left into its most spacious bay; and full in front is the neat and substantial town of Lugano, rising from the water up to a hilly site: in first background to it is a richly cultivated, and then a heavily wooded amphitheatre of mountain skirt, finally rearing itself into a meagrely clothed, coarsely channelled mountain.

From Lugano quay, two sister mountains are fine objects; each resembles a truncated pyramid in form, and is of the loveliest coloring; they frame in the bay on either hand; and between them, on its off-side, is seen a rugged, wooded,

* Keller's map, in which I have the most entire confidence, makes it a reach of eight English miles, besides the main trunk, which exceeds half a league.

gullied mountain—of elongated figure, and quite different character—being the hither termination, to the north, of that reach which runs so remotely N. E. In this view all the rest of the lake is shut out,—a charming picture.

In the first general view of this lake's cincture, be it observed, that the mountains composing it are of the character of those from Como on to Mendrisio, that enclose a range of dry valley—the lake being held as a floated one. In either case each mountain takes its own position, without reference to that of its neighbour; and all are in easy distribution. All here run into the water in precipice or half precipice, with the exception of a few spots where room is found for a little village and its gardens. It is thus that on the eastern shore, after leaving it at the ferry, three villages have place, while on the side confronting it, there is scarcely a human habitation from the lake's southern extremity to the bend that forms Lugano bay. The lumpish amphitheatre behind the town of Lugano, is in still larger exception to the averment, which ascribes universally magnificent precipitousness to the shores of this lake.

The garniture of these shores is chesnut forest, wherever any thing can grow: where the rock is naked, its face—of bright pearl color—is shattered into playfulness such at once and boldness of features as is indescribable.

In the two tracts where the mountains recede somewhat from the water, there is comparatively little rock, and the clothing of their surface is less in forest guise, wearing rather the dress of human planting. It would seem that their greater degree of slope had permitted the adherence of some slight coating of soil to their substratum of stone,—or that under some physical process, their calcareous surface had undergone decomposition and mouldered into a homeliness adapted to utility. Be the cause what it will, these mountains are lower in crest, more unvaried in surface, and un-

wieldy in their general shape;—which is the more striking from their being contrasted with the blazingly resplendent pyramids of naked stone, and with the headlong forest sweeps of the brilliant green that chestnut foliage gives,—which are to be seen all around elsewhere.

Such a summary of the mountains cincturing this lake,—plain there is none,—taken in connexion with its positive dimensions and its figure as shewn by the map,—would suffice to describe any lake I have seen except this of Lugano: in respect to it, the task is but half done. Its haughty and lovely shores are set within a farther, and I may say beyond that, within a third framing of mountains, that have a distinct reference to the lake which is contained by the innermost. To understand this, it needs but to recal the fact that these innermost being in free relation among each other —but how far from disconnexion!—leave intervals by which the back distances are commanded; and with this to associate the farther fact, that these second and third are with respect to the innermost, conspicuously paramount in altitude. Hence these back ranges, that are of most savage character, contract a positive relation with the water, while they are in distinctness of series as among themselves, and often in supremely exquisite composition with tracts of the inmost chain. In these combinations the heavier mountains bear a distinguished part. To say nothing of their dingy vegetable robing, (which supplies one element more to the general variety of coloring) their more supine length gives hardier elevation to the limestone raggedly edged ridges that from the rere look them, despite their positive grandeur, into pettiness of size. It is specially thus that aback of the lazy, yet mighty semicircle of mountain behind Lugano town and bay, are seen in a two-fold line and a glorious display of distances, those shaggy crests of calcarous rock, one supereminent behind the other,—both of them in absolute nakedness of stone that, from its resplendence, has the majesty of a cloth-

ing of snow,—but with a brokenness of surface and multiplicity of hues that snow never can rival.

The character of this lake somewhat resembles that of Lucerne: it is of less magnitude, and its direct accompaniments are less magnificent: it has less severity, and greater variety of general outline,—that outline more beautifully sinuous in the detail. In its appenage of second and third retiring ranges of cincture, and the effects which result from them, it is without competition,—it is unique.

It is a lake which, did time permit, I could devote an autumn to explore in all its recesses, and to study, under each changeful guise of coloring, every particular picture, whether of the savagely grand or the graceful, that is in round of its extraordinarily irregular figure. No lake that I have seen has for me such charms in such multifold combination, or speaks such promise to realize that repose and refreshment which—in Mrs. Radcliffe's Romance of the Forest—is derived by the heroine after an escape to the shore of that fancied lake, the residence of La Luc, as described in the chapter, to which these lines of Beattie are given as the motto:

> Hail awful scenes that calm the troubled breast,
> And woo the weary to profound repose,
> Can passion's loudest uproar lull to rest,
> And whisper comfort to the man of woes!

Perhaps that chapter and its adjuncts are among the thoroughly best things Mrs. Radcliffe has written.

At the inn of Lugano, a game of cross-purposes with an English gentleman and lady, whom, I had first taken for granted to be Italians, and subsequently surmised to be French, and who had not dreamed of my being English—gave rise to some remarks of the waiter, a shrewd fellow, who had, as he said, understood the matter from the beginning, and only knowing assuredly that I was not Italian,

yet had inferred my nation as almost to a certainty, from my first gestures. On cross-examination, he said he could distinguish an Englishman by his most trivial act: being pressed to give an instance, he said that he had detected it in the air with which an Englishman throws off his coat to change dress!

Returned in the evening to Como. The change of the day gave an apparel of quite new coloring, and, assuredly, new shapes to the suite of mountains throughout; for it wrought quite a new character to the fore-ground mountains; and even on the utmost summits of those I had thought clearly defined, the sun's rays in a happy stream often called out pyramid and raggedness of edge from what in earlier day had seemed an unbroken crest of precipice.

Aloft over a village, where the road had just taken leave of the lake, is on a mountain ridge, a mass of rock so fantastic as to appear a completely regular cathedral pile, petrified, shall I say? if not ruined, into rock, its sidewalls lofty, and its transept, distinctly marked, equally so; the whole so unshattered as to be rather too regular for the picturesque. Of a lusus naturæ of quite another kind, let me not omit, that high on the top of one of the very numerous campaniles, a mulberry tree of respectable size has taken root, and is flourishing.

Along this rock it was the universal custom with the men to take off their hats to the stranger, in homely and as I thought, cordial salute: it was striking to me, since in Italy —from their habits of constitutional sensitiveness—the general non-observance of this rite was quite comfortable to my own constitutional shyness. In Swisserland last year, I had witnessed it in but a few districts; which I impute to a coarseness, the opposite to the impulse that puts it in abeyance among the Italians. It suites the blitheness and frankness of our Irish peasantry, though it be abhorrent to my individual reserve. Yet with that recollection—and un-

der the graciousness of the act—it seemed to me the welcome of an old friend once more met. And all these people's habits seem wholesome and hearty, and in good consistency.

21st July. Engaged a boat to explore the lake of Como, —as far as Cadenabbia—in conformity to advice which I had received.—That chamber of the lake, nearest to Como, pleased me: it is irregular as far as the Villa d'Este, and is closed to the north by a magnificent mountain that runs athwart the side-screens.

Pliny's Villa, at the head of a bay to the right, commands the second of the long chambers into which this lake seems distributed: it is a spread of solemn uniformity. The third chamber is superior to either of the former two, its expanse far more considerable, and its barrier mountains not only loftier, but more broken into parts, instead of running in a range line: the promontories at their base are much more numerous, to the appearance in one place of something like a poor island. At its further end were pointed out to me still greater mountains in the distance—the Splugen,—where some snow was visible. This portion of the lake is really fine. My farther progress was arrested by the special pleading of my boatmen, who pointed to a mean rock in shore, from which it was palpable that no view could be had, as the Cadenabbia, which had been the but of my engagement. I had before me fine hills on the left, where the northern division of the lake makes its junction with that south-western branch, in which my course had been, and with a south-eastern one that, like the Manx-figure of three legs, completes the lake's figure. The promontory, round which this third branch winds, was half a league in front, to the right,—a noble hill, on which I coveted to land, in order to ascend it, but this was refused by the boatmen, unless I came to an entirely new agreement, and on terms which must be of their laying down, from my being wholly in their

power. That they have been cheating me is certain; though from my having been so unlucky as to leave my map with my luggage at Milan, I am unable to detect in what manner. In aid of my scorn of knavery, to which a case of very strong temptation might have induced me to truckle, I felt comparative indifference—even in this finest part of the lake, and after sixteen miles progress on it,—and an absence of that impulse which would demand to be satisfied to the utmost. After much high language on both sides, the boat was put about; and I feel so composed notwithstanding, as to write on as we move.

The beauties of this lake, in general character, want incitement. A back window in a back street for me, rather than a look-out on a paddock in the country. Materials of water, wood, and mountain, give a stimulus to the expectations that, if not proportionably gratified, had better have slept. Thus it is, that with all its embellishments of buildings, both isolated and in village—its chestnut forests—and its steeply-descending mountains, my feelings remain unexcited. Give me far rather—though not half the length, and with whatever may be its deficiencies—give me Windermere, a sweeter expanse, and with mountains more rugged, smiling repose, and in due place, frequent surprise: all this is of far superior impression to that of the grandeur which holds the air of stupidity—I saw here no station that is not stupid, in comparison with Low-wood; nor any stretch of brow and head-land comparable in elegance to that which is taken in enfilade from the summer-house of Mr. Curwen, that overlooks his island. The boat was very frequently in shore, and at either side; and my eye is of as inveterate practice in making allowances as to all these matters, as that of a handy-craftsman can be in seeing the completion of his job from the raw materials on which he is set to work.

I have specified parts of this lake as being in exception

to its general character of heaviness; exception I would say, by no means redemption. Its mountain guards are positive jailers: they are rigid boundary walls—inclusive of the water, exclusive of all but the water and their own fronts. They retain also a certain average regularity of altitude. These are their main tendencies; variety of outline or boldness of feature are but occasional. Such exceptions as the southern extremity where it encircles the city of Como, or that other haughtiest portion to which my farthest course attained, cannot redeem the whole intermediate tract, throughout which there is but a single break in the mountain continuity, whether to right or left. Of course that continuity, be its altitude what it may, is degraded into the bank of a wet ditch,—into the character of which the lake, with all its fair breadth of water, becomes stupified.

The single exception of break tends in the direction of Lugano, which city, it is stated, can be seen through its narrow gorge of valley, at the distance of twelve miles from its entrance, at the village of Argegno. The population of this valley, consisting of not less than twenty six villages,—indignant at the perfidy of Buonaparte, who came into Italy preaching Liberty and Equality, and proved such a renegade as to make himself a Monarch,—rose in insurrection on receiving the news that he had assumed the Iron Crown: and he was obliged to send a force of twenty thousand *men* to suppress the commotion originating in their detestation of the disclosure that his patriotism was but the virtue of a hypocrite.

To return; in all that dozen miles of shore, and in much that is beyond it, there is not on either hand one naked rock that jets out in peninsular obstruction; still less is there the elegance and finish of one half acre of level velvet invading the water's plain. Quite to the contrary, the water line runs so close on the base of the steep, that artificial formation has been necessary to make room for the smallest

house equally with the largest palace. For the same reason, there is no road, there not being breadth for it. One road was effected from the city of Como, and along a less straitened tract, by the late Queen Caroline of England, and at an expense to her of four thousand pounds, for the purpose of obtaining access to her Villa d'Esté: this road, and a continuation of it to the villa next beyond, by its proprietor,—are exceptions in forcible confirmation of the general statement.

The elevation of these mountain blinds measures from three to four thousand feet.* Yet above the water-mark, over the whole front, and even on the summit crest, scarcely a sheet or speck of rock occurs: all is vegetation. Chestnut forest—vines with olives—and under-wood, choke the entire height, thus elongated into monotony and heavy dulness.

It were wrong to omit one embellishment of these most tedious screens,—the noble villas and other isolated houses, sometimes situated on the water-edge, but oftener scattered over the elevation of the mountains; villages similarly in dispersion; and campaniles particularly numerous.

And in returning, with a brilliancy of sun which the greyness of the morning had shut out, and with the boat still closer to the umbrage along shore, I have been able to break the long barrier more into parts, than in going up, when the eye was rather directed to outlines. Taking thus each portion of mountain surface, I have been able to expound it into beauty,—though, generally speaking, its character is severe uniformity, and a heaviness far more than equipoise to any interest which its beauty can excite wherever I have seen it—which is for full eighteen miles.

Returned to the city of Como, I have on the instant found

* I speak only of the direct guards of that branch which I have viewed: I find that the mountains impending over its northern branch, rise to double that height.

—by reference to a map at the inn, and my enquiries grounded thereon,—that my agreement with the boatmen was right in terms: of these they had litigiously pleaded the overfulfilment: they had, however, stopped short at two miles from the true Cadenabbia; and thus lost me, I dare say, a noble view up the northern branch of the lake, and what I most coveted after such a course of contraction, the variety of its central expanse, which is common to the three reaches. I am not disquieted: the pleasure I enjoyed in the return, greater than that in the progress, is proof to me of this. The rogues also contrived to cheat themselves: for after sharp threats as to the police, both on their sides and mine, I cut them off to ten francs instead of the eighteen (three men,) which would have been their due. I am, perhaps, more pleased with the incident than otherwise: as hobbihorsical as I know myself to be on the subject of landscape scenery, in all its possible phases,* human nature is to me a yet more interesting study: and the oddity of this incident took from it the disgust which makes one give back from the sight or surmised presence of depravity.

Returned next morning to Milan.

* My besetting propensity is exposed in the Chapter of the THREE Cows.—"A person very much used to look at things with a Painter's eye, had three "cows: when his wife, with a very proper economy, observed that two were "quite enough for their family, and desired him to part with one of them,— "Oh! my dear," said he, "Two Cows would never groupe." Mr. Uvedale Price on the Picturesque.

SECTION XII.

Of MILAN Cathedral I continue to retain my first impression: it is a stupid failure. The man, whoever he was, that designed it, had doubtless undergone the routine education of an architect: but nature had denied him talents superior to those required by a hod-man. When his exertions were called forth on so mighty a subject as this Cathedral, if he had faculties he must have proved them. But emotions which he felt not, he could not communicate to others. With the exception of the florid beauty of the Cupola, with which, though not a worshipper of architectural gaudiness, I am delighted; and also with the exception of that oblique view of the structure from behind, in which the cupola is comprehended,—it is palpable that neither awe nor admiration, not even cold satisfaction is the effect of the combinations which his vast labors have produced. In the interior, his immense nave is ill distributed, its very breadth countervailing and degrading its positive loftiness.* In re-

* I mean that the centre space is dispoiled of apparent, notwithstanding its actual glorious height, inasmuch as he has given it over-breadth: and its two pairs of side aisles have not any reference to it other than that of juxta-position: perhaps they are too narrow; the result of which, however, is, the majestic elevation of their vaulted canopy.

Since my return I have seen a Grecian design for the front: it is given as of actual existence in the "New Theatre of Italy," a costly publication, in four volumes folio, Hague 1724. The original architect may not have contemplated its present perversion into a barn's gable, and tormented into what, I suppose, is meant for Gothic,—which goes to account for a single feature: my remarks involve the general character.

spect to the exterior, his grand front is neither more nor less than the gable end of a barn, loaded with finery: and all the thick and three-fold decorations that unbounded wealth, at the command of his architectural pedantry, could supply, to the extent of casing the gigantic pile in polished white marble, and distributing an army of statues—four thousand strong is stated to be its numerical muster,—over its walls, or on spires high in air, into which amazingly numerous buttresses are attenuated,—all this but bedizens a composition of elaborate dulness. Vast dimensions, costly materials, most florid ornament in profusion,—all are employed with a perversity of evil success, that tells of puzzle-pated brainlessness in effort after great things, and all its efforts evincing fatuity.

23d July. Left Milan for Genoa. To PAVIA, twenty miles, the road being along a capital canal, not of standing water, but of water in current, at once serving the purpose of navigation, and distributing supplies for irrigation over the plain, much of which is under rice. At Pavia, a cheerful city, the University forms an extensive range of edifices, which are in high order; and their suite of numerous quadrangular courts, together with the street in their front, was so crowded with students and professional dignitaries, that I at first assumed some ceremony of commencements to be about to take place; but was informed that a similar throng is in daily routine.

Crossed the Ticino here by an immensely long bridge; and after the interval of scarcely a mile, crossed also the Po: soon after which, entered the Sardinian territory, with no vexation of Custom-house search, nor any inuendo of wish for a fee to shelter us from it. Thence the country gets free from the sight of water in any shape, though it is intersected with broad beds of gravel, which must be the courses of torrents in the winter. The whole flat, on to Novi, is

not very dissimilar to much of England: some of the crops are identically the same, meadow particularly.

NOVI, where we arrived in the forenoon of the second day, is an ugly, busy, shop-keeping, manufacturing town, at the foot of the Appennines. The array of these had been sometimes seen in the approach, but oftener hid by the massing of the trees—mul-berry, olive, poplar,—which loosely besprinkled the plain: when disclosed, they were seen rejoicing in green, and gold, and every other brilliant hue, that a sun, burning the air to fever heat, could call forth.

Here the road wound into the mountains, along the right-hand margin of a torrent's gravelly bed, that is perhaps two hundred yards wide. The steeps confining its track were rich almost to gaudiness, from the coloring, of red and also white rock, with intermingled vegetation. The road is a new one, begun by the late Government, and—under a treaty comprehending the stipulation to that effect,—carried on and nearly completed by the Sardinian king. Its character is that majestic one, which Imperial ambition imprssed on the works of Buonaparte in that way, holding part with his first professional habits. For forty miles, on to Genoa, it passes, with fearless determination, through a series of defiles, that hold the lover of the picturesque in wonder and pleasure. So winding is this road, so guiltless of tendency to any one point of the compass that, as you wind with it, the sun shines, in the same quarter of an hour, on your back, in your eyes, and on both your sides. Its only drift is to keep in sight, or never to lose company of the bed of the torrent. That one main bed is the receptacle of countless lesser torrents, each of which pours from its own glen—a broad or a narrow, but always a deep one—in such rapid succession as to cut across the road, not merely every three or four hundred yards, but sometimes at the distance of thirty or forty. These glens, of all sizes, and of every ir-

regularity of form and bent, are uniformly naked towards their bottom. We had the heads of these ravines, (where their tortuousness did not forbid their being seen,) to the right of the road on one side of the river; and, in the brief space between the road and the river on our left, they widened so variously—according as these approached or receded from each other—as sometimes to form a bold rocky valley, and at others a mere chasm between two short promontories. We winded each one of these vallies; and rounded each promontory on a ledge of road in face of a precipice. Thus we were still in onward motion, and still kept in the vicinity of the same objects, which often were lost to the eye on turning our backs, and when again presented to it, were seen in new positions and relations.

The character of these mountains is new to me. Their exterior range is low; and for miles, their elevation from the main bed of the torrent is not great. Yet on the same principle that manliness may be the attribute of a person of small stature, but with just proportions, and with the intellectual worth of a man working in his features and bearing, —they possess the full dignity of mountain. Perhaps—in another way of taking it—they might be regarded as mountains of the hardiest style, the bases of which had become imbedded to the half of their altitude in an accretion of earth,—but that such an accretion would declare itself by the breadth of the intervening straths, while, in fact, they are serried so close together, that the straightness of their glens constitutes much of the majesty of their barrier mountains.

Though the features of these Appennines are savage, their clothing is rich. At their feet, and at various heights, is a succession of villages, marked and beautified by their respective Churches,—of which the steeples often rise in a spire. Then the noble bridges, countless in number, crossing the torrents that rush through the side vallies, which

originally they channelled out,—give embellishment and indeed a grandeur to the scene,—chaste as they are in their architecture, and useful in their object,—man's work in fair accordance with nature's dignity.

Wreathing round the continued series of villages is drawn a suite or scarf of garden and vine and maize, and every other species of crop, which a dense and hardworking and happy-looking population can draw from spots of soil that, though so near the rock, are fertile and carefully tilled. Over this suite rise, with the occasional interposition of vineyard climbing high, the forest sweeps of chestnut; and aloft of them, or through them, breaks out the rock, of white, yellow, red, and still more various color. Below the road again, and below the surface that can be converted to garden, the rock breaks out in a vast naked sheet that shelves precipitously to the bed of the torrent deep beneath. I have seen many, and some as beautiful, tracts of mountain recess as this: but I know none which can compare with it in its prodigality of various prospect at the expense of so very little change of position. A couple of miles here winds round vales, and comprises points of view of equal effect with what could be had in more sluggish ranges, by moving a dozen or a score.

Gradually the mountains lost somewhat of their irregularity, and grew into loftiness as we reached the half-way-house, a large and good modern inn, where we arrived before dusk,—our vetturino, in conjunction with a horseman who consorted with him for some miles on the road, pouring forth in loud and rich chaunt the evening hymn to the Virgin Mother, as we proceeded up the village.

The fogs of the following morning hung so heavy as to confine the view, aloft as well as forward, to a few score yards, which had the effect of putting into framing a series of little rural pictures, single farm-houses or hamlets close to the road, encircled by their gardens, and under a con-

tinued umbrage of fruit or forest trees. I was so unreasonable as to repine at being fastened down to a repast of this exquisite scenery, under a thirst for that full disclosure, in which this foreground and humble charm would have been comparatively absorbed;—when after an hour's progress, and exactly where houses and hamlets ceased, the fog cleared off, and we began the ascent of a mountain that, of course, gives no side approach; for heretofore this road ascended but little directly. This mountain was rock or chestnut forest undiversified by any human habitation for a mile: but from its summit the view was magnificently rich. Below was a spacious basin adorned with a garniture of rock and profuse forest: its opposite face and either side of this basin—deep down as well as on the crests of the mountain that encircle its hollow—was so decked with villages and village spires, that the effort to count them must produce puzzle and distracted mistake: two or three edifices, each perched most conspicuously and on the utmost pinnacle of mountain that it could obtain, must of course belong to convents—that assuredly are of extraordinary seclusion from the haunts of man. Of these encircling mountains were several ranges, various in height, and striking from their relative differences of position. Over a dip in the lowest ridge, or by a notch on it, being the lip of the mountain basin, and of course greatly irregular, the sea was to be descried in the horizon.

Our road lay down the mountain into this basin: its galleries are puny when compared with those of the Simplon, that often are as direct as geometric lines can be produced, and in severe zig-zag,—magnificent from their immensity, but hard and unadorned. These delicious galleries run each —I speak at a venture—perhaps a mile along the mountain face, in the true sinuous line of beauty,—some times rounding a promontory that bulges from its front, at other following up the bays, deep and dark in its bosom, that are in termination

severally of so many precipitous glens. The effect which such similarity must create, may be inferred from the fact, that all these varieties of paths are through a forest of chestnut that is here and there cleared for village stations, and luckily so cleared near the road, as to give range to the eye, without injury to the foreground. I did try how often this gallery went across and returned over the face of the mountain; and from one station, pretty far down, counted three several ranges of it above me: how many, if any more, I could not make out, from the peerless intricacy of the scene. But to attempt stating how often the same village and its spire—out of three or four that were made to go in seeming motion round us—shifted position, as the sun was in front or rere, or on left or right, in the different stations of descent I give up as impossible.

This magnificent and exquisitely lovely road, constructed in substitution for that of the Bochetta—lying to the right, celebrated for its steepness and danger,—was one continued scene of carts and drays, drawn by horses in number from four to a single one, and of pack-saddled mules, laden with merchandise, and travelling in gangs of six or eight each. The throng, as I saw it, was as great as any very busy thorough-fare town in England could exhibit. It was a succession of them as far as the road allowed the view; and the doubling of every promontory usually shewed the advance of as much more: there was no ten minutes' lapse without our being once, at least, crossed by a string of heavily loaded vehicles. In fact, this road forms the sole communication inwards for all the imports of Genoa, and thither for all the products of the Milanese and a large tract of Switzerland. It is in excellent condition: and much attention is given to its improvement, and its farther security, in the very numerous cases where, in the first construction it was so venturously hung, that a lapse of the precipice below has destroyed a

part of its breadth, or the fracture of it aloft has caused an obstruction of the passage.

Winding out of this incomparable basin, into which we had descended, a new river here attended us, the Polcevera, of which the direct progress is to the sea, as that of the former, the Scrivia, is to the Po. Along the vale here, the mountains on either hand sensibly declined in grandeur, but their loveliness was undiminished: rather it assumed a new guise, and exhibited a tenseness of rich embellishment. The whole is in a continued chain of mountain surface; yet its sheets of forest are in somewhat of garden keeping, and its tracts of cultivated ground are garden in the highest ornature;—and all this is but in adaptation to the throng of palaces; and lesser villas, and cheerful villages, which accompanied us for the last half score miles, and to the seashore, where this high wrought scenery of valley terminates.

On turning short to the left, a shore, or rather a quay, of a mile long, conducts to the Fanale, or tower-lanthorn, which is on the pinnacle of a rock, isolated from the shore: a light crescent quay, of another mile, extends thence to the City-gate, in a continued range of building. Here Genoa, with its amphitheatre of mountains, was spread before us,—extremely resembling Naples in some leading particulars; but extremely dissimilar, and, I must add, inferior, in various matters of detail. I ought to have seen Genoa before I saw Naples, and also before I visited Venice—with which its character as to structures, and also as to government and history, has some loose affinities. But this disparagement of Genoa must be taken with some qualifications. The splendor of its site is matchless.

Suppose Edinburgh to be, not on the ascent of its puny Castle or Calton height, but spread abroad on a more extensive sheet of precipitous stone than Salisbury crags: suppose these to be drawn round in a semi-circular amphitheatre: let its verge in front, its very quay be washed, not by a

frith of so many miles wide, but by the unmargined sea:—and from these elements some notion may be collected of the site of Genoa.

Let these crags be conceived to terminate on their reverse side, by a tremendous ravine; the summit line of the inner precipices impending over its depth, in savage irregularity; that irregularity bristled into more terrible relief by fortifications where a gap may have occurred in the hideous headlong rock, and laced with a suite of bastions and batteries, where the rock is sheer wall,—a combination of nature's sublimity, castle grandeur, and the terror of artillery defence; and this in a twelve miles' march of circumvallation, to accommodate itself to each promontory and recess of the selvage, where its crest cuts across the sky.—All this in no vain display of war's defensive terrors, since it asserted itself inexpugnable, under Massena, against all the military force that could be brought against it by the Austrians, in the fiercest and most cruelly protracted siege: it yielded on that occasion only to famine, caused by a blockade of the English by sea! Within this dread line;—in spur form,—its appellation being spur—and the scorpion point of that instrument in projection on its utmost and farthest precipice;—it is necessary to include in the purview, an inner circuit of fortification equally formidable, while disposed as it were with the exclusive purpose of producing picturesque effect over the breast of the height, athwart various steeps that break from its surface, or surmounting those that, farther in the descent, overlook the precipices of the exterior protection: the whole in suitable guardianship to the gardens cut in terrace, and to the palaces in thick dispersion through their trellises and groves in the loftier space of the haughty enclosure,—and to the dense covering which succeeds, of palaces, (of which, from the rapid descent of the ground, the fronts severally are seen as completely as their roofs, which are equally in plane with the fronts,) these

commingled with Churches and their cupolas,—down to the sea's margin, where, within the protection of their moles, lies a befitting throng of shipping.

It remains to conceive, that behind such a picture—a sublime sheet of crags, subdued into gardens where it is not clothed with superb palaces—seated on the shore of that sea whose commerce created dominion for the possessors of these palaces—pride of fortification, to laugh at all hostile assault;—behind this theatre of grandest objects—of sea—of man's splendor in civil architecture, and his terror in that of war—and of nature's dignity of bare and shaggy precipice;—so very close at the back of this precipice as the breadth of a ravine's yawn, runs another suite of the harshest stony mountain crests,—and these again backed by a succession of countless ridges of Grampian terror;—while, along shore, these ridges run in a chain from Languedoc to Tuscany, that commonly does not leave on their cornice—as is its positive appellation—space for the foot's passage: such is the site of Genoa, and such are its accompaniments.

Along the cornice for miles by the score, wherever a recess or rock could be had, is a line of houses, of the same character with those villages of palaces that are thick in the valley of the Polcevera: similar houses crowd above the long quay walls; and aloft on the mountain waste of rock, which they enliven with their appendages of garden, and trellis, and terrace, and very frequent tuft of lemon and cypress trees. The city may thus be considered as in an unexampled spread of palace grandeur, distributed among the gayest plantations. What technically is city, is a dense mass of superb edifices, rising from the verge of the sea, up the front of the amphitheatre: indeed, with the exception of the Churches, it looks to be all palace.

Of these palaces the coloring is red, yellow, blue,—what good taste would designate as gaudy. But under this sky, with this blaze of sun,—for Genoa looks point blank

on its mid-day beams—with the glorious expanse of sea home to it below; with that diadem of fortifications surmounting its guardian precipices, at variance with man's works—and yet of that pride, that it thrills man's nature to behold them; with that fringe of foliage in certain shaggy spots, and sheet of garden and grove in more genial spaces, gracing their appurtenant edifices, and in gracious contrast to the bare and brown expanse of severest rock, from which they stand forth in embossment like islands dispersed over a waste of waters;—amid all these splendors, this gaudiness of colors which invests the exterior of the Genoese palaces, is in fair keeping, and of sumptuous effect.

Within the City is but one street that deserves to be called so; it runs athwart the mountain's front, and is distributed under three appellations, the street Balbi, New-street, and New New-street, which last lies between the other two. The line is in some places very narrow, often crooked, and, altogether, of not very considerable length. But it is a street of palaces, such as the world beside cannot parallel. There are besides a few inferior streets, or fragments of street. The rest of Genoa, be the consequence of each individual structure what it may, is a net-work of lanes that, for narrowness, are worthy of Old Edinburgh, and of which the site is on so severely steep a brow—which often can only be scaled by a stair-case,—that through far the greater part of the City, the use of wheel-carriages, or even of beasts of burden, is as much out of question as it can be at Venice.

I recur to the palaces, in the near survey of which the cause is seen of that brilliant coloring, which is so striking in the remote view of the Genoese buildings. They are not merely coated with a rich stucco, imitative of marble, but many of them are painted, in high colors, with mimic columns and other decorations of architecture and sculpture. I praise not these counterfeits of ornament, thus impudent on

the eye in close approach. Yet such is the substantial magnificence of these structures, that they merit to be held by Genoa in especial pride. Guide-books will tell—with their usual fidelity to facts—rather what they contained before the epoch of French robbery, than what they contain now: but they are maintained in a repair to which the disconsolateness of the Venetian palaces forms a melancholy contrast. No necessity exists here for such an edict as that at Venice, which prohibits any house from being abated! The nobles of Genoa are rich, and of prudent œconomy. The city also has a brisk trade: there are here two English banking-houses, and a considerable number of other commercial establishments of our country-men. All at Genoa is life, activity,—if you please, noise: certainly all is in high condition and keeping.

Just without the western city-gate is Genoa's palace of grandest structure and loftiest historic associations—the family mansion of the great Andrew Doria: its condition is a dreary exception to my general statement. The street intervenes between its front and its appurtenant gardens, which rise aloft, with almost a wall's steepness, in a most immense ladder of terraces, on the mountain face: their appearance would be monstrous, but that it is magnificent. In the rere of the palace a gentle slope to the shore is embellished with various walks in esplanade. Immediately on the great terrace, on which the windows open in this direction, is the view of one portion of Genoa—a most superb section of the city seen, at the happiest distance, to spread its palaces over the almost precipitous descent to the subject port below: this also is in direct view, with the acompaniment of an encircling mountain running, like the extremity of a crescent, into a point, and forming an outer pier to the harbour, more picturesque than safe to the mariner. The present Doria, indulging in absenteeism, has resigned this noble mansion of

his heroic ancestor, and vends butter and cheese in his other grand palace on the Corso at Rome.

Of the immense suburbs along the coast, and up the Polcevera, it is stated to me that many of the houses, though not deserted, are not well occupied. A capital mansion there, in an excellent site, and furnished, may be had for the annual rent of ten pounds. The explanation of this lies in the difficulties with which foreign impolicy* shackled their investments in land, and the dislike which it is natural to entertain for such investments abroad as long as any vent for the outlay of money can be had at home. Hence, in a mountain territory like this, which forbad agricultural pursuits, the accumulation of wealth in better times overflowed in the capricious erection of villas in whatever spot might catch the whim of the builder—by whose family that which was in turn neglected, for the purpose of erecting as expensive an edifice in another situation; and this habitable domain of Genoa, and even its precipitous and bare rocks are literally burdened with buildings, all of excellent construction, and many of them magnificent.

28th July. Have had the good fortune to meet here the Rev. Mr. ——, whose value became known to me last winter at Rome. He tells me,—and on his judgment I securely rely,—that I had not so severe a loss in failing to arrive at Cadenabbia on Como lake, but that my imagination may efficiently make it good: he states that the Como branch, which I have seen throughout, is the finest of the three; and that there is no peculiarly striking feature to mark the scenery at that point, which it was my drift to gain.

Mr. ——, who knows Italy well, tells me farther, that the fellows who are in ministry to the lake of Como are

* Addison mentions that a Genoese purchaser of landed property in the territory of Naples, was not in his day allowed to re-sell to any other purchaser than a Genoese.

the most depraved of the Italians, and had, at one time, nearly disgusted him with Italy. I must say, I was on one occasion served as premeditatedly swindling a trick by a knot of fellows, who rob and bully in a certain spot in the lake district of Cumberland.

29th July. Left Genoa for Turin—by the very same road back to Novi, for the night. Thence a richly agricultural country spreads onward nearly to Alessandria: it is a plain, uninteresting in features, or rather featureless—more utterly flat than flatness: its farthest verge to the west is ploughed into a trench—separated I should say by a fissure, that is deep to monstrousness, through sharp gravel rather than earth,—by the Bormida river. This flat, so bounded, is the battle-field of Marengo;—a battle which, so to speak, the Austrians would have gained without its having been fought, but for an act of infatuated incredulity on the part of their Commander, that would not believe in the possibility of the enemy's advance over Mont St. Bernard, where to have been arrested would have been their destruction;—and which battle, when fought, was lost after it had been counted on as won—when two-thirds of the enemy had been driven into absolute flight—from impetuosity in trampling chase over the fugitives. The Austrian Commander, Count Melas, like his nation generally, seems to have been full of sound good intention, in combination with great military skill,—both of them marred by an intellect without joint, and of incapacity to ply itself to circumstances;—as the strength of the elephant is rendered unavailing; where the dexterity is practised of getting without the rectilinear exercise of his powers.

This whole country exhibits one sameness of corn, maize, and meadow: as usual in Italy, not a spot or corner is lost: the people, so far as appearances go, are a homely, orderly, industrious peasantry. In the country as in the towns, the manners are strikingly of the old school, and the

dress also is antiquated: even the appendage of hair en queue, which is exploded every where else, is here quite usual; and all beside is in meet correspondence.

At length, and a few miles before Asti—famed for its wines of strong body and superior flavor—ranges of delightful hills start up, part of them forest-clothed, and part naked, and in bold fracture. These continue for nearly a dozen miles beyond that town, with a range of the Tanaro river occasionally in view. The plain then resumes its spread to the base of a tract of rocky hill, turning the left extremity of which we find the Po: it is here far less considerable than when last I had seen it, at Pavia, and is seen frequently submitting itself to mill weirs across its entire breadth: even thus, it is a fine river. Accompanying its course for three miles, I crossed it, for the fourth time, over a spacious bridge at Turin.

Between Turin and Genoa the distance is not materially greater than between Genoa and Milan—about four-score miles,—and has occupied an equal length of time in the journey—two days and a half! This is the fault of the Italian lazy style of travelling, and in no degree of the roads which, at least in Piedmont, are on a magnificent scale.

Much new road is now executing, and large improvements are going on in levelling, widening, and, often, newly directing the old. I could hardly have credited the information I received, that the entire of these new lines of road is made in an exact street pavement over the bed of the earth, when duly prepared, and that pavement most carefully coated with gravel,—but that I saw the process in two several places: the pavement is a substitute for what our road makers call metalling: I presume this process to be resorted to from the scarcity of larger and rougher stone; and it must be highly expensive. But better roads, or that bespeak more scientific skill, are not perhaps to be found in Europe. They

usually run in a causeway above the level country which they traverse,—with a line of pier stones near their either verge, at some nine or ten yards of interval between the successive piers.

Not only are these expeusive pains taken in executing and improving the roads here; but their repair is upheld by a set of workmen, in the royal uniform—each apparently charged with his own portion—and all so well distributed, that I no where saw one of these men that was not in lively activity.

These roads will work their own effect in this country, extended as they are through the heart of it from Genoa—from which city also, a coast road that approaches completion, will go both in an east and west direction on a like grand scale, or rather of far greater and continued magnificence,—since all there is Appennine. Similarly the noble Austrian roads in Lombardy will have their effects. The throng of commercial vehicles heavily loaded, and of commercial men driving their one horse cabriolets—a sight of startling surprise in Italy,—and driving them with activity,—which I witnessed far along the road, on both sides of Brescia, will (in spite of over-taxation and monopoly) produce wealth, intelligence, manliness; will baffle the accursed policy of Austria—will merit, and will break into, independence of that barbarous yoke.

As things stand, this is now out of the question. All that French example of subversion of old usages, or French energy, broke loose from the routine laziness of established institution, could do, was lost on the Italians. Of the energy of new brooms the proverb is old: there was no energy of reform or of political enterprise among this people, at any stage of the Revolution. Any leavings of such a spirit are also non-existent, except among certain dreamers of a democratic milennium, who continue to be as resolute believers in their visions, as though there had never been a

Robespierre to disturb or enliven a mob's beatitudes, or a Buonaparte to re-trample it into vassalage. There must also be lees of enterprise, as long as there are dregs of the bad passion which enflamed Cataline. Exceptions of these two kinds exist, just enough to trouble the lazy surface of things. "How great a matter a little fire kindleth." But common sense refuses to have to do with dreams; and it is the dictate of self-preservation to put down and keep down rascals. In Italy no salubrious impulse of ambition exists, no chyle of patriotism that might actuate its organic powers: it is a something that, where not rotten, is dozed. Whenever, in the dispensations of Providence, this country shall be in a capacity to take a lead, it must be through alterations taking effect among the upper classes, in habits, impulses, all their aims—quite different from their present, if impulse or aim at present they can be said to have. There must be a purification from sloth, and an activity of pursuit, commercial, mental, and moral. In proportion as enterprise is facilitated to them, their better course is prepared. It is in this view that I am delighted with the facilities of internal communication and various ameliorations besides, that are in progress through the country at the public expense.

Political activity on the part of the Italians, were it possible at present, I must deprecate. It will be said that the administration of their public affairs by themselves, must create various employment, and propagate universal and wholesome enterprise. One fact puts down a thousand such anticipations: the Italians who held the lead during the republican organization of their country—I speak not of exceptions—were men of the utmost profligacy, and of not more fixed principle or resolution than so many weathercocks. Intrigue is, in national imputation, the criminal cleverness of this people: to deliver a nation of sloth to the few of such active spirits, would be doing any thing but to bless it with an honest and provident government.

Yet our active citizens of England, in accord with the Parisian remnants of Revolutionary crime, would, for such a consummation, stimulate Italy to rush naked on Austrian iron; and—having wrought the impossibility of feebleness beating down force,—to commence the rope in sand of political organization. Far better it were in them to address to the Italians that cuckoo-cry with which they deafened British ears, though they failed to depress British hearts in the late great struggle—"Husband your resources!" The activity which can only be mischievous is any thing but praiseworthy: it may be in idiot vanity, or a freak of despair, or a knave's adventure—any thing but virtue of the patriot!

Unhappy Italy! that ages of misgovernment, and division, and dissolute sloth have decomposed into unmanliness. Witness the Guelph and Ghibelline distractions of six centuries ago.*

* The whole tyranny of Austria over Italy, as now practised, is in result of blindness. Even the Austrian Government is a puzzle—a despotic Monarch in slavery to his Council. One proof of this *imperium in imperio* is that occurrence stated in Mr. Stewart Rose's book,—of a memorial from a reduced officer, which was presented to the Emperor on the occasion of his visit to Venice, by the hands of the Commandant: the memorial was of such justness of moderate claim, that the Emperor gave it favorable transmission to the Aulic Council,—by whom it was, some weeks after, returned to the Commandant, with a reprimand for his presumption, and the intimation, that a similar indiscretion on his part would be followed up by dismissal from his office. Farther and notorious proof is afforded by the recent disclosure that the Emperor had—in opposition to the will of this Council—determined on the repayment to England of the Imperial Loan, which he considered to affect his personal honor. On the part of this Sovereign, the submission to his Ministers must be the blind good intention of an upright and, in his way, sincerely religious man, who reposes confidence in the wisdom of his advisers,—who also are bigotted, and, in their own way, well-intentioned.

But the intention palliates not the execrable consequences of shutting the eyes against the light of heaven, through terror of the illuminations of a spurious philosophy. The Revolutionists have to thank themselves for this intensity of bigotry. The Austrian Imperial family has, through horror of their frenzy, been diverted from the fairest career of benign enterprise and philosophical amelioration. Witness its dawnings under Maria Teresa, and its workings in the Quixotism of changes of old institution for new, by the Emperor

2nd August. Turin may well boast its situation, with the Alps on one side, at a distance sufficient to display them in an immense line of length, and close enough to set them forth in vastness and terror; while on the other side,—transversely thrown across the plain, which is traversed by the Po, with other subject rivers—a suite of almost mountains extends, luxuriantly clothed with wood, which are interspersed with palace, or villa, or other humbler and cheerful looking home:—on their proudest summit—at five miles from the city, the Superga Church—a glorious object as, cutting athwart the sky, it largely receives the sun's splendor, while the boldness of its parts throws it also largely into shadow. The eminence of its cupola commands the plain as far as Milan: in the adverse direction, all that dreadfulness of the Alps, is bolt home on the sight. This magnificent Church, which is also the Mausoleum of the Royal family, was erected in commemoration of one of the proudest achievements known in modern times—the raising of the siege of Turin in 1706, by King Victor Amadeus, almost in despair of success, and at the head of a most inferior force. Tradition points to the spot—under an oak tree—where the Council of War was held, whose decision was the attack of the French lines, which were carried with a triumph that at once cleared the whole country of the invading army. This stately edifice continues to tell out the deliverance, and the feeling consequent on it, even now that "the will of Heaven, and the "common destinies of our nature have swept away that gen-

Joseph, whose purposes were excellent. Witness the wisdom associated with beneficence of that most sound legislator, the Emperor Leopold, to whose unwearied patriotism must be referred the blessings that even now crown Tuscany: witness the mild good purpose and utmost clemency of his son, the present Grand Duke. That Sovereign is brother to the reigning Emperor of Austria, with whose personal virtues and integrity of purpose, not even suspicion can make free. His zeal, and that of his Cabinet, is of good—assuredly not of evil—intention, lashed into blind mischief from having seen and endured the atrocities of revolutionary zeal.

eration;" I use the words—engraven as they are on my memory,—of Lord Colchester, as Speaker of the House of Commons, addressing the Duke of Wellington. Would that we honored ourselves by bringing the example, which is here set us, into avail!

This awakes within me a long train of home thoughts. I will pursue the reverie.

The result of the late war, waged for all a nation could hold dear, "all here and all beyond the grave,"—prompted in Ireland, in Scotland, and in England, severally, the wish for some monument of the national gratitude, which would be in enduring perpetuation of the skill, hardihood, and chivalrous daring of our naval and military heroes. In the two first cases, the project has been limited to funds raised by voluntary contribution: in England—loathing to think of a foolish or knavish mis-application of private funds, which had something of the same purview,—the purpose is, one day or other, to be realized at the national expense. A fitting sum was voted in 1815; and the plan for its expenditure seems yet in abeyance. Let not the lessons of the intermediate period be lost on us.

In Dublin, an obelisk, limiting itself to the same simplicity of intent which, in the patriarchal times, reared a great stone in memorial of some mighty achievement performed or divine blessing vouchsafed,—but still, an obelisk of grand and chaste architectural design, was driven into the fields of the Phœnix park,—expelled thus from alliance or association with all human edifices beside, by the self-willedness of certain agitating politicians, who had no liking for the Duke of Wellington's name, or for the triumph of Britain,—or of certain other good sort of men, of fifth-rate importance, if we could keep our aristocracy at home. The obelisk then, miserable and mean looking in its exile, but of imposing grandeur if it had been fated to a suitable station—was hooted from Stephen's Green,—the amplest square that any

European metropolis can boast, and which they pronounced to be too diminutive for it. This square, in virtue of a Parliamentary trusteeship, just then created, they were at the time proceeding to lay out on a plan of their own fancy. One—and but one—gravel walk they drew, in a worm's writhe, in girth of the rank, dull, grass field: this field they powdered with twigs, that are carefully pruned, to prevent them from growing one inch beyond their size when first planted. These twigs they distributed in wilful scorn of grouping, and in such forlorn dislocation, that they have the effect of nettles—tell-tale of agricultural neglect as that weed is, and an attribute of rural disconsolateness! Such is the embellishment bestowed on this ray-grass surface of thirty-two acres. Though its appearance, therefore, is as mean as that of any common, it is most jealously guarded from common use by an iron railing, that vies in height with the timber trees within its barrier. On the exterior of this railing, and mearing the carriage-way, they drew another fortification line, enclosing a gravel walk of twenty feet wide; to this extern promenade, which is really a comfortable one, if you could but get at it, there are some five entrances in a range of seven furlongs: suffice it, farther, to say, that ten streets have their issue into Stephen's Green, and not one of the five permitted passages fronts any one of these streets, with the exception of the grand gate-way, that retains its immemorial site, and which it is marvellous that they did not abolish. The practical passage then to this at once enclosed and public promenade, is by straddling over, or creeping under the extended chain-work; and either is an equally difficult operation. When it is achieved, a board with a painted inscription here and there confronts you, with the threat of a legislative penalty consequent on the offence of RIDING ON these chains! Penalties ought rather to attach to those who are guilty of the real nuisance, by paling up a public footway with this iron roping, in wanton bootlessness of any

possible good purpose. Be it recollected, that these personages were trustees for giving furtherance to the original intention of the charter, by which Stephen's Green was granted for the recreation of the citizens of Dublin.

Thus foul have our practitioners in *virtu* played with this magnificent surface;* stripping it to the skin, as with the prepense purpose to lay bare its only deformity,—the palpable ugliness which is the effect of extra-height, the height, and the less than just height of its houses, as they range in connected disconnexion;—and, beyond that, the piebald motliness of the fancies in building of several most different generations,—each house only so far holding community of character with its neighbour, that it also is a house. All this sordidness of mal-assortment would have been veiled by trees, permitted to rise to the height of a drawing-room floor, under whatever meagre or even malign distribution of them:—it might have been admitted, as the happy and most picturesque accident of occasional openings, if the plantation had been conducted under a judicious design. Such are our Solomons of Dublin; and all this desert have they created for the purpose of exhibiting on a gibbet in its centre, and conspicuous over the waste, an equestrian statue of one of our former monarchs—which was always unfortunate in its station—and which they have exalted from its ancient and soberly respectable basement, to top what is a column as to height, while it is a pedestal in shape. So it seemed fitting to our little great men who took the lead in this grand affair. Wise they were as to the object of their choice, and as to the object of their most sulky exclusion!

Then the granite Dilletanti of Edinburgh, with a good look-out to the Cui bono, and scorning the attainment of a

* Some additional, and well arranged, walks have very recently been formed, and some judicious grouping has taken place: but the general nuisance remains unabated.

single purpose where they could achieve two,—never dreaming that the attempt might possibly cost them both,—determined to raise on the Calton Hill, a fac-simile of the Parthenon, in appropriate commemoration of the glory of Britain, and the share in it claimed, as of right, by the Knights of the Thistle. In bringing this purpose into effect, they determined to place over it—though paramount,—a vice-roy little job of architectural praxis, that may not be excepted against, inasmuch as it is a true and attested copy of an existing original—which no Scotsman can see, who will not take the pains of a few months' expatriation.

Be these minor, yet deplorable fooleries our warning, whenever,—if ever, our grand national offering shall be brought into adoption. The Patriarchal Stone was the tribute of the heart in the earliest ages of man's history. With the whimsies to which architecture was made subservient when it became an art, or with the better purposes which it answered, growing out of a state of things that is long since passed away, we can have nothing to do as precedents,—the pyramid for a tomb—the obelisk inscribed with hieroglyphics as a historic memorial—the Triumphal Arch beneath which the conquered were made to undergo the anguish of an exhibition degrading the victors, and disgraceful to humanity! But all human history accords in testifying to that principle of human nature, which seeks to acknowledge its load of gratitude to super-human power; to whom it is fit and right, and our most bounden duty to ascribe protection and high deliverance. That feeling prompted to the altar of the way-faring Patriarch, as well as to his memorial stone: that feeling proved itself in the erection of votive temples, even at the hands of Heathen ignorance: and that feeling would sanctify the memorial of divine mercies accorded through the means of human enterprise and virtues, which it is our duty, and ought to be our virtuous pride to raise.

The event is to us of unexampled magnitude: there have been few epochs, perhaps not one, to compare with it in the history of the World. Let, therefore, the temple we would raise have a suitable architect. Homers, and Michael Angelos, and Miltons are not men of every ordinary five centuries' occurrence: neither is Sir Christopher Wren,—a name that ranks with our mightiest and most venerable names—even though he had Milton and Newton for cotemporaries. Let us adopt that model of his which he had first prepared for the site of St. Paul's—rejected of evil days,—and which is left to us as a legacy there, impressed with his full potency and finest felicity of genius. To take from him is in no shape to borrow: it is most fairly to use our own: it is to do him honor, though he be in his grave: it is but to put forth one other memorial of Britain's supremacy and right to the world's reverence.

If we give ourselves to this determination in honest earnest, minor difficulties are as nothing. London is vast enough to give choice of sites, and to preclude clash, in any way, of the pretensions of this twin structure, with those of St. Paul's. Even the similarity which either of the plans may bear to the other, must be held altogether immaterial: for do not every two Grecian Churches bear a close resemblance to each other? Here, in Italy, where Churches stand forth by the half score in each street, I am surfeited, and every Englishman becomes surfeited by their identities in the main.* Then for funds, the sum already voted is ample;

* Even in the façade, and in all the differences which Church exterior assumes in the usual course, there are main principles of resemblance. With respect to the interior, it suffices to transcribe Mr. Forsyth:

"The principal Churches of Rome, however different their style of building "and ornament may be, are distributed in the same manner. Their aisles are "generally formed by arcades: over these are sometimes grated recesses, but "never open galleries. The choir terminates in an open curve, which is the "grand field of decoration, blazing with leaf-gold and glories. In the middle "of the Cross stands the High Altar. The Chapels of the Holy Sacrament, "and of the Virgin are usually in the transepts: those of the Saints are raised

and returning prosperity renders it forthcoming. And, alas! let us not dream of using the present generation of architects ill, by recurring to a model bequeathed from a former age: for the call will be a formidable one on their utmost powers of genius, to supply fit furnishings in fit distribution for the mighty inside.

As a first principle in this science of furnishing, I recur to the pleasure excited by the simple memorial, which Sir William Draper inscribed, of the names of his companions in arms and exploit in Hindostan, on a tablet in front of his vestibule at Clifton: it carries with it a beautifully affectionate feeling. It is thus that the interior surface of our Church-walls is made of hallowed and endearing human interest, by their memorial inscriptions. Beyond this, again, soars that train of exciting thoughts, which in our grand Cathedral depositories—in Westminster Abbey supremely—brings us into consort with the genius and endowments of the mighty departed—as it were, into the actual presence and worship of them.—Spread over the interior of this New Temple, tablets appropriately memorial of the heroes—individually—in groupe—in ship's company, or in regiment,—as best you are able,—who wrought for themselves heroes' distinction in that contest against banded Europe, with America to aid it, —over which, with Heaven's help, Britain rose transcendently triumphant. And hence you will create an interest unutterably intense, and which, through all time, shall excite Britain's sons to emulate patriotic enterprises, which no other nation has equalled; and, in association with that human ambition, to humbly endeavour for the protection which has vouchsafed for our generation heaven's highest blessing.

A friend had, last winter at Rome, peremptorily enjoined me not to quit Italy without seeing Turin,—which he desig-

"on the sides; and each being raised by a different family, has an architec-
"ture of its own, at variance with the Church,—which thus loses its unity
"amid nests of Polytheism." Page 242.

nated as the Berne of Italy, not less from its noble proximity to the Alps, than from the regularity of its interior, and the rectilinear arrangement of all its streets. I have seen it, and am not disappointed. It is now an open town, its walls having been levelled many years ago,—though guide-books there are, yet damp from our own as well as the continental press! that, with a thousand legends beside, assert the reverse. Its streets are in exactly parallel direction, crossed by others in compact array, and at an exact right angle: I think there is but one street that deviates somewhat to the diagonal. Would that these streets had even one-fifth more of width, which would be an increase of one-third or one-half more of dignity. Would, also, that they were not of that dingy colored material—unplaistered brick, scorched into nearly black. This closeness of frequent narrow streets, with this dusky coloring, is somewhat in travesty of their fair rectilinear and rectangular arrangement,—or at least so far degrades it, as to create an impatient feeling that all is not of a piece. Yet, in all this corner of the world, Turin is held to be an eighth wonder of the world; and, even with all its draw-backs, this is not strange. It is, besides, the resort of a proprietory body, not only from Piedmont and Savoy, but now largely from Genoa also,—who are drawn and kept here by the attraction of a Royal Court,—that Court respectable as well by old-fashioned habits, as by a propriety unbroken on through licentiousness, and which has diffused a general sobriety of demeanour, and courtliness of conduct. I have not a doubt but that an intercourse with the society which Turin so numerously affords, would, in a residence there, make amends for its inferiority in local interests to most of the other great Italian capitals. As to insipidity, all real town-life is almost equally of a sameness. But let me remark of Turin that, besides other indications of a similar tendency, it possesses several good book-shops.

That the dress and manners, at this seat of Royalty, should be those of the old court, is natural enough, and intelligible. Accordingly, the Chapeau bras, powdered hair, silk breeches, with all other et-ceteras in accordance, are, with the better orders, a usual set-out in the mornings. Yet that not merely the Court dependents, but the lower classes should be in equally antique fashion, would have been to me a riddle, if I had not seen the same guise prevail through the peasantry of the country every where since I entered it.

At Genoa, and at Turin, I have been once more cheered with the English newspapers, at least with the Parisian English daily one of Gallignani. It was after a long interval: the last I had seen was at Florence, where there is a suite of Reading-rooms, furnished with English and other Newspapers and Reviews, in a very superior style of accommodation. At Rome we were compelled to take up with a side-closet that opens from a somewhat fraudful saddler's shop; in odd and similarly tricking appendage to which, under a heavy subscription was—with half a dozen chairs and a table—a brace of London papers, with Gallignani, for the sole furniture: and here crowded Peers, General and Flag Officers, and Esquires of various degree,—that portion, generally, of our British world who, amid the proper attractions of Rome, could keep a corner for political cares. At Naples—(I speak not of Mr. Hamilton's most thoughtful courtesies,)—we were reduced to Gallignani singly, under favor of a little stationary and guide-book shop, and with the expectation, on the part of its owner, of our custom for his wares—which were so priced, as to cover the expense of his newspaper. In this point, Duke Torlonia's bank at Rome held out, among its other baits, that of newspaper reading, in the style of the Neapolitan haberdasher of traveller's stationary. Beings conscious of their own nastiness, from which they draw a fixt revenue, have surprising advantage over us who move in the modesty of

quiet honesty. Would that I could have got—on even knave's terms,—a perusal of our English periodicals in the Veneto-Lombard kingdom : but there the importation of facts from abroad is held as much in abomination as it is in the empire of China.

At Venice I was shocked at reading in the Gazette of Milan—the official paper,—that such was the state of Dublin, that seven thousand troops were forming an encampment in Stephen's Green. The thing was as unintelligible as it was hideous. At Milan I saw, in a subsequent number of the same Gazette, the statement of a debate in the House of Lords, in which Lord Ellenborough (I think) was made to oppose the Irish Insurrection Act, while the Duke of Wellington was distinctly specified as declaring, that the measure was indispensible for the protection of the Protestants, and that the Roman Catholics must be kept within their doors from sunset to sunrise every night, under the severest penalties of law. The stupidity of this atrocious fabrication made me ashamed of the uneasiness, which my credulity had occasioned me, in the absence of all other information. But it is a mystery which I am unable to solve, why these wicked libels—beyond the pitch of even the radical papers at home, and of their most infatuated believers —should be set forth in the Austrian States, and,—inasmuch as no other paper is permitted at Milan, and no contradiction or comment on it is suffered in any of the provincial journals,—by the connivance, or in plainer and just English, the authority of the Austrian Government, I humbly conceive that however a foreign individual may be allowed to riot in falsehood and libel, it is the affair of Mr. Canning not to suffer falsehood and libel to be promulgated in a regular series—as from close observation I know it to be,—under the sanction of the Emperor of Austria's brother, the Viceroy resident at Milan, of the Lombardo-Venitian kingdom. I congratulate myself that I am out of these dominions

The Sardinian Government, though an absolute one, is administered with leniency and benignity.

The principal, not the handsomest, Square here, is an immense one, of which a vast area remains open, notwithstanding that an ancient Castle pile occupies part of its interior. In the present fever heat of the weather, the lounge is exquisite, which is afforded by the long shadow that stretches in evening beneath its western ranges of building. It is only in Italy that the pathology of Virgil's landscape pictures can speak home to our sympathies.

Directly in rere of this Piazza are the Royal Gardens, which are open to the public, with two reservations, which to me, in addition to its spacious open and covered walks, and its look point-blank on the Alps,—were, after all that my nervous frame has endured in Italy,—a delight, quite tantamount either to the other; the exclusion of dogs (though Italy is the paradise of dogs, and all sorts of dogs are promoted to be lap-dog,)—and the prohibition to whistle! Thought I not aright—at the first glance,—that things here were conformed to good taste and good manners?

SECTION XIII.

5th August. Left Turin for Geneva, by Mont Cenis. The road to Rivoli is lined all along by an avenue of trees which, like horse-winkers, exclude the adjacent scenery, or at least give it in bad piecemeal through the holes between their stems. This was once a usual nuisance, contributing to the pleasure of our fore-fathers: in the present instance, the trees are precisely in that stage of growth to do us the mischief, without affording the compensation of shade. At the end of this tiresomely long parallel—and evermore in the progress through it, which lasts for eight or nine miles,—stares a Royal residence which, if it were on a level with the side-linings, would do no harm: but it is so perched on a hill as to appear in the air above their heads; and you can never, for an instant, get it out of your eyes. It is fair to say, that in reverse movement, you would have presented in similar right-line the noble structure of the Superga,—which, however, is exalted on a basement that is a minor mountain. Even such an object cannot redeem the nuisance.

To St. Ambrose, in the forenoon: aloft over that village is a superb pyramidal rock, surmounted by the Castle-like edifice of St. Michael's Monastery, which we had for a long time in view in the approach: when passed, it was still more grandly conspicuous as we proceeded to serpentize through a series of valleys, that indent the vanguard eminences of the Alps, and conduct to their base. These vallies are very rich and very populous,—their screens are of

various range—from promontories that run long and low into the flat, to brows rising steep in air, superb in boldly featured rock or mantled with chestnut forest. The grandeur of the scenery was materially improved by a storm of thunder, in unremitting roar, with a sky that on the instant had become pitch black, which gave the lightning in magnificence: this rapidly encreased up to Susa, where our halt was for the night. Instantly on getting out of that town, at earliest morning light, we found ourselves on the ascent of Mont Cenis.

The road up this mountain cannot, for severe dignity, compare with that over the Simplon, the ascent of which (I speak not of the valley of Doveria) is for the most part by immense rectilinear ranges of gallery road, which astonish the eye, while that immensity is before it in mournfully bare display. On the contrary, the galleries here so wind through chestnut groves, into the bosom, and out over the protuberances, of the mountain's front, that very frequently we do not see two hundred yards, sometimes not one-fourth part of that length, onward of the way we are to move. As frequently this seclusion in home scenery is exchanged for an open, that gives expansion over the whole mountain side, and the pinnacles high in air, to whose proximity we are aspiring. Nor less attractive is the expatiation over the vallies through whose depth and variety we had winded yesterday: the whole of their magnificence, even the detail of their beauties, was under command; and, strikingly always, the Convent of St. Michael on its pinnacle of conic precipice. Let it not be forgotten, that this progress, through gallery over gallery, lies through a succession of villages, where farms and gardens are included in a larger or less glade, of chestnut, that imparts to them a richness as beautiful as at such an elevation it is strange.

When about midway of the ascent, a seam appeared athwart a main portion of the mountain's brow, that was

severed from us by a deep valley: it had some indication of being a species of road: but to presume it to be such seemed preposterous, from its being inaccessible at one extremity, while leading to nothing on the other, and from its being on the face of a precipice. Yet this was the old road: where it ended without a seeming object, was the spot of commencing the slide on a hurdle to Novalaise, a village deep below. A strange slide it must have been, from the frequent protuberances of crag through which it was indispensible to move, with a dexterity of steering as peremptory as at sea among a cluster of isolated rocks;—that dexterity applied to a movement so precipitous as to be next to fall down. Yet so it was with the world for many centuries; and such was the passage which, in winter, an African Chieftain made out, and made good, for a whole army.

Through the delightful succession of hamlets to the summit level of the road, perhaps all that is old is confined to the black, huddled-together town of Novalaise,—anciently a thoroughfare, and now in a course to ruin, so far as might be judged from the gallery high aloft of it, which we travelled. But it was strange to see—in contrast to the town's coal-black forlornness,—an extensive garden in the contiguous flat, at the depth of its valley: it was garden to the letter; for all was laid out in long narrow plats, like those into which gardeners distribute, by alleys, the oblong beds in which they sow carrot and such like seeds: they looked, for shape and size, like ribbands placed side by side, though I doubt not but that each might be a half acre plat. In these plats were contained not merely their vegetables for daily cutting, but their little corn, and maize, and hemp plantations; so that each plat was a farm. A sweep of meadow, recently shorn and of emerald green, through the prevalence of moist atmosphere, was diffused in exterior of the aggregate of these rectangular plats, occupying the rest of

the valley, and endeavouring to climb the superincumbent precipices.

Within a mile of the summit level, and considerably after larch forest had begun to supplant the chestnut, the road becomes a stair-case in zig zag, more strict and short than I can recollect to have met over the Simplon: there are here many recent cuts, to avoid passages which have been destroyed by the fall of avalanches, or which are dangerous from the frequency of them. Shortly after having gained the table land, a tall pole is seen, inscribed with the words "Barrier of Italy;" for Savoy, into which we now entered, is not Italy, neither is it France, though instantly here the French language is the current one. Forward spreads a considerable tract of grass, which is tough though abundant, and is pastured by numerous droves of black cattle. This uneven spread, in which villages still succeed each other along the road, is overlooked in all its circuit by mountain heights clad in snow. Very few trees are seen: but opposite to the inn where we halted, is a smilingly pretty lake of more than a mile in length, and of large breadth: as seen from the west, it has much irregularity of margin;—an island on its surface of fitting size, marked by a cottage and some low wood;—the lake's general margin woodless.

At the inn a fire was quite a comfortable thing: for while at Turin they must be fevered with heat, we are here in actual January: perhaps a storm, of two hours back, has had to do with it.

The progress down the mountain is far longer, because less precipitous, than the declivity on its Italian face. Even the descent by hurdle to Lasne-le-bourg,—a lively, well-built town, full of inns and the living gear of inn-keeping,—though frightful enough, was much less serious than that to Novalaise, inasmuch as the slope is gentler, and, when spread with snow, as we had it, is smooth. A story is cur-

rent of an English gentleman having remained eight days, enjoying this descent on the hurdle—the *ramasse*, as it is called—two or three times a day: in all likelihood it is a guide's fable, at once to caricature and tickle the fancies of Englishmen.

From the south-eastern base of Mont Cenis, the Dora river, having collected its waters from the glens and the general surface up to the lovely lake, had wound its almost even course to the Po: all there very speedily assumes the character of an extensive plain. But from the north-west front, the Arvan, a fork of the Isere,—the head of which is in a neighbouring glen, and which finds its way to France and into the Rhone,—proceeds through quite a different country, and at a far other rate of movement, impetuous, mischievous, and in uproar: its course is through an immense series of valleys, scarcely wide enough for the river and the road, and for the site of an occasional village and garden. The mountain ranges which confine these valleys are here and there, even now in August, capped with snow; and their craggy and precipitous fronts are often marked with the fury of a torrent or a cataract, and not seldom with that of the avalanches of a recent season: their entire surface beside is sheeted with larch, which by degrees gives way to spruce fir.—Wherever space can be made along the brink of the river, to plant a town or a hamlet, with a stripe of practicable soil adjacent, every advantage is taken of it, and there is to be found apparent comfort and, assuredly, cheerfulness.

Midway in the afternoon, the Arvan sunk into a very close and very deep gorge of perpendicular naked rock, the road running high above on a ledge of precipice, from which a glimpse of the river could only be occasionally obtained by straining over the brink of the gorge: still, as before, the forest continued above us, in an inaccessibly lofty sheet. To the right in front, on the opposite brow, a stony prominence breaks out from the general surface—a semi-island of

rock, between the parallel sweeps of mountain, and the sole instance of vacuum between them, which had hitherto occurred. On that rock, of which the base is washed by the Arvan, fearfully deep below, on all its sides with the exception of its isthmus, a fortress is now constructing, with extensive appurtenances of military accommodation for its garrison, as a defence of the Mont Cenis passage on the side of France. It is assuredly commanded, as well as its ample barracks, by the encircling mountains, which look down on it, even as an attic story does on a courtyard. But I learn from the competent authority of a military gentleman of rank, who is one of our company, that the undertaking is directed by the best scientific advice, and after the strictest investigation of all the localities: for the site is such that artillery cannot be brought against it by any other possible passage than the main road; nor brought to bear on the works from any station which the road supplies, on account of the intervention of a salient projection of precipice in the foldings of the glen; and the forest cliffs are so headlong as to render it impracticable to raise on them ordnance of any efficiency, unless after such an expenditure of time, as must defeat the object of an attacking enemy.

A mile beyond this fortress, and on the off front of the valley—which here enlarges—a waterfall presented itself, of such perpendicular height as I had not seen since Tivoli or Terni. It is certainly far loftier than Tivoli,—or to go homeward, than Scale-force, near Buttermere, of which I am reminded by its simplicity of fall, in the recess of a chasm of precipice. I guess my point of view here to be at half a league distance; and I must infer that were my station duly contiguous, the indenture on the rock would assume dimensions of loftiness and of chasm, that might not brook comparison with the English fall.*

* The guide-books give to this fall the name of St. Benoit, and specify that it is a double fall: it did not shew thus to me—possibly because evening gave

To MODANE for the night; on the road near which we met a groupe of handsome young women, astride on horseback,—so very strikingly handsome as, in this instance, to put out of doubt the fidelity of my guide-book, and the previous corroborative information of my Piedmontese military companion, as to the beauty of the females of Termignon, a town through which we had passed two or three hours before, and to which these very fine young riders were reconducting horses that had gone on post.

From Modane the series of valley wound on with encreasing variety; the river larger, the mountain more broken into parts; the forests with more of the character of woods, that were equally venerable and less monotenous: the villages very frequent, with the appearance of their sites having been obtained among intervals of rock and a dense spread of timber;—the whole suiting in fair congruity with the view that was now and then obtained of a mountain Goliath in the distance, hoary with snow;—while at hand the valley ran not into listless lengthsomeness, but proceeded evermore in a fractured sinuosity of course. Sometimes the scene immediately at hand was in a scantiness of breadth, that barely sufficed for the river and the road, which were closed in on either hand by precipices: thence it spread into a tract more or less in declivity, of from a few score to a few hundred yards in expanse; and there every inch, that was free from rock or forest, was subjugated to cultivation by the population of the little village, whose homes and fane and spire were grouped with the loose cincture and deep umbrage of walnut groves.* More commonly the attention was directed to the road itself, this portion of it not having experienced, what it is destined soon

imperfect vision,—or, most probably, because its second fall might be hid, from my station of viewing it, by a folding of the cliffs.

* The walnut is not here, as with us, stunted and broken short by annual winter frosts, but shoots as high as it spreads wide, and is in magnificence of head a majestic son of the forest. In Italy and Swisserland its numbers are immense.

to do, the alterations of modern improvement: it is narrow, and being penned in by precipices that are home on the brink of the river, moves in accord with its angular turns, and keeps with it also in its descents; and as these very often produce cateracts, the interest is extreme.—With all this, Alpine bridges are in accompaniment, more frequent than I have elsewhere seen; they are of great simplicity as well as strength, and are exclusively for the use of wood-cutters, and in no instance for that of travellers. This whole course affords abundant and exceeding delight.

Proceeding in it, my eye was fixed more and more on some ranges of naked, ragged and resplendently white rock, athwart and in rere of the boundary mountains, which they commanded by their superior altitude. On close approach to them, which was declared by the distinctness of their breasts, and the sharpness of their summits,—for all beneath summit and breast was screened by interposing wood and by other mountain,—the town of St. Michel presented itself: I thought it the neatest I had seen since my leaving England, or the Netherlands: a large proportion of the houses are inns.—Immediately on the other extremity of the town, spreads an open flat, of perhaps a mile across, environed by a chain of lofty mountains, of the character of those through which the road had generally lain, with the exception of the part full in front, where rose a fantastic mass of naked rock, on a basement of mountain almost equally naked,—the color of one and other, a brilliantly resplendent white. One portion of the mountain, sloping like the roof of a house from ridge to eve—linneyed from the perpendicular wall of rock (that continues to rise far aloft of this roof)—was clad in wood, which from the remoteness of the point of view at the depth below, had the appearance of the pile of velvet, instead of that of tall and uncouth timber trees. Snow continued to cover some of the pinnacles of that dread wall, and those not the highest, but merely such

as by a ledge or crevice gave it a stay whereon to rest:—except in such tracts, the summits were of such a sharp edge, and the surface of the whole rock was so absolutely perpendicular, that snow must glide off as instantly as it fell. The river had, as we entered the town, for once deserted the road, which stretched across this level plain; and in no one part of the mountain suite that encircles it, could a chasm or orifice be descried. It appeared to be barriered as impassably as the valley of Rasselas: for though these precipices might not rival the fabled altitude of the boundaries of the latter, they seem as physically insuperable. A well beaten road from forth of a well peopled town, must have its drift, and a turbulent river must have its issue. It was not, however, till within two or three dozen yards of that issue, that I could, with an eye intent in pleasurable anxiety, detect the opening;—which, wide enough for both the river and the road—and not one inch more—was through a fissure, one cheek of which is a lofty ledge of rock, and the other a sheer precipice: its orifice had been concealed by some magic freak in the strata and a play of coloring diffused continuously over the general calcareous surface. So fantastic, so magnificent, so glowingly impressive a scene, I have seldom viewed.

Having winded through this orifice, in which the road remains pent for a quarter of a mile, the valley expanded largely: but its strath was torn, to a melancholy degree, for several miles, into a furrowed stony surface, by the action of different torrents, with the force derived from their perpendicular rush over the mountain fronts, which continued to form the valley of this violent river.

After St. Jean de Maurienne, the old-fashioned capital of this sequestered region, the valley, which had begun to assume chestnut instead of fir clothing, again narrowed at a spot, where a very lofty and haughty rock bears over its front—from the utmost summit—dread marks of one of its

crags having been precipitated to the bottom of the steep. The mountain screens continued to be of at least equal elevation with those we had left, since they were very usually crested with snow: but the tracts extending thence to a contiguity with the road were distributed into the most beautiful arrangement that the landscape gardener could desire, even in reverie:—fields, from which the crops of hay are now drawing home, sprinkled with single trees, tufted with grouped trees, or separated from one another by groves of the easiest form;—these fields swelling from the strath, that gives bed to the river, into ampler ranges that are clothed with woods—which, often invading the softer provinces beneath, put out of any competition with them many of the proudest park compositions of England:—these woods again stretching on high wherever their sweep is not physically impossible from the sheer perpendicularity and bareness of the rock:—beyond that, finally, the crests of eternal snow:—all this most soft and most sublime scenery in the justest alliance, each tract occupying its own place, and playing into the frontier of its neighbour with such harmony and strange variety! I thought I had studied the principles of landscape gardening in their minuteness, and also on their grand scale,—"all nature" as Horace Walpole observes, "being garden." But with us no such nature as this exists. We want the ingredient materials—the everlasting snow and, in companionship with it, the glowing exuberance induced by a high summer climate,—and nature in every diversity between these two extremes. We want breadth of canvas on which to place each of these various exhibitions, in such large picture as of itself to detain and rejoice the eye. Of course, we want the vastness, to immensity, that is required for arranging each after other of these numerous pictures; a flaming sun to reduce the entire into keeping; a purity of the atmosphere, that to us is un-imaginable, to body forth each individual portion in

its distinct form and genuine color, so that the whole spread—in that precision which is the property of a miniature, and in that grandeur which admits no parallel—may be taken in at once and with ease, by the eye in worship of the felicity and unspeakable loveliness of the distribution,—which is such that the wish of man dare not suggest a variation in the general scheme or the minutest dressing: for all here is on so large a face of things, that man's formality must go for nothing in improving or marring it—as any minor negligence of nature cannot be construed into a blemish. The effect laughs at our puny compositions. That I may re-enjoy my native mountains, and those of Cumberland and North Britain, the delight of Gray in expatiation through both these latter—after an experience of the Alps—has all along afforded me good hope: a similar enjoyment of our poor distribution of the minor materials of landscape I begin to hold in despair.

Near AIGUEBELLE, our halt for the night,—this long valley is joined to one which has given course hitherto to another mad river, the Isere.

One advantage I have had in a high degree in this course from Turin—company both male and female, of station, talent, and thorough knowledge of their own country. From them I derive a solution of the circumstance, that from Mont Cenis hither I had not been able to remark any one large mansion, and scarcely more than half a dozen ordinarily good houses: I speak of buildings detached from the towns, which presented nothing above habitations in good condition, but of moderate size. I learn that no opulent proprietors are left in this country, even in non-residence,—the property having, under the revolutionary Government, lapsed by purchase of one kind or other—often at third or fourth hand—to the occupying peasantry: this has been also largely the case in France, with which the Sardinian continental territory was incorporated for the time, and in disseveration from Italy. That the chateaux have disappeared, forms, how-

ever, a presumption, that they could not have been numerous.

At present all is industry, under a Government, quite absolute, but actively paternal. With all our own parliamentary enterprise in forming great roads in Wales, and the Scottish Highlands, or cutting the Caledonian Canal,—or let whatever other government be named that you will,—there is none that can be instanced to equal the Sardinian in respect to its roads and bridges—its improving old lines of communication, and rapidly carrying into effect new ones, in a style that combines utility with magnificence,—large means under the direction of engineers, whose science is abundantly evinced by their works. And now, as if all these works—not one of which I have seen to languish—were not enough, a project is on foot to confine, through a course of twenty miles, the raging breadth of the Isere, that, in its inundation, often lays under water 32,000 giornata of land, from whence malaria and various other diseases are engendered in the valley, in the dry season. Whoever has not seen a river of the character of the Isere is incompetent to form a notion of the grandeur of such an enterprise. That enterprise the Sardinian Government has fixed to commence on immediately after the ensuing winter, and with means and a spirit not relaxed, till it shall have been brought to prompt completion.

Then, as to the Royal family itself, I do not insist that it possesses hereditarily the political foresight and martial skill of King Victor Amadeus, or the combined prowess and intellectual superiority of its Prince Eugene, the companion in arms of our Marlborough. But these munificent acts of practical policy are conducted under its special cognizance. Its talent—if but one talent—is well, is exemplary employed. Turn over one leaf more in its conduct, and we find a Sovereign, who alone of the Sovereigns of Europe—our own excepted!—never truckled for an instant to either demagogue

or emperor of revolutionary France. We find that Sovereign, in the recent burst of political convulsion, to have been held in esteem, even with the revolutionists, for his benignity and probity. We discover that the domains in appanage of the crown,—that are distinct from the state revenues,—have been held as in trusteeship for the subjects, and expended largely—I need not say unostentatiously—in acts of delightful benevolence. We ascertain that the reigning Sovereign continues to make this his personal appanage subsidiary to the national funds, and to apply it, as in equity, to public purposes, which he conceives do not come technically within their scope. Farther, the immensity of the expenditure on the part of the Queen of Sardinia, makes that charity a matter of notoriety, which else would be performed in secret: she is the daughter, it must be confessed, of the present king and late queen of Naples, but she is also the grand-daughter of the great Maria Teresa,—and, penurious only to herself, she distributes—with blessing to the receiver as to the bestower—by very far the greater part of the three hundred thousand scudi (£60,000, Sterling) per annum, which she brought in marriage portion to her husband.

Last December, it was my good fortune to travel from Parma to Florence, in company with an intelligent and well-conditioned young Englishman, who had passed some days in the Sardinian territories, and who stated to me, as the result of the enquiries of his active mind, that this government is held in mixed contempt and indignation,—and this on two grounds;—that it makes a display of Royal state which is in caricature of its littleness of consequence;—and, secondly, that this display is in profligate waste of the resources of the country, while all public regulation languishes, the magnificent works of the preceding government are going into ruin, and no new enterprise is dreamed of. That a stranger should, from the shew of regal dignity in a

little State, have so misconceived the character of the Royal family, or have missed the knowledge of that estimation in which its virtues are held, is abundantly natural. How he could have shut his eyes against the whole combination of proofs that works already executed are nobly upheld, and that new enterprises, equal in magnificence and greater in number, are in active train to maturity of completion, is another matter. I must add, that my young friend talked very competently on literary as well as political subjects; and that his oracle was the Edinburgh Review—from the facts and wisdom of which he was stuck all over in tatters of quotation.

Of the Piedmontese people, it is stated to me that they are, what I thought them, industrious, sober, and well-principled. Many of them emigrate, and occasionally attain to the highest stations in foreign countries: and it is very generally their practice to return to their native land, to enjoy there the competence or wealth, obtained by industry and probity abroad.

From Aiguebelle, where the valley widens, to MONTMELIAN. Here a very extraordinary mountain stared me in the face,—odd and fantastic in form—one third of its height variously cultivated, one third robed in chestnut forest, and the remaining third savage rock—which on its right flank descends from the summit to the base in a naked precipice. Such a mountain had, from the first, fixed my attention, that was rivetted indeed, when, some time after, one of my Italian friends informed me that on its top stands the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse.

This mountain is so broad in front, and so exceedingly narrow in the flanks, that a just notion of it may be had by extending to a monstrous mountain, the idea of a great flagstone shattered on its left uppermost corner and side, and bedded by its lowest edge in the ground. On its right flank (in my line of approach) the headlong descent, vary-

ing little from perpendicular,—shall I rate it at a mile in elevation? I learn that the uppermost third of stone, that is in face, is, as it looks to be,—of equally impracticable ascent. It is only on the western front, which faces to France, here in contiguity to us, that access is possible by means of a zig-zag ledge of road up a ravine, to the table land of summit surface, which must comparatively be a mere stripe; yet there stands the Monastery, not visible from the eastern side below. Never did any other eccentric enthusiast choose so strange a retirement in mid-air as its founder has done; estranged from earth, yet with tracts of immeasurable territory mapped full under his contemplation—when the break of clouds permitted them to be explored.*

This mountain is isolated on all sides, except on its left skirt, where it is joined by a lower and savage mass of rocks and forest. With Gray's impression of it full in mind, I was at a loss to conceive what had become of the pine forests which had invested its ascent, till enquiry among my companions confirmed the conjecture I had admitted, that the opposite faces of the mountain are clothed diversely,—that towards France in spruce fir, this to Savoy in chestnut.

Of the old City of CHAMBERRI, I have little to say: but of its vicinity I must hold, that it is most fascinating. The long ranges of great hills and deep valley have here resolved themselves into much discontinuity, from which a far greater variety of surface results: here is, besides, abundant fracture of rocky cliffs of resplendent white, and great richness of wood. Among and beneath these hills, is an exuberance

* I learn from a friend who has since visited this Monastery, that on the front towards France the road saws upwards within a cleft, to which the jaws that compose it give the effect of a precipitous ravine, down which is a roar of water,—and farther, that the conventual buildings are not precisely on a table land, but—as I conceive the matter,—in a slight hollow, like that concavity which may be in the conclusion of a tall tooth;—from which absolute cavity that glare of view is excluded, which the rim of the shallow crater commands in clear weather.

of farm beauty, embellished with a frequency of buildings which bespeaks the approach to the ancient capital of Savoy. The Grande Chartreuse mountain was, from very numerous points, haughtily conspicuous in the back ground; and ranging round the near scenery of bold hills and delicious vallies, is a cincture of great mountains, each one of which is quite worthy of such a vicinity, from its strangely fantastic form, from its raggedness and precipitousness, and—where the precipices cease to be headlong,—from its copious forest garniture, that is in strong contrast with the calcareous white of the dread sheets of stone intermingled with or aloft of it; —frequent individuals of these mountains bore a likeness to the Chartreuse, but always without presuming to dispute its ascendency, On the brow of one of these exquisite hills, commanding this wondrous scenery, was pointed out to me the Charmettes,—the residence of that frenzied son of abomination, Rousseau,—equal in fame to Clarens, although in altogether another style of notoriety.

From Chamberri, in two hours, to AIX, a town of mineral waters, and very fashionable baths, and of true watering-place sharp practice. One only of my companions from Turin has remained with me, for the journey to Geneva, a mild and intelligent young physician, a native of the Ionian Islands, and, of course, a fellow subject. He had studied at the University of Pavia; and being desirous of proceeding to Paris, and, probably, to London, to complete his medical course, he had fortified himself with a passport from Sir Thomas Maitland, the Lord Commissioner. The Austrian Authorities, however, acknowledging the authenticity and regularity of the document, refused him permission to pass into France—inasmuch as he was a Greek, with connexions in the vicinity of a disturbed country, and was bound for Paris, where his communications might be with Liberals! He was compelled, therefore, to repair to Genoa, from which the Sardinian Government, far from being

so strait-laced, admitted him to proceed in his present journey.

My very last and parting experience of Italy, gives an illustrative example of the state of female morals there. To say nothing of a female of lower pretensions, (sufficiently depraved under the disguise of propriety!) there has been, besides, of our company to Aix, a lady of rank, and fashionable manners, handsome, uncommonly pleasant, of cleverness amounting to talent, and with a considerable fund of literary acquirement. This lady,—the life of our company on the road—indulged usually in a style of broad expression, to which the remotest approach would, in our country, be followed up by her proscription from all decent society. Beyond this, her familiarities with the young physician were direct, and without disguise as to her purpose. Even after we had parted from her company at Aix, messages of solicitation were delivered to him in my presence from this lady —a wife, and the mother of a dozen children, though not forty years of age: the purport of these messages was an entreaty that he would suspend his journey on her account. Yet of this lady, thus plain spoken and strait forward, we all know the name, the wealth, the rank, indeed, the estimation in society. Her libertinism under my own eye for some days, is but in similarity to that of a Milanese woman of fashion—of whom an English friend—of sterling veracity, but some whim,—recently informed me, that her striking figure and beauty having drawn his attention as she descended from her splendidly appointed carriage, to make some arrangements at the theatre of La Scala at Milan—he waited her coming out, and made her his best salute, as desirous of her attention: the lady's conduct first denoted surprise and slight annoyance—or the counterfeit of it: drove off, but took care to stop the carriage before the turning of the street could interrupt his view of it, and made some pretence for again descending,—when, being re-joined

by him, she made particular interrogatories as to his knowledge of her, and his reasons for putting himself on her notice: his defence consisted in flatteries of her person. The result was an assignation at a house that was not her own, but which—as whim was my friend's main motive,—he did not keep. I defend not the behaviour: but the incident took place within the last three weeks.

9th August. To GENEVA—through a country which gradually lessened in its attractions. One peculiar feature in it I may not omit, which is the number of rapid rivers that cross the road;—the bed of each one of them being a sheet of rock at considerable depth below the brows which crest their perpendicular banks,—that are also sheer rock. Each valley, thus marked, is a large oblong basin, secluded by a line of bold hills on either hand, from the view of all exterior objects, unless as it is overlooked by lofty mountains, that here are at a remote distance. The view from each successive height, as it closed-in the vale behind, and opened a descent to that in front, had an effect of great beauty, from the simplicity and justness of picture exhibited by each separate district of seclusion, mixed with the complacent feeling that was excited by a remarkable subdivision of farm property, and the neatness, quiet, and comfort pervading each one of these bounded regions. We traversed ten or eleven of them: the last—about ten miles on from Rumilly,—was the grandest, indeed an extensive vale: from that extension, and from the loftiness of the sides by which we descended and mounted again, resulted a present loveliness and a magnificence of receding distances in a retrospect of the entire, which I cannot easily forget. Thence to the mountain brow that gives the view of Geneva, the lazy, though lofty, undulations of surface are of fatiguing unwieldiness.

In the threshold of this sober country, I am encountered with the nonsense of an encampment of a couple or three bat-

talions under fair canvas!—the men becoming their new uniforms like ploughboys equipped in livery for express attendance on some booby dinner: the road was swarming with idlers, in the manner of an outlet to an English fair-green, on a grand day of festive tumult. The affair is a puppet-shew miniature of war's sublime combinations in a collision of the strength of empires: it is child's foolery so flagrantly transgressing fit license, as to be a yahoo lampoon on the broils sustained by the thews of man,—to vindicate the explosion of manhood's angry resentments.

I am sickened at this nonsense of a standing army in Swisserland. It is the forest stag equipped in horse furniture to serve the heavy dragoon, — the birding-piece marksman handling ordnance artillery: it is the strength of the Alps and the security of their snows surrendered for the stratagy of dike warfare,—a lunatic abdication of all that constitutes this country's potency, and ought to be its distinctive pride.

11th August. Geneva is, for its size, a respectable city, and has the decided air of a capital. Its shops are excellent, and exhibit a style of transacting business which, after the listlessness and hum-drum want of assortment and of system in Italy, puts the customer at ease as to obtaining quite in course every various object of solid or fancied want. To put Lausanne in competition with it, unless with reference to position on the lake, were absurd: that city has every fault of Geneva fivefold: it presents the turmoil of a fair instead of the activity of a city—the actors in it being the vermin of livery stables, diligences and inns,—with a stench of stable ordure every where, that is execrable. At Geneva you can actually get accommodation in an inn of which the basement floor is not a stable; with the fume of manure rising to the apartment windows. By the way, this circumstance is in almost solitary exception to the universal distribution of inn-buildings in Swisserland. Besides, Lausanne is but a third or fourth rate place; its shopkeepers are but pedlars,

who ply barefacedly the various tricks of rapacious exaction. It is without the simplicity and quiet of Vevey, and is a nest of pettyfogging, as contrasted with the ampleness and wealth of Geneva.

The main street of Geneva is singularly encumbered as well as accommodated, by a row of wooden houses on each side, of a single story, occupied as shops: between this row and the range of shops, which compose the ground floor front of the main houses, is an adequate footway: the occupiers of the booths and of the houses severally, are quite distinct, though both the booths and the intermediate foot passage are under the covert of a continued roofing, which is appendant to the main buildings: this roof is not in the manner of a pent house, but is arched; and the arches are buttressed to the full height of the four or five stories of the stone fronted edifice to which they are in face, by simple beams of square balk, as plain as they could come from the timber yard. This forms on either side of the street an uncouth range of piazza, which I conceive to be unique in style: it is any thing but handsome: but the arrangement has its advantages,—more especially to the pedestrian in wet weather. In Geneva, as generally on the Continent, the want of flagging in the streets is a scandalous nuisance: there is not a square foot of flagging, not a running foot of curbstone, throughout the city—close as it is on the mountains.

The Genevans do not enjoy the best reputation for sincerity, or for modesty in estimating their own intellectual endowments, and their national, i. e. their Genevan consequence. The first point I leave to take care of itself: worldlings are, in that matter, much on a par the world over.—But the bad taste of over-appreciation of their own qualities shews itself in a jealousy that they are under-rated by others; or, at least, the Genevans affect this latter. For my part I have seen nothing to elicit an unpleasant feeling: though,

from much that I had heard, I have been on the watch for any symptom of the kind. I find as much affability and kind office on the part of the Genevans, and in a sufficient number of cases exhibited to myself, subject as I am to the imputation of being an Englishman, as I have met any where else, and with an alacrity in shewing it, that rather puts into the back ground the kind feeling of the Italians,—whom, however, I hold to be possessors of the essentials of good nature in the highest degree.

It may also be from the contrast after Italy, that Geneva strikes me forcibly by the activity, amounting to energy, of the bearing of its inhabitants, their cleanliness, their propriety at all points. The scrupulous neatness—even of the lowest order of females—the correctness combined with the just taste of their dress, their consequent good looks;—all these are less observable, again, than the independence, the decision, the intelligence, the female captivation that thinks no ill and dreams not of spreading snares—painfully recalling the degradation of their sex in Italy. Women there are not held to be safe without being in the leading strings of the strictest matronization; while matrons, from the license allowed them, are unfitted for acting as their custodees.—Here, women of every age, and of every condition, are free from *sentinelship* or trammel; and they dress, and look, and walk out, with or without a female companion—or male either, as the case may be,—secure in conscious purity, superior to suspicion on the part of others, or to mistrust of themselves,—in the dignity of woman's worth, in the array of sexual softness, and modesty, and loveliest attraction.

Geneva is a fortified city in the most starched sense of the term. The gates are religiously shut every night, at an hour earlier or later according to the season of the year. The present regulation, placarded as being in force for the autumn months, prescribes the time for shutting to be nine: to persons on foot there is permission of entrance and egress

till ten, payment free: horsemen or carriages passing in or out within that hour pay a fine of six sous: from ten to eleven the fine to foot passengers is three sous,—carriages or horses half a florin (eleven pence:) after eleven, there is no passing in, or out, without special leave sent for to the Monsieur the Syndic; and if it be accorded, double the highest fine, as stated in these regulation, must be paid. And this is the land of liberty. We English are apt to grumble on being stopped to pay the turnpike toll that is applied to the keeping up of the road we travel. Be it known to all men, if it is not notorious already, that the fortifications of Geneva are, as fortifications, valueless, inasmuch as they are commanded by heights without them,—and are therefore as inefficient against a besieging force, as the pop-gun a child might point would be against the finger of the pedagogue upraised in anger—or as the discharge of a pop-gun would avail at a school's barring out.

Geneva is known to the world as being a commercial, and as being, or having been, a literary place. In its first character it demands freedom of entrance and egress in respect to its shops and workrooms: in its second, it ought to have unlearned the baronial tactics of the worst times of feudal hostility of castle with castle, of impounding the cattle of the domain and the serfs who attended them, each night in a strong hold: it ought to have acquired geography enough to shew that no neighbours of antique bandit treachery are now within the limits of their visiting distance—with statistics to explain that precaution against non-existent land-sharks, is not protection from the land behemoths, from whom alone their peril can be. But it pleases these owls of legislation to cut off all communication after dusk between the outer and interior parts of what is identically one town. What could Austrian tyranny of the passport system do worse than, while the lamp-lighters are ascending their first ladder, to shut the accoucheur against return from his pati-

ent, or his proceeding for her relief in the labor of child-birth? But Austria is a Crowned power, and its every act is fair game for radical execration—that never glances at this republican tyranny, although it wantons in the punishment of acts that neither the divine law holds to be a crime, nor can the commission of them induce to man or to brute animal any possible injury.

Resentment of this kind the fortifications at Geneva, taken as decorations, do their very best to disarm. They are of the utmost ornament to it, and give a matchless beauty of town promenade. The site of the City is the steep glacis of a hill, which rises from the shore of the lake, and which, on its reverse face, is often perpendicular to the plain. On these heights are the best houses in the City, some of them magnificent; and the walks and grassy slopes are in the highest keeping. As the position of the City is at the extreme point of the lake, which is of crescent form, the view from even the loftiest bastion is confined to a segment of less than a fourth of its expanse: but its shores rise in a bold and highly cultivated, and often wooded swell; and the picture from this bastion is a good one. The Rhone, in its break from the lake, which it makes within the City, appears solidly condensed from the mass of its waters, however voluble they be: the two channels, into which at first they divide, are seemingly inadequate for their quantity.—They are perfectly transparent: no glass can be so clear: the hue, however, is that of indigo—a light but a full one,—shall I say bordering on amethyst, except that where, through fracture from the bridge abutments (of timber, and numerous,) the strong ripple is white, which appears through the large body of the element as the cracks or scars that vein the Cairm Gorm pebble; if the coarse texture and very mean color of rosin, did not greatly degrade the comparison, I would preferably instance the flakes in the mass of that substance. Without the City, it makes no show from the ramparts

in the direction of its course—a somewhat western one—over a lazy open tract of country, to the Jura range, that rises as its absolute barrier at from nine to twelve miles distance: the intervening space has nothing to do with picturesque character, but it is most richly cultivated, and crowded with good houses. But on the south, at an interval of two miles,—and, for better effect, with no obstacle intervening that could interfere with artillery horizontal practice—the mountain of Saleve starts up, to the height of 3280 feet above the level of the lake: it is a calcareous mass of reddish color, tinged with white, and it has a regularity of form that, in a mountain, is grotesque;—for it is a fair parallelopipedon, but that it tends somewhat to a wedge-like edge at one end, and that its summit face is an inclined rather than an exactly horizontal plane: its front is justly perpendicular, with the various strata composing its elevation as marked as the layers of masonry in a brick wall: but these are Nature's and Alpine layers!—Thence onward to the Meillerie range is a continued tract of mountains, that exalt themselves as they retire from the lake—and, finally, Mont Blanc surmounting them all, in vast extent and pre-eminence of snow.

12th August. A steam packet has been introduced on the Lake this summer, for the accommodation of promenaders and travellers: it was constructed with American capital; but the machinery, and the men who work it, are English. Such was the curiosity which it attracted, that advantage was taken of it by showing it, in the first instance, through tickets of a batz (1½d.) each,—which realized, in one day, twenty two Louis. This reminds me of a calamitous fire some thirty years back at Wapping, where, on a single Sunday, a collection was made from the throng of sympathizing curious, of upwards of eight hundred pounds—of which amount, four hundred guineas were in copper coin,—and of that copper, one-eleventh part consisted of farthing pieces.

From Geneva I proceeded in this steam-packet, in six hours, to Ouchi, below Lausanne—with the scenery I have just described, and Mont Blanc paramount over it, free from cloud or vapor, to the south; while on the northern shore,—with the Jura for a back ground, and in a tendency from its base to the water,—was a spread of hill and valley, in the attire of cultivation, and scattered grove, and forest, with farm-houses, villas, villages and towns, and all the animation that the works of man could contribute to the embellishment of the loveliness of nature. With such scenery around,—borne by steam over this peerless sovereign of Europe's lakes,—with Quintin Durward, just obtained at Geneva; to make protest of his rights to my intermediate attention—what could add to my pleasure beyond the having in view an almost second home at Vevey, which in the afternoon I realized from Ouchi,—meeting from my Swiss friends of Les Belles Truches, where I am domesticated, a cordially kind reception to the full of what even enthusiasm such as mine had counted on.

16th August. Come back to Swisserland, and dwelling with undiminished delight on its known scenery, I still must say of this country, that its associations aspire not beyond Helvetic; and I revert to my past campaign in Italy. It has been—throughout and in detail—novelty, and instruction, and delight, of which I could not have formed any possible anticipation. And though it were idle in me to say—as Fox did in respect to Burke, that all he had learned from books, and study, and from men besides, could not weigh against what he had gained, in instruction and ideas, through his association with that one individual;—that my acquisitions in this tour can be equivalent to my previous stock; still the fund of thought and images I have acquired thence, is such as to bring distinct on my mind that brilliant compliment, as having in this reference special application. It has given me a second youth of mind, new ideas, and mental plea-

sures, whose wealth it is labor with rejoicing for me to harvest.

The usual course of classical instruction, to which our English youth are subjected, is one gauntlet of misconception. Our childhood is initiated into the detail of Grecian and Italian scenery. Even the Natural History of these summer climates is familiarized in minutest detail to our intellectual habits, to which it addresses itself with the utmost vigor and glow of poetic delineation. What can be so opposite to all this as our every day perceptions! Take, for instance, one among thousands—the manner in which ancient poetry dresses the season of Spring; and to say nothing of our scathing month of March, what is May usually, other than a searching cold under a blue sky and cloudless sun? Our dog-days—St. Swithin tempering them from the urn of Aquarius,—what are they to the intensity of Summer, which reigns supreme in Italy from the vernal equinox till close on to December! I honestly avow that I have not unfrequently, in boyhood, earned a sore throat, and a thrilling ache in the ear, from an ambition of the umbrage of trees with a carpet of grass that was dank in July,—and also from the refuge I sought—*viridi in antro*—a hole, such as may often be had in the face of an Irish cliff, that was yet more dripping. What has such a climate, at its best, to do with that southern one, where men go as regularly out of the sunshine into shelter—in poetic version, shade—as we do out of inclement rain into covert? The shadow of a mighty rock in a weary land is, to us, a sublime image: it is there a matter of fact statement, without reference to poetic phrase or feeling.

There is in this universal weariness of nature, under the intense blaze of the sun, the incessant uproar of the cicala, wherever you are in Italy without the precincts of a town, —from morning till evening never silent, nor nature ever quiescent.

Sol la cicala, col noioso metro,
Fra i densi rami del fronzato stelo,
Le valli e i monti assorda, e'l mare e'l cielo

in the words of Ariosto: in my English

From leafy bower, with ceaseless, piping sound,
Stuns vale, and mount, and sea, and azure round.

This insect sound is a torment, of which ears that have not heard it, and patience which it has not tired, can form no idea: the sound is something like the effect of sawing upon iron, and fully as loud as the pee-wheeting of the Guinea-fowl;—always one or two, sometimes a whole score of them.

Then their shepherds, who distribute their time, and marshal their flocks, conformably to nature's demands in such a climate: their orchards of forest as well as fruit trees, with vines wreathing up their stems and clustering through their boughs,—and with corn between! all of these to be of avail to it against a heat that is at once oppressive and genial. Elms in marriage with vines are words which we learn to dissociate from ideas, when we look at whatever long sour grass may be suffered to become meadow in our apple-orchards, or are teized with the difficulty of getting woodbine to make a show up the stem of a tree of parterre ornament.

Nor is in-door life, with us, much more analogous to that of a country where, for nine months of the year, artificial coolness is as indispensible, as for nine weeks the fire side is needed in the rigor of our winter,—where the windows are blocked all day against the sun's rays, and each day is loitered in prepensely created twilight;—where the Siesta is as regular, from the necessity of the case, in the afternoon, as sleep is with us at midnight;—and where night is the season of refreshment in the open air. How different this from the habits, induced by our climate, of the flow of mind

—that is induced with repose of the body; animal as well as intellectual exhilaration of generous drink in our afternoon festivities, succeeded by a depth of repose, and oblivion of mortal care, that but accords with the character of night—as the termination of life's activity accords with the sleep of the grave.

We learn, by heart, images and sentiments from this southern life; but we cannot enter into them. Our poets, however, are large borrowers of these foreign properties. Where it is not so—and take for instance the poet of our Seasons, the description,—thanks be for it to the climate of our "boreal horrid land,"* is hazy and bleared, in comparison with the clear and brilliant delineation which paints, whether in sketch or single touch, the delights of these regions of the sun. The pencil is not more clumsy in its exercise, than the colors, of that nature which he paints, are dim and dull, in contrast with the purple æther that clothes in gladness and charm, the Elysian tracts which Virgil has pourtrayed in the actual picture of his own Italy. It is singular into what superior distinctness and magic richness Thompson grew in his Castle of Indolence; and it is equally singular —the remark dwells with me as a stray remnant of my youthful study of Lord Monboddo,† —that this work was composed after his return from Italy.

Even Spenser and Milton, our earlier and thoroughly po-

* "Alli Germani e al resto di quella boreale orrida terra," is the phrase of disgust of Ariosto.

† Of the voluminous grammatical lucubrations of this now forgotten metaphysician, and of many a score besides of dusky tomes of the earlier labourers in the same obscure field, my study was so ardent, that the result was a treatise begun, wrought up into two goodly volumes—and committed to the flames, before my twentieth year. Of that treatise nothing remains to burden even my recollections, beyond the developement of the identity, in nature as well in spelling, of the plural number and the genitive case of the noun. As I am now to print a book in good earnest, I will push my power to the capricious extent of printing, in a supplementary note, at the end of the volume, some slight sketch of the grounds on which I conceive that identity to be established.

etic pourtrayers of nature, are of the Italian school, and minute describers of scenery and of feelings that are alien to our skies. Like foreigners, whose accent and idiom, and manners, will still proclaim their different extraction, their habitudes and discourse are diverse from ours, —their choicest flowers of description having the air of exotics, which bloom, but do not establish themselves in our kept shrubberies, or are reduced to receive the protection of our green-houses or stoves. But a large portion of English poetry—perhaps that portion to which one is first introduced—is translation, almost in the manner of cento, from the ancients,—confirming, along with the direct reading of the ancients, the painful effect of our being set at variance with our perceptions of sense. And in returning to these, we are like the children of our absentees educated on the continent who, on coming back to take their stations in society at home, are worse than the foreigners I have just spoken of, inasmuch as they are strangers in their own country, and compelled to an unavailing struggle, through life, to be Englishmen,—and Englishmen they will never be.

Do I condemn the institution of our schools as akin in error to foreign education? Of course, not in the remotest degree. But I believe, that if a very little pains were taken out of the jog-trot line, our youth might hold in full comprehension the nature of their own country, and their studies would not be in capsize of their trust in their senses of sight and feeling.

In just supplement and indispensible completion to a classical education, I am Quixote enough to preach the tour of Italy—at any age, most suitable to the circumstances of the individual, from twenty-five to thirty-five. This excursion was formerly held to be of high emprize. The discoveries of a Mr. Holdsworth, of this distinctive kind, in exploring Lombardy, were trumpetted by Joseph Warton as of marked novelty and wonder. No screwing of our

purpose to energy is now needed for the Italian journey: its being the rage makes neither for nor against its true advantages, while it smoothes away all the asperities of the undertaking, and gives it the facilities of a common-place excursion.

I certainly contemplate a course of travel in the spirit of past studies, and with steady reference to them: nor do I hold in present purview the herd of my countrymen—great, vulgar, or little—to whom an inn is an affair of prominent moment, a bad road an engrossing annoyance, a mountain an intolerable stoppage,—and whose ideas have scope for scarcely any other objects than inns, waiters, and high-road conveyances: these are of that description of travellers to whom all that is of home—during their own absence from it—is excellent; and all that is foreign must be contemptible but that it is abominable.

In these retrospections, let me abstain from the topics of architecture, painting, and sculpture. They are too obvious a subject to require discussion. Simple allusion to this universe, in itself, of study and most refined delight, is enough. Nor must I dwell much on that other New World to me, the Italian poets. We all learn French in our infancy; and in more advanced life we learn the vanity, (I speak not of severe science) and what is worse, the cold blooded profligacy that pervades the French school of literature. A Fenelon and a Pascal in one way, and a Moliere and a Racine in another, will not redeem it.* But the Italian sons of genius claim kindred with the more manly and sublime tone of our own writers. Though far from being unknown or unstudied among our lettered classes, they have not generally the presence and influence which such classics ought to hold in our mental satisfactions. Were there no other books in their language than Ariosto, Tasso and Dante,

* I will venture to make a reserve for Gil Blas, even while execrating the wickedness of French romance, or rather, novel-writing.

it were well worth studying for the sake of any one of the three: the language were well worth Platonic study for its own sake.

I am tempted to designate the Italian, as emphatically the picturesque school of poetry. Similarly, I would designate the story of the Middle Ages as the picturesque of history. Yet how little is that period studied! Farther, the period of the Middle Ages is the cradle of what, in the developement of its events, and of the portraiture of its manners, is the actual state of Europe at this hour. Italy was the nucleus of the counsels, and the chief theatre of the incidents which give to this history its choicest interest: and local associations from actual visit, will give that stimulus to the study of it, to which an acquaintance of its language has prompted in respect to its literature. Pity it is that we want philosophic guides through the chaos. These ages of picturesque incident are as unfortunate in that exility of expression, in the instance of Roscoe's works, which, suppressing the workings of the moral sinews, is but elegance of soporific effect,—as they are in certain other authors, who exhibit clumsiness without strength, and whose laboured statements want distinctness of features, and are therefore stupid. But there is plenteous and most rich ore in the Italian mine; and of that ore much has been wrought, by Italian talent, into genuine historic gold. I count, with avidity, on enjoyment of the treasure, in very large expatiation.

SECTION XIV.

18th August. Left Vevey for Geneva, in route to the Valley of Chamouni. The following morning proceeded up the valley which gives course to the river Arve; the road exhibiting every form of rural and picturesque delightfulness —a chearful population, substantial farm-houses, frequent mansions; the surface in every variety, from mild swell to break and cliff, and in wanton play of these through both breadth and length of the basin we traversed,—up to the enclosure of the whole by the giant subject sons of Mont-blanc, who displayed, in front or in flank as the road winded, his waste of snows high in the cloudless blue.

Farther interest is given to this road, by the ruined remains of one or other of the twenty-two castles which were burned, some centuries back, by the Bernese, in pride of warlike aggression. Such wars might pass for the dream of romance, from the contrast of the Berne of the present day to the same city of the olden time, if they were not recorded in chronicle, and if we had not the ruins as vouchers for the fact. Even in the face of the present peaceful security, we are presented with evident tokens of a battle which took place here between the Austrians and French in the "Hundred days:" the boughs of many trees are yet seen shattered by the bullets, and there are numerous bullet-holes in different walls near the town of Bonneville, where the battle was fought. Will not, in after times, the history of the Revolutionary War be held too wild and mad

for even poetic fiction?' Rather let us trust that England's stable prosperity and strength may continue to give countenance to the marvels which she has recently achieved.

Bonneville is a neat little town, in a site where the valley becomes a straitened pass. Quite over it is a precipitous crag of reddish white rock on one side, and, rounding it on all the others, tower mountain masses, of which the uppermost elevation and the summits are naked rock of similar color,—while that tract of their front which is not so excessively lofty as to forbid vegetation, is bespread with fir, that assumes the appearance of black lace on the numerous sharp edges and prominences, by which the vast outline is featured. Chestnut forest is the mantle beneath. A lofty glacier closes the view in one point.

The road proceeds to CLUSE, through a narrow valley composed of these mighty materials. At this little town, the Arve leaves the valley, or rather comes down on it, through an Alpine "Devil's Glen:" I allude to the Wicklow scene of that name; for, with exception of the monstrous dimensions of the present one, I cannot describe it more justly. To what extent this chasm of white-and-reddish rock, contending with chestnut and beech—with occasional spruce fir,—may extend, my eye vainly enquired from the stand afforded by a cliff some hundred yards above the bridge. As a contrast to the savage scene upwards, this stand gave, in the lower direction, a mountain of great loftiness, the surface of which, however, exhibited one tissue of cultivated fields, diversified with groupes of wood which were spread behind the pretty village of Cluse;—a village by the way of manufacturers of watch movements.

The making of the preceding minute had very nearly cost me the separation from my vehicle—which had proceeded, under the supposition of my having gone forward. But it was strange that, immediately after getting clear of the village, the road rounded into the gorge which I had been re-

connoitring, and which, though proving a little wider than it had showed itself from my first stand,—continued to give more or less threat of a junction, through four-fifths of the course to St. Martin's, eleven miles.* Where it did widen to half a mile's extent, which was here and there the case, the sides were sometimes in slope: all the rest was a tremendous precipice, in the wildest interchange of sheeted smoothness and shattered roughness—the crest smashed into a crennelled line, or spiring into pinnacles. In some instances, these furnishings of the monstrous wall exhibited a regular shape in the strangest juxta-position with a most grotesque pointed shaft or spindle, or a battlement most whimsically ragged: such are the mockeries of shape, into which the action of the elements, through thousands of years, has reduced the fragile materials of these precipices.

The echoes from them, I take for granted, are remarkable, there being two places on the road where small cannon are prepared to provoke their responses, for the behoof of travellers desirous of putting them to proof. In another place, Balme, at twelve hundred feet (French) aloft of the road, is the entrance of a cavern stated to extend 620 paces inwards. What struck me with more interest, was the fall of water at two different spots down the face of a rock of eight hundred feet perpendicular,—each of them slender, but making the course of what, after rains, must be a cataracts of the most tremendous character.

Behind ST. MARTIN, and forming a flank to the range of precipice which had closed our left all along from Cluse, —rises Mont Varens, 5840 French feet in perpendicular al-

* I have since found that this majestic and fantastic valley was once the bed of a lake, of which the ultimate barrier was that face of rocks where I had made my lingering delay, without the village of Cluse; and that its waters made their escape by the rent beneath that stand; which escape was effected by the Arve's impetuosity, or by the weight of its body, forcing out the flake or lamina of rock that was there in wedge.

titude above the site of this village: it is of noble form and dignity. But in the opposite direction, in proximity also, is Mont Blanc, with deepest snow over its triple summit and down its sides: the breadth of that fleece is as large as any of its tremendous neighbours, that are clear of such a robe, can measure altogether. Not the most vast of them, that I can see from this spot, has more than a cap or streak of snow, so enormously pre-eminent is this, the most sublime object my eye ever rested on,—ocean excepted. It carries the same sublime port at the distance of Geneva: but here we are brought into its intimate association, and without the intervention to the mind of the vast interval of foreground.—And be not forgotten at St. Martin's, the village spire above its grove, athwart whose foreground may be contemplated the whole immensity of the dread mountain.

Immediately as the sun's setting rays had disappeared from the summit of Mont Blanc—with not so deep a ruby color as I had hoped for,—I was so fortunate as to catch the disk of the Moon, two days before the full, peering just like a star aloft on the edge of its side, which most slowly she cleared, in a display of serenest silver over the dazzling snow: the sky was the purest blue, while the lower tracts of air were suffused with a purple haze;—magnificence unspeakable of either glorious Sovereign of Heaven, in the happiest succession of power, set forth amid all that is awful of the scenery of earth.

20th August. From St. Martin, on foot, up the valley of the Arve, with a continued majesty of precipice, and a similar freakishness of turret and spire surmounting its crests: in the bosom of the vale was a loveliness of woodland and grassy glades, that baffles the attempt to describe it. But towards Servoz, (eight miles) the surface of the ground is a chaos of fragments, that even now are horrible, from the lapse that took place in 1751, of the side of Mont Varens, and which spread destruction to a distance of twelve miles.

The hideousness is distinct of the excrescent heaps, intermingled with the deep scars that were ploughed into the ground by masses of rock. Even a heedless eye must be appalled by the traces of smashed and partly overwhelmed tracts of forest ground. Three millions of cubic toises of mountain matter were precipitated over the valley: the movement continued through eight days.

Having passed Servoz,—before which I lost the waterfall of Chede, through compliance with the waywardness of a temporary comrade,—the road crosses the Arve; from which it is then compelled to part for a considerable space, where the river is pent within a horribly profound glen, that refuses space for a path-way along the water's margin, or footing over any part of the face of either of its headlong barriers. The route, soon after, ranges along the outskirt base of Mont Blanc, and close on the termination of several of its glaciers. I admit that they failed to satisfy in first contemplation my anticipations. But arrived at Chamouni, and with the window of my apartment commanding them in face, they exhibit their just dignity in altitude,—and specially in breadth: there is, in result of the increased remoteness of the point of view, the draw back of greater indistinctness of the streaks of blue which, close on the eye, wrought a diversity, almost to contrast of color with their prevalent pale (and, in other tracts, bright) white. There is the farther drawback of the indistinctness of the strange cones and obelisks and, often, needles, which break and bristle over all their surface.

The effect of these glaciers is easily described. Each of them is a tract of snow which fills the bed of its own glen, and to the full breadth of that glen, as it tends in the course of its descent (which is often headlong steep,) to the bottom of the valley, where it converges to its termination: and thence bursts a river. These glaciers are distinct on the eye, even in this region of snows, because their gorges of

ravine are precipitous, to dread elevation above the glacier, and are, for that reason, bare of snow, which cannot adhere to their front;—and, also, because the general surface of the mountain aloft is dazzling snow, whereas the glacier is coagulated ice, and of diversified color from the asperity of its face, as well as from the occasional impurity induced by the mountain fragments torn away with the snow in the descent of avalanches. It is remarkable that the portions of glacier supplied direct from Mont Blanc, are distinguished from the others by the purity of their white,—its snow being of a depth that is not bared to the mountain's surface,—and the avalanches thence being without an alloy of earth, or of gritty or shingly substance.

The streams which rush from all these glaciers are of a detestably ugly color—worse than could be supposed of milk beaten up with pipe-clay, into the most repulsive impurity.

I am attracted, this fine day and afternoon, from the snows and glacier phenomena that are the predominant distinction of this valley, to the aerial coloring in which I see it superbly attired: and I revert to this subject as somewhat in arrear.

The weather, which on the eastern side of the Alps had been uncommonly sultry, was winter's storm on Mont Cenis: and for the journey to Chamberri an absence of comfortable warmth prevailed; nor till my arrival at Geneva, had there been the slightest oppression from sultriness. But the air had been clear. And sometimes wreaths of vapor gave great variety of feature to the ranges of mountain in very lengthened barrier to the series of very narrow valley, which from that circumstance would otherwise have been monotonous. One effect I had frequent occasion to witness, —the mist, or a denser cloud, curling over the mountain pile, from its base quite upward, yet leaving one inimitable islet prominent on its breast; or showing its utmost summit

as a mere fragment, in the tints and softness of the plum's blue. A diversity of effect was created by a yet darker cloud, disclosing, through a fantastic break, a tract of the purest snow, so high towards the zenith as to give a far more impressive idea of its ascent to heaven than when the eye could scan every passage of its surface without prevention: the fragment disclosed—so inexpressibly lovely in form, in color, in impression—was richly worth the full picture's whole display.

Of the heaven-dipt umber tract, or the portion of dazzling snow descried thus, as it were, in the firmament, it were hard to say which was the more attractive. Striking as was the radiance of the latter, yet the touching softness as well as richest truth of the dark color, vindicated to itself perhaps an equal interest, as of an inimitable species of beauty. Either seemed to be some lovely phenomenon on the forehead of the sky, some exquisite opening in the vault of heaven, unconnected by locality or earthliness of any sort with aught of our world, or any thing that could be based on it.

I have before me, while I write, such a portion of rich, bright, mellow, serene tinct,—æthereal as if addressing each of the other senses as well as that of vision—of such purity as earth neither owns nor ought to own,—amid the wreathing clouds that have recently overspread the sky and the mountains beside,—like steam of the earth's abomination, at war with celestial nature, and blotting out from man his destination of beatitude.

21st August. The excursion that was in purpose for this morning, to the Mer de Glace, has been put out of question by the storm, of which yesterday's rolling of the clouds was the forerunner. It lasted through the night, in tornado and lightning and thunder, beyond any thing in my experience. I have had an incomparable opportunity for viewing it.—Though the moon was not to be descried, there was power

—I know not the cause—to distinguish the face and the features of nature before me, far better than her lustre in a cloudless sky had served me to do the preceding night at St. Martin. And as the storm swept mainly from the rere, where not only the house is in protection of a headlong mountain, high aloft and nearly in contact with it behind, but also the building is a double one, and gave to me, in front, the farther interposition of a range of apartments aback, such was the calm of my chamber that I could contemplate its rage at the open window, and without a flare of the candle. It must of course be ascribed to the power of the unseen moon—certainly in this instance no "lux maligna"—that, in all the turmoil of the elements, furious rain, and pitch-black clouds, I could see the whole range of the glaciers before me, the pinnacles of the needle-like, and needle-named, mountains, and the whole face—to the utmost summits of Mont-blanc. Then came the sheets of lightning, to put all into new force. I say nothing of the thunder, rendered far more dread from the straitened depth of the valley, which, in that respect, is without an equal in Europe. What struck me most was the shifting of the clouds. Occasionally they wrapt close the topmost verge of the vast picture, and were in continued density home on the regions midway down: but what fearful changes of the atmosphere must they not have been which, like the rise and drop of a theatric curtain, shewed, and hid and, shewed again, almost without the break of a minute's intermission, so many thousands of feet, in perpendicular height, of mountain front!* Admitting the possibility—which such vastness of spread may suggest—that these clouds did not come into contact with the mountain surface,—my station in front denying me power to ascertain what extent, if any, of interval there might be,—the

* Chimborazo, the highest of the Andes, and of far higher elevation above the sea than Mont-blanc, is not so high by three hundre feet over the valley at its base, as Mont-blanc is over this valley of Chamouni.

evidence of my sense is direct and most positive that their distance from my stand was considerable. If I may conjecture what I cannot absolutely know, I believe that these frequent careering clouds were borne by the sweep of the tempest right on the mountains, their collision with which, and smash, was the cause of their dispersion. Not less strange than this agitation of the clouds was the play of the lightning, which I have seen, in the one minute flash, along the pinnacles of the Needles of Midi and Plan, or the summits of Mont-blanc,—after an instant's interval illuminate with its blaze an inn on the opposite bank of the river, and, of course, at the mountain's base,—and, a third time, as I turned round, play behind me at midway height of the mountain, and follow me into my chamber.

Perhaps the blaze of lightning and force of thunder, which I witnessed at Righi, were as potent as they have been now. But my station there was the verge of a lofty precipice, with an immense spread of territory maplike beneath: here I have had in proximity and full in front, the loftiest mountain in Europe, by which to graduate the workings of the elements,—to see the lightning as in direct attack of earth's most stupendous bulwarks,—and, to me, strangest of all, to witness the reiterated creation and dissolution of a cloud of many square leagues in dimensions, nearly as sudden as the lightning's flash and disappearance.

The fierce war of the elements subsided with the arrival of morning: but through much of the day, a sublime storm has continued with a drench and deluge of rain—which, however, does not hide, nor even mar the scenery: it rather arrays it with appropriate accompaniments.

Directly under my eye rages the swoln Arve. In full face rise the Needles du Midi and du Plan,—their splintered shafts, ready, as it were, to shiver still thinner. At the base of these, a pathway is visible of two hours and half of laborious guide's walking over the mountain front that is the

substructure to the shafting of these Needles. Over this whole mountain face is also a deep scar that gives bed to a torrent —the Fouli—which is still more conspicuous from its course in yellowish white across the green pasture sod that outlines its descent. That sod gives into similar relief the pathway, which does not appear to serpentize more than the torrent; and therefore the race of this latter must be estimated as co-equal with the course of the other. Yet that green sward elevation (which is besprinkled with wood in some places, and bespread with it, in others,) when surmounted, can be but half-way to the summit height: farther advance is impossible, while the pinnacles spire in an inaccessible stem of stone to an altitude of 9,470 English feet perpendicular above the Arve,—Ben-Nevis, the highest of our British mountains, being 4,000 from the sea's level. But these strange mountains are neighbour to Mont-blanc, and are his support in flank. His height above the Arve is 12,300 feet; yet the difference in their altitude is not so striking as the diverse effect from his diffusion of snows, while their shafts are naked stone.

Mont-blanc closes my picture to the right in front. To the left are mountain Needles of which the basement is less lofty than that directly opposite; but the needles themselves are beyond comparison more striking—the Green Needle, and that of Dru—this latter being one strait shaft of stone, of four thousand feet perpendicular. From a chasm directly beneath it, the Mer de Glace has issue in the glacier which I now behold in thwart embrace of the basement of these shafts, and thence descending to the flat of the valley. The more I study that glacier and the others to the right, the more do I recover from the under-estimate of my first view; and the mind gets into tone with the vast dimensions of nature. Yesterday I had estimated the huddling course of the cataract opposite to me, beneath the Needle du Midi, as of five hundred

yards; and on investigation it proves to be a course of five miles.

It is abundantly delightful, amidst this vastness, to turn to the beauty of the minor furnishings. A very narrow, but very luxuriant strath is included between the objects I have particularized on one side, and the precipitously steep Mont Brevent—4972 feet perpendicular from its base—on the opposite. The strath is intersected by the Arve, a broad and violent river; and its fine pastures, set off with interspersed corn-fields and gardens, are animated with numerous pretty houses clustering the more thickly as they approach, and at length compose the comfortable, and chearful village of Chamouni. From my station no obstacle interferes with the view of all this dispersion of buildings, and farms, and gardens, bespangled as it is with grove that thickens into forest, as, quitting the strath, the ascent of the mountain commences.

With these objects around me, even the gloom of rain and stormy blast is pleasing; and with occasional resort to a couple of books, which with prepense selection I had put into my travelling bag—various enough to secure a change of interest,—I not only have been proof against the tedium of an inn, but have passed the day in that state of luxury, which is like the morning delight when, between sleeping and waking, the body sensualizes in repose, and the mind is active in reverie.

Evening. The afternoon has allowed an hour's stroll across dank fields of various product, principally after-grass of meadow and corn that is still green—much of which is lodged;—latterly through forest, alder in the wet grounds, and spruce fir and larch in sequence. There was very frequent traverse by planks across the plashes and little torrents which occurred in this course, the main object of which was to visit the Cascade des Pellerins, of which a friend in Italy

had given me intimation. It is caused by a stream, like that of the Fouli, which tumbles down the mountain face, by a scar deeper and closer than that of the other, and also far more tortuous,—the effect of which is that the water is seen in fewer and shorter breaks. Just before the final break, the stream has been received into a deep basin of rock, from which it bounds forth in the form of the segment of a circle—in the manner of an object projected by a howitzer at a high angle of elevation, but with a force inadequate to carry it aloft. At first sight, and from some distance, its highest reach upwards from the rock which it overleaps, is conspicuous and strange: but on the approach to it, in any direction—which can only be from below—this peculiarity is destroyed, or is very little striking. I cannot estimate the perpendicular height of the fall at more than forty feet, if it be so much. In itself, it does not deserve going out of the way to see: but the fall and the walk together with it were well worth the while.

22d August. The sun, as seen this morning through an opening in the vapor, coloring at his rise the summit snows of Mont Blanc in radiant gold, has been the fore-runner of a superb day.—Proceeded on the indispensible excursion of this region, which is the escalade of Montanvert. The ascent is annoying, and is best assisted by a pole armed with an iron spike—the use of which is of far greater help than that of a quadruped. When gained, it is after nearly two hours' march, and at 4740 feet perpendicular above the valley. On that side, and into the valley, the view is delightful; but the show of the Alps in forward prospect is not striking. Mont Brevent is directly opposite and, though its own features are magnificent, it is too close and too monopolizing a guard to permit the sight of any other mountain of much fame; and of what it does permit, the view is disadvantageous. In the back direction, Mont Blanc, with much of his allied strength of giant brethren, is quite shut out. In front, some two hundred feet directly beneath, and winding to the right very far out

of sight, is that valley—covered to an unfathomed depth with indurated snow and ice—called the Mer de Glace. It has decidedly the air of a tossed sea: but I could not feel that the sight satisfied my expectations; for I had reckoned on a majesty of expanse which is not to be found here. Its width may be a half or two-thirds of a mile; and but few miles of its course are visible. In point of fact, it is a lake of ice, of the utmost tortuousness of figure, and in a continuity through all the glens that wind round, or indent into, this district of mountain. If its boundaries are elsewhere—as I can well presume them to be—in the style of enormous precipice and jagged pinnacle, such as its barriers are here—no lake can presume to rival them at the utmost distance. As an instance of this, in face to Montanvert is the Needle of Dru, of which—as I stated before,—they tell that the uppermost height, in one shaft of stone, is four thousand feet, and of a total height, from its base in the valley to its pinnacle point, of nine thousand.

Descending to the brink of the ice, and proceeding some distance over its surface, its inequalities, which from above seemed extravagant enough, are ascertained to be of stupendous grandeur. What appeared to be hillocs of ice prove to be boldly featured mountain eminences. The chinks here and there are ghastly to the eye—but, to the imagination, they are hideous.

I was Briton enough, even here, to exult at having pointed out to me the stone, on which was spread the meal of the discoverers of this valley of wonders, in 1741—"the table of "the Englishmen."—as it is even yet denominated, from Bishop Pococke and Mr. Windham, the father of our late distinguished Statesman. And I was Citizen of the World enough to be sorry to learn that, though numerous Englishmen, and also several Americans, Germans, Poles, and Russians, have ascended to the summit of Mont Blanc, it has not, hitherto, been trod by one solitary Frenchman. My guide ascribed

this to the want of means, as affecting their travellers generally? but, surely, that cannot account for the failure of any one French name among the candidates for fame in, I will admit, this idly romantic enterprise. High Romance enters not, I apprehend, into the French character.*

The father of my guide—now eighty, and in perfect health—was with Saussure in his ascent: he himself has made the ascent six times. On one occasion, being one of a squadron of eight guides accompanying two Englishmen and a Russian engaged in the adventure—about three years back—an avalanche scattered the party, destroyed three of the guides, whose bodies have not since been found, and inflicted more or less injury on every individual of the others. The expense of ascent to a party, for the number of guides required for clearing passages and carrying ladders, provisions, and other indispensibles, is estimated at thirty Louis.

To return to the Glaciers—the strangest part of their wonderful story remains to be told; which is the forward

* Hinc illæ lachrymæ. The burden of offence is, that English beaux ascend where French writers of tours have not dared to make the adventure; and that, at the farthest stretch of French adventure, English belles are to be found in multitude;—to say nothing of the terror of English equipages. But English opulence, that can match itself against the utmost item in the inn-keeper's bills, is the high misdemeanour. Where such opulence exists, there must be poverty of mental as of bodily force: a man that can think of shaving and clean-shirting himself—diurnally—must, to a certainty, be an imbecile creature.

In such tenor effuses Raoul de Rochette—whose description of Chamouni valley tells of "les villages adosse's sur des glaciers, les habitations eparses sur des lits de "avalanches." We have long known that two negatives taken together make an affirmative: this author would evince to us that two impossibles, chained tight together, make a description;—if in rectangular junction, juster still. His book in this nonsense style has run through three editions in two years.

M. de Rochette suffered excruciating pain, but that it was allayed by his contempt, from the swarms whom he every where met of these coxcomb and humourist English. He expresses specific fear that his solitude might be disturbed by them on the summit of Mont Blanc. Persecuted Philosopher! At least they will on that spot meet no Frenchman.

Was that remark of the German lady groundless!—"The French nation de-"spises all other nations whatever—with the exception of the English, whom—as "it is not in their power to despise them—they hate!"

movement—positive but imperceptible to the eye—of all this dread tract of ice. In proof of this movement, a rock that may measure thirty feet by twenty on its base, and of corresponding height, was shown to me as having been, last year, some fifty perches higher up than now; with the farther averment that it is in a train of progress along with the ice in which it is imbedded, to a considerable distance farther before the ensuing summer. How dreadful is this silently imperceptible operation of nature!

In the attempt at an explanation of these phenomena, it ought to be mentioned, that this series of ice-lakes is not in a horizontal expanse—after the manner of the unfrozen element, which ever seeks to uphold its own level:—it tends in a slope, in some small degree conforming to the descent of the valley which it sheets. The constant accretion of snow from the mountain summits and fronts is, of course, an accretion of weight, the effect of which is an onward pressure of the mass, through the ultimate gorge of the ravine.—Even there, a solution of the continuity of the ice does not take place; it retains its compactness till it arrives at the basement beneath;—and its termination there gives discharge to a river. Each season's increment of ice from the farthest recesses of the glen is a new joint, superinduced on its dorsal length;—and while it extends its spine of junctures (each of a year's growth,) through a wildering series of a dozen, a score, or fifty miles,—it protrudes that articulated chain annually forward, at a greater or less rate of movement, proportioned to the temperature of the season. The consequence of this is, that at some periods a glacier, through failure of its supply, dwindles far within its usual bounds; and at others it advances into the plain, and overwhelms in its progress the habitations of man, and the cherished garden spots which his labour had cultivated.

That these suites of ice, in countless miles, of vast breadth, and of a depth that art has not the means to ascertain—are in

movement,—and that the measure of their motion is, as it were, sessional,—is a matter of palpable fact: that their accumulation of weight induces their motion down a somewhat inclined plane, may be clearly inferred. But of that momentum of ponderousness, which acts on such a continuity of compact body, through all the bends of such a lengthened ravine, and overcomes the anchorage that the jagged promontories of eternal rock in constant occurrence on its coasts, must have established,—of ponderousness to such a degree of force as this, imagination itself has not the faculty to make an estimate. Solely in the trial to do so, it may comprehend the cause of the innumerable chasms—which are rifts in the mass—when its more open expanse is compelled to dispart from the holdfasts, that are created by each indenture and embayment on its flanks.

The descent from Montanvert was by a different path, almost headlong, keeping near company with the slope of the Mer de Glace, that is here in precipitous fall to the strath. This termination of it has the appellation of the Glacier of the Woods. Here the rains of yesterday stood me nobly in store. The Glacier moves in slow sulkiness: the Avelanche is a child of the weather's whim: I had the luck to witness, during this descent, four avalanches—besides hearing others—of which the view was intercepted by the forests of fir. In respect to the roar, they resembled—only with far louder report—a well sustained feu-de-joie, or, what comes nearer, an exceedingly protracted peal of thunder. For their appearance I cannot say so much: that, and their extent of surface, fell very short of what I had expected, though my guide assures me that two of them were, for the season, large and striking. But it is in late winter, and on loftier situations, that the ravage of avalanches is displayed on a grand scale,—such that, were villages in the way, it would overwhelm them,—or even such as on the Simplon, have left

those traces of destruction which I have witnessed—to the extent of a Squire's domain of woodland.

The surface of this Glacier of the Woods, throughout the descent, bristles with strange obelisk forms,—reminding me of the upright stones, which I have seen in pictured delineations of Stonehenge, only still more barbarously irregular: and these, as they become undermined, from time to time, by a position bordering on downfall, produce the uproar of avalanches,—which term is common to their violence and to that of the slide of snow from the mountain breast. I saw one of these obelisks fall directly down that torrent, which is at present the principal among those cataracts, of which the fury is swelled by yesterday's rains. I say at present; for portentously strange as it may seem, a far mightier one existed last year, and through I know not how many years long preceding it. This torrent was no less than the source, bursting from on high, of the Arveiron, the main fork of the Arve: within these few months, it has opened for itself an invisible course, by a cavern of ice of half a mile's extent, in a diagonal direction downward, and to the level of the strath. Its efflux there is under a cliff of ice, within the face of which is an arched vault of sixty or eighty feet in front elevation. From an orifice in the utmost rere of this vault, the river, rushing into day, sweeps over the strath in such a devastating torrent, as to spread over some hundreds of yards wide of a stony bed;—this is passable when not in excessive flood, by a succession of half a dozen wooden bridges at various intervals: the uproar of the torrent was almost deafening. At half a mile lower it joins the Arve.

The vault from which this river breaks into light, is another glacier singularity. Its vast arch is as accurate as could be constructed with the aid of regular building materials: or, supposing it to be created by manual excavation, it is in that form of chamber which would result from the

hewing out, from the perpendicular cliff of ice, a mass in the just shape of a semi-sphere, that again is regularly bisected. This regular vaultedness of outlet is the common property of all the glaciers I have yet seen. They are of very various dimensions. But how majestic is this of the Arveiron! I mean as it stands now; for these vaults are subject to much change of dimensions, and to much casualty. Witness the destruction of the arched orifice of this glacier which subsisted in 1797; from the concussion of a pistol's discharge, which brought down the vault on a party of three persons, one of whom was killed, and the other two—farther removed—were lucky in escaping with fractured limbs. But what ideas of horror present themselves to the imagination, that would thrid the recently formed cavern passage of this river, between its former break-forth and its present issue;—or farther, that would dare to trace its numerous ulterior ramifications in collecting such a mass of waters. Well vouched statements there are—one particularly—of an inn-keeper at Grindelwald, who having fallen, in 1790, into a rifted chasm of glacier, had the extraordinary fortune to descend within the range of a torrent of this description, beneath the inmost coating of ice;—and who, pursuing his way along its bed, obtained an entrance into the world which he was so nigh leaving, with but the injury of a broken arm. Such a protracted cavern of ice, with its portal, is a fit and dreadful contrast to that infernal one, of other material, through which ancient belief deemed the Sybil to be the guide to the domains of Pluto's sulphur, and the flames of Phlegethon. We mortals generate in the human brain maggots—in strange variety of typification.

Returned to Chamouni before One.

The Guides of this valley are universally recognised to be of a superior class,—civil, communicative, of sound sense and accurate information. They are—with their horses—under strict regulation of the Government, and in a way that is most satisfactory to strangers.

From information thus derived, and to which I attach im-

plicit trust, I learn that the lot of the peasantry generally of the valley is, to a rare degree, happy. They are all in easy circumstances; each enjoying his little farm free from rent or cess—unless a land-cess be one and other, that may average eight francs per annum, on a farm, of which the live stock consists of two cows.* These farms yield abundant food of various description: they grow also hemp and flax sufficient for their supply of excellent linen: and they keep sheep, in numbers to furnish them with wool and cloth. Fustian and other cotton goods, with cutlery, compose the sum of foreign commodities which they have to buy with the superfluity of their crops; and they have no care besides, but for the vicissitudes of the seasons. And highly pleased was I to find them in the conscious enjoyment, and frank acknowledgment, of the extent of their resources and comforts.

One article of the valley's produce is Honey—immense in quantity, and of a quality unequalled—certainly not to be excelled. Their forests supply an exhaustless store of timber for the luxury of a blazing hearth, and for every other use: every man is free to consume as much of it as he will be at the trouble to cut and carry home. As for their dwellings, I have had abundant opportunity to witness how admirably they are housed.

The children of the peasantry—as I learn from a very fine boy—my conductor in a stroll, are for the summer occupied in field labor, and as guides to strangers. Education is suspended through that season; but it is resumed through

* What mischiefs have not Bishop Pococke and Mr. Windham to answer for, from having given Chamouni and its contiguities to mortal ken and human habitation! At least, M. de Rochette's facts, assorting well with his pictures, would make us believe so: "Les contributions pesent sur ce pais autant que ses "glaciers; et j'ai vu un bureau de douanes a cinquante pas du glacier d'Ar-"gentieres." This ranting rhetorician, as severe as Cato, and as maudlin sweet as any imitator of Sterne, enjoys now supreme consideration, and almost terror of authority, in Paris.

the long winter months, by all who can afford the cost of learning reading, grammar and arithmetic,—and who, I was glad to find, may amount to one half of the community, willing to learn, and able to encounter the expense.

The general decency of the people of this valley appears foreign to the low vices common to all places of travellers' resort, to a degree that is singular. Prices are high, and justly so, since the year is but of four months, and the carriage of articles of import—which travellers require—must be expensive: but no disgusting attempt occurs of trying a second price, or of chaffering in any way, even at any spot of highway refreshment: and the inns are attractive from their air of hospitality.

My inn, the Union—one of three—is a very spacious one, very abundantly supplied, very comfortable, and, I think, strictly honest. Its Travellers' book consists of all sorts of names, and is a receptacle of all descriptions of scribble: it is a good counterpart to an Album which is kept on Montanvert. Both books superabound in an accumulation and flood of daily wretched trash beyond that of any other Album, which it has been my lot to dip into.

23d August. Quitted Chamouni, to pass the Col de Balme, that closes this valley to the N.W. and whose reverse face overlooks the valley of the Rhone—down which I am to make my way to the Lake of Geneva. The road quite forbids a wheel-carriage: I used a mule in the ascent; which being gained, I sent him back, and, retaining my guide, went on foot to Martigny—twenty-four miles.

The road leads up the sources of the Arve, which are in much subdivision. The origin of some of these streams is derived from an occasional glacier to the right, parallel to those at Chamouni. They are all branch-vents of the Mer de Glace; but the collective body of water which issues from these, is quite inferior to that of the Arve. The fact is that the Arve at its commencement is a mere mill-course,

and in one tract of its progress is dammed by a suite of wooden troughs. Yet so much has chance to do in this world, in the fate of rivers—as well as of men,—that this rill lords by its name over the river which bursts in grandeur from the stupendous cavern that gives the main issue to the subterraneous waters of the Mer de Glace. Of this same river let me farther say, that—comparatively unknown as it is to us foreigners who may boast a decent provision of geographical knowledge—its impetuosity is so mighty that, when in full wrath from the regions of Mont-blanc, it finds the channel of the Rhone so mean for its redundant waters, as to drive their united strength in refluent course into the lake of Geneva, from which the Rhone has had issue.

The mountains on either hand here continued of great majesty; their fronts most precipitous, and often surmounted with shivered pinnacles. The valley is of various breadth, rich with farm and village buildings. At one place, where the Arve is crossed by an Alpine bridge, my mule made a halt, and resisted every procedure of mine to make him put a leg forward: this halt I at length traced to the regular stoppage he is accustomed to make for the purpose of an inquest on—not mine—but his passport, by the customhouse people of the Swiss territories, into which we were now entering, and where he was to be subjected to the process of ascertaining his age—by mark of mouth.

The fatigue of breasting the Col de Balme was occasionally remitted, to indulge in a restrospection of the valley we had left. On its final brow the prospect was gloriously complete, of the range of Alps on either hand, the most fantastic, generally, that I have seen, in pyramids, obelisks, needles;—needles in crowd, and each having its appropriate name, occasionally derived from the singular diversity of their several colors—the red, for instance,—and the green. Mont-blanc was outspread in the soberest form, but was altogether

paramount over them all, uplifting his serene and kingdom-like diffusion of snows. Vastness of white, to superabundance, was general: but the directness of the precipices, and the sharpness of the peaks which spired in every other direction, shattered its continuity. On Mont-blanc it was, and eternally is, in a velvet-pile, as dazzling as the robe which sheets our British plains at their utmost depth of covering; and immediately after a January's continuance of fall.

The table-land of the Col de Balme being traversed, the scene is shifted; and a view is afforded of a tract of the valley of the Rhone and its river. On the farther side of the valley are seen the snowy range of the Jungfrau and its associates, the highest in Swisserland, as those which we had just left behind—higher still—are the highest in Europe. In descending, we had to gain our way by a steep and narrow zig-zag path of what seemed an almost endless stair-case. Quite home on the left in this descent is a wing of the mountain, surmounted by an iron cross, that marks the utmost summit—7550 English feet above the level of the sea:—I cannot compute it at less than five thousand feet to the valley, which received us directly beneath. The descent from the site of the cross is so prone, as to give terrific confirmation to the tale of horror, of a young gentleman of Zurich having, thirty-two years ago, fallen into the stream at its foot—from that summit crest!

This stream, soon after our crossing it, joined another which comes from the right, and is derived from the last glacier in this range—that of the Trient. This glacier is the extremity of the Mer de Glace, of which the sinuosities, taken all together, are stated to amount to eighteen leagues, or fifty English miles. In other words, the series of valleys connected with each other, which are occupied by glacier, runs to that extent.

Leaving the hamlet of Trient, we proceeded across the hollow, and up a woody brow, which gave once more the valley

of the Rhone, the vicinity of Martigny, and specially that mountain on whose front—at a terrible height—I had, in November last, seen the forest flame blazing in the night. The Triente river is the same which, in the vicinity of the Pisse-Vache, issues from the perpendicular chasm, not more than wide enough to give it a passage, while it is twelve hundred feet high on each of its cheeks.

From this brow the road expatiates over an expanse of sylvan farm ground, sloping both to the valley of the Dranse and to that of Martigny. Among the trees of this half wild country, my eye, which is that of an inveterate arborist, marked two trunks of larch tree, plumed with a youth of branches that was greatly inconsistent with their growth of stem. The trained attention of the guides followed my rivetted looks with the ready information, that the greater of the two trunks is of a girth that makes five feet seven inches in diameter, when converted into English measure. As I had not a cord ready to verify their statement, I can only say, that their quickness to satisfy the question implied by my glance, fortifies my judgment; and I give implicit credit to their assertion.*

Thence to MARTIGNY, through walnut groves, through orchards, and gardens and corn, intermingled with that filth of weeds, with which the Swiss are too usually content as meadow. In the descent, a mountain on the right is seen crested with a fragment so regular, that it required the specific assurances of my guide to disabuse me of the belief that it was the well preserved keep of an ancient fortress, surrounded by the ruins of its outworks.

A delightful stroll in the evening exhibited to me my mountain pinnacle, in such castle regularity as almost to re-

* The monstrous stem indicates a height of the just, and first, growth to have been broken off by a hurricane eddy of the wind; and the youth of the plumage of the branches can be but a result of the luxuriance of the lower shoots of the stems of these two vast trees.

establish my first belief. In this stroll on a lofty terrace elevation, I had the Rhone beneath, which was commanded in long course from above, and in progress to the left below;—a valley barriered by mountains that, from their vastness are of absolutely majestic character,—while they are consummately picturesque also from their pinnacled and fantastic forms, and their awfulness of rocky precipice. The Pisse-Vache—a league to the left below—with all its grandeur of descent, was so miserably diminutive in reference to this majesty of general mountain precipice as to appear a mere spout, that slavered the basement of the cliff. On the right, the sons of Anak, on to St. Gothard,—one first, and specially, was fired by the setting sun: at intervals after that, different others of them changed their snow white into the redness of flame,—and again into pink. And, in a short five-minutes, the wondrous show sobered into silver—which then sickened into a wan, a deadly, ghastly white.

My thoughts go back to the Valley of Chamouni! and I congratulate myself much on my three days detention there. It gave largeness of play to the organic faculties, and rallied them to comprehend the immensity of nature, over which the unprepared eye slides at a glance, and gives only a miniature impression to bear on the mind. In a precipitate visit, no recurrence is had to a scale by which to evince the extension—which surely has to do with the majesty—of this exhibition of nature. Were time allowed for the eye to dilate, the dimensions would be found so stupendous, that even the imagination might lag in the attempt to comprehend it in an adequate degree. Hence, with the hasty—who are the ordinary class of—visitants, the effect that is induced is disappointment and dissatisfaction. They arrive in the evening,—are agog for Montanvert in the morning, and are forthwith back at Geneva,—treating the awfulness of nature as they might a public gallery of pictures that is open from twelve till three;—and as they might, during the prescribed

lounge in such a place, peer through the gallery catalogue—converted by them into a tube,—and levelled at some of the crack paintings. Just in the same way do they give a cursory view to this and the other object which their guide-book had previously instructed them to look out for,—get fatigued through the toil of the ascent, and mortified from its being so ill rewarded;—and mortification overcoming their languor, they effuse their bile in the Album, for whose redundance of bald nonsense,—beyond that of all other similar repositories in the world—I can thus distinctly account.

24th August. From Martigny along the Rhone, in a part of the valley, which I had once before traversed in the night. The road has on either hand a continuity of tremendous precipices, of which the face every where aloft is fractured, and its summit is jagged, in fantastic or freakish similarity to that of crennelled battlements and ranges of embrasure. Here and there a cataract streamed down the whole front of rock; and the recent rain has also given to the Pisse Vache—as seen on the spot—a swoln dignity of waters. Lower down on the precipices, and veiling their savage rockiness, is a luxuriant vesture of chestnut. I begin to despair that the good luck of Gray, on his return to England, may not be altogether mine. He saw not any thing like the extent and variety of the Alps—comparatively small as that has been!—which I have studied. He but crossed and recrossed Mont Cenis! And of all the Alpine scenery I have visited, these screens of the Rhone, from Martigny to St. Maurice, are perhaps the most picturesque. Suffice it to give the single instance of the Dent du Midi, the flank of which mountain descends in a succession of precipices—each precipice of tremendous asperity of front—each after other so rapid that the whole is one precipice,—of which the perpendicular elevation above the Rhone, that washes the base of all, exceeds nine thousand English feet.

The Rhone is here of the same filthiness that attends all

rivers that are derived from glaciers; an impurity, as it were, of eggs battered up with trodden and dried mire. It is strange that the Leman Lake, in which it depurates, should, after the lapse of thousands of years, be coated by no sediment that the physiologist can detect; and the more strange that the depuration should be so absolute that the river—which is its sole outlet—issues at Geneva in a transparency that mocks the pellucidness of glass, and has the hue of the sweetest indigo.

On crossing the Rhone at St. Maurice, and quitting the Canton of the Valais for that of Vaud, the change of the valley, as it widens here, is altogether striking. The soil is more rich: and careful cultivation has dressed it in garden pride. In the midst of this garden is the town of BEX, half hidden by walnut groves: it is backed by the Dent du Morcles, (twin to that of Midi,) which rises over it, clothed in the noblest forest: one return of minor mountain, though an integral part of the larger, breaks from its base in farther circumvallation of the place: this latter mount is crowned by a Castle ruin. In front, but at a remoter distance, are the vast masses of mountain which I have recently explored;—no want of snow on their van. In their rere is seen the absolutely white range beyond the Trient, which I passed yesterday. Bex is encircled with a guard of the noblest magnificence of nature, and wrapped home in the choicest loveliness of rich fields, interspersed with almost cumbrous grove. The town is what such a town ought to be; good houses, and a most respectably decent population, which I saw to the best advantage, as gently—though in throng—they issued from the Church after Divine Service. Their clothing was, without a single exception, not merely comfortable, but genteel, and did not exhibit a particle of the milliner's garish trickery: the females were generally in white, and most of them were provided with prayer-books, closed with a silver clasp.

Nor be forgotten in the mere picture, the tall spire of the

Church, towering over the garden groves that are the domain of this delightfully circumstanced little town,—which I no longer wonder to have so very often seen the subject of paintings and engravings. I do a little wonder, that all the different designators of it conspire to give to the walnut tree its mathematical regularity of round head,—while I must protest againt their wilfully shutting their eyes against the oak—to say nothing of the many fruit trees of more irregular figure, to the co-existence of which with the walnut, none of the views of Bex bear testimony. Perhaps these artists wish their landscape to rejoice in a tree, that claims the double merit of being a fruit-bearer and of forest size. It is thus that Ariosto ties his run-away Hyppogriff, in Alcino's island, to a myrtle which stands between two trees of more robust nature; but the myrtle is so stout, that the restive animal cannot disengage himself from it, though in his attempt to do so he shakes off all its leaves. Or it may be, that by exalting the consequence of this tree, on the twofold score I have mentioned, they protrude its only exceptionable characteristic, and, through suppression of the fact, make it the exclusive ornament of this vicinity, in flattery to the proprietory body of the place,—of that left-handed kind which, by heightening the leading traits of cunning and meanness in a plodding burgher's countenance, would aim at designating the weight of his purse.

From Bex, after a few hours' stay, proceeded through the valley, which is embellished with villas, and exhibits a luxuriance of farms, at once wooded and corn-cropt—that recals the remembrance of Italian exuberance, while the products are more in the style of English cultivation. It is a tract which combines the freedom of farm with the glow and pomp of garden. Approaching Villeneuve, however, an extensive surface of meadow cannot be sufficiently reclaimed to banish the character of the original morass. Beyond it, I reached the shores and expansive surface of the Lake of Geneva,

and my chosen station for the study and worship of it—at VEVEY.

25th August. As I look this evening to the Creux du Valais, I see a melting and exquisite softness, not merely in color or in outline, but in the positive attitude of all beyond the lake's termination aback of Villeneuve and Bovéret,—of the Meillerie on the right of this, and the Jorat on the left, that compose the framing of the picture,—of the Diablerets aloft behind the Jorat—of the Dents du Morcles, and, more especially, that du Midi, with its crest of snow: these latter mountains are just so little retired as, with less apparent magnitude, to retain all their dignity, blending with it a delicacy which their distance renders magical: and, combined with the yet remoter ranges of Alps, their mildness is as irresistibly attractive as their aspect—which is of awfully dread impression. It is hard to say under which guise they please most, of the very many that are intermediate between these two extremes. In this very gentlest, they are seen most seldom. Then their supremely accurate reduplication on the surface of the lake!—that appears one molten, livingly fluid metal: it were vain to attempt to define its hue: but the expansion, though thus living, is in the most absolute repose and placidness. I count ten boats on its surface in the first distance. The whole picture, whether primary or in reduplication, is so distinct and yet so strangely mellow, that my future recollections must ever be unjust to its loveliness: my attempt to fix it in words is, at this moment, abominable: but I must try to associate the recollection with the pain which it costs me to make the memorandum. I have ever been a greedy observer of the effects of weather, and of the atmosphere, on scenery. But such sober certainty of the witchery of this brilliant decline of day, in calm air, and in respect to such gradually retiring materials of landscape, is as little to be put into competition with what our coarse sky can induce, as an effusion of

Shakespeare is beyond the handywork of the playwright, who contrives to keep up the popularity of his handicraft through nine nights, or its fame through nine years.

27th August. This most extreme softness of the atmosphere, was but in progress to that large diffusion of magical coloring, which had frequently astonished me in last autumn, and of which I have had, since that time, but one repast, in the view of the Alps of Friuli; — unless I exclude the catches I enjoyed through the wreathes of vapor, in the course through Savoy. The captivating effect of the mildness of the two past days, was but a modification of the perfect fascination which is now in fullest possession of the picture.

It is clear that these colors of air into which—may I dare to say—the vast masses of the Alps are resolved, are the result of their excessive altitude, which implies an exhibitant distance of their surface from any ordinary point of view, though the observer should be quite on their base. And the colors of distance being, under any circumstances, so incomparably more delicate than those of objects comparatively contiguous on nature's canvass—that delicacy must be unspeakably enhanced in so pure an atmosphere as this, under so cærulean a sky, and with such an intense blaze of the sun. The effect of all this is that softness, blended with richness of vesture, which excites amazement, as though its un-essentiality were a phœnomenon baffling any rational solution,—though these simple considerations will distinctly account for it.

SECTION XV.

3d September. Proceeded in an excursion by Fribourg to the Oberland Alps, through which my course had been interrupted last summer by bad weather. Much of the road to Buhle—my halt for the first night,—lay over grounds that are no where level, and that occasionally rise into hills. These hills break into mountains of minor rank, much bespread with fir forest—that often ranges downward athwart the lower tracts of country, and closes the road in darkness. More generally this lower expanse is embellished with deciduous trees, which—refusing connexion with the fir—tuft a corner, or some other little portion of almost every field, and embosom the Churches, that frequently occur, and the presence of which is only declared by their spires, as is that of the frequent chateaux by their turrets. All this is in sweet alliance with the numerous farmhouses, whether single or grouping into hamlets: these houses are, in either situation, of most substantial construction, though their materials are timber. It is a pleasing and happy looking country.

To FRIBOURG, early in the morning. It is a city of strange appearance, and its buildings are of most uncouth fashion. Its ornaments are figured obelisks that are severally surmounted with a squat giant: the style of these images is identically that which with us invites the passenger into a village tobacconist's shop. Columns also are as numerous as it is possible to graft them on either post of every one halldoor. An apish image is protruded at every angular pro-

jection of every great house: tracery or twistwork in stone is for ever confronting the eye. The Cathedral is quite in character with all this: it is at once huge and diminutive. The columnar distribution of its aisles is massy and heavy; yet there is such a blaze of window light as though it scorned not to shew off specimens, in pell-mell, of all the beauties of all the streets in a concentrated crowd, with the addition of various hideous daubs of painting. In short, all the arts of Italy are here done into an ugliness that would disgust, but that the grotesque, that is prevalent every where throughout, compels a smile.*

The site of the city is quite extraordinary also. It mainly crests the verge of a precipice, from the brow of which, in one spot, a street descends in a slope that is tantamount to a precipice. This descent forms one jaw of a ravine, the counterpart to which is a rich bank in one place, and a perpendicular rock in another. This naked rock and this delicious bank, in alternation,—both exceedingly lofty,—conform in their direction to the winding of a river which first wrought out the ravine, or rather the chasm; and its bends are so very numerous and so very wanton that—partly in consequence of the closeness of the chasm—the off extremity of the segment is concealed from the eye, at midway of each

* "Over the principal entrance in the Cathedral is seen a singular exhibition of sculpture, representing The Last Judgment. Below the figure of Christ in the Judgment-seat, a large pair of scales are hung up, and the merits of mankind are determined by weight, but not singly; for several are weighed together; and a kind-hearted angel is slyly pulling the scale, to make the party appear good weight. St. Peter is leading the Saints up to Paradise; and, on the other side, demons in human form, but with pigs' faces, are carrying on their backs baskets full of the wicked, and precipitating them into a pit, while other demons are zealously stoking them down with long forks.

"On the city-gate, leading to Vevey, there is a large piece of sculpture, in which the figure of an old man, intended to represent God the Father, is dandling upon his knee, not the infant Jesus, but Christ upon the Crucifix."—*Bakewell's Travels*, Vol. II. p 201.

one of the short horse-shoe forms which it describes, so as to leave conjecture at a loss in respect to its farther direction. Without the city its windings continue even more fantastic, as viewed from the noble walks which are carried along the brow and onward verge of the ravine. These windings I pursued with exquisite pleasure for more than a mile; and I finally gave up the course of the river, without being able to make out where it finds an escape—so embarrassed did it appear on either hand, and so positively shut up in front by a continued screen of precipice.

One of the most remarkable accompaniments of Fribourg is its suite of walls, crested with numerous uncouth quadrangular turrets. They run a course of four miles; and they travel up the cliffs and line the precipices high aloft, as carefully as they shut in the gorges of the ravine beneath. They seem adapted merely for the protection of an archer force against an assailant force opposing similar weapons: yet the circumvallation that surmounts the precipices must, in the olden time, have formed an obstacle to the casting down of projectiles, which, though thrown without aim, could not fail to crush in the roofs of the subject streets beneath. Of the monstrous precipice, which is thus surmounted by the city wall, a fragment of a crag, some years since, tumbled from near the site of the highest of all the turrets, with the noise of thunder, and almost the shake of an earthquake, into the bed of the river below, where it continues to vouch the consternation which its fall must have occasioned to the city and its precincts.

They have troops in this metropolis of a Canton, as strange to the sons of modern war, as possibly their walls were to past generations. I have seen the Pope's troops—and other military assemblages, of worshipful irregularity of discipline, even in Swisserland,—that is now no military country, with the exception of Berne and a minor canton or two. But I have no where seen a parallel to the

Fribourghers, whose "armed force," is literally a set of elderly men, that are nearly past all other work than that of carrying a firelock in the hand, as a guardian of the night does his pole, and who, arrayed in watch-coats even in this hot sunny day, pass along the streets to relieve their comrades, at each two hours, from the fatigue of standing in a sentry box,—and beat the evening retreat in a libellous mimicry of military usage.

The sites of Fribourg and of Berne are as curiously similar as those of Stirling and Edinburgh. Each of these Swiss cities occupies a precipice that indents, promontory-like, into a horse-shoe opening, and would form a stopper to its cavity, but that it is disparted from the outer wall by the river —which runs at the base of the chasm. In either city the main street runs on to the point where the river bends to make its turn-round: in Berne carriages go up and down its slope in that part with some inconvenience: in Fribourg the attempt would be madness, for the passage is by a species of great stair-case. In Fribourg, as in Berne, the houses are of solid construction. But here the likeness ends; and the contrast is as great between them in all things else, as between the Old town and the New one of Edinburgh. It is remarkable, that Berne, without quite an equal number of houses, looks threefold the size of this city, as it has actually threefold its population. For such a mal-assorted, slovenly tissue of meanness as is exhibited here, my recollection furnishes no parallel.

The manners seem in fitness to the place,—old fashioned and sober. The costume of the females does more injustice, not merely to the person, but to the face, than that of any other Swiss Canton. This of the country. Even in the city, buckles cover the whole upper leather, and clasp the foot round from sole to sole, as formerly with us in the grave courtier days of Queen Anne.

The number of Churches is inordinate, even for a Roman

Catholic town. High and vast over the city is the conventual establishment of the Jesuits, who have lately obtained the re-possession of it. It is but one of eight convents, to which Fribourg gives support. And so wedded are these good people to the jog-trot of old times, that a reputable ecclesiastic having endeavoured to introduce the system of education, that goes under the name of Lancasterian, the very essay to facilitate knowledge raised a commotion in the canton; and the partizans of old fashions having gained the ascendency, after much pen-and-ink dispute, and much mob violence,—the advocates for instruction were so utterly defeated, that whereas there had been till that time extensive free schools established here, as in the other cantons, by allotments from the state revenue, no public school exists now in Fribourg. The Jesuits, indeed, give instruction in purely classical attainments to such youths as have the ambition to acquire them. But whoever wishes his children to be taught common arithmetic must have an instructor in his own house; and the bulk of the community remains without any resource to learn even spelling.

From many things which I have heard in Swisserland, the Fribourghers must be set down as gross and revengeful. And their criminal code is an angry one. I had heard, in Italy from a friend that, some year or two back, a criminal convicted of arson had been sentenced to expiate his offence by being himself burned in the public market place, and that the sentence was actually carried into execution. My information is from so respectable a quarter, that I can little hesitate to adopt it, though I am unable on the spot to learn further particulars;—for, truth to say, I am, through delicacy, shy to enquire. One highly respectable gentleman however,—from Arau Canton—and well acquainted with this City, which he often visits,—though unable to disprove or confirm this story, has given me, in exchange for it, a less serious one, that is equally indicative of the manners

of the place. His own uncle, when apprentice to a surgeon here, was in the habit of repairing in the evening, with a companion, to a beer-house, in one room of which a basket of eggs was usually kept for the consumption of the family: a dozen of these they contrived on one occasion to abstract, substituting for them an equal number, into each of which, they had contrived to introduce a filling of human hair, by a puncture the smallest possible for their purpose. The first of these eggs which chance brought forward for use, occasioned vast surprise on its being opened; which, of course, the trial of a second, a third, and a fourth did not diminish. The people of the house submitted the affair to the Fathers of the Capuchin Convent, who—after solemn investigation—pronounced the portent to have been wrought by certain evil spirits, for whose expulsion from the premises, and their due purification, high ceremonies of exorcism must be performed. So wide-spread, however, became the noise of this incident, that it claimed the attention of the Jesuits; and this Order, whose members are selected from keener minds, and are better instructed, ascertained the thing to be a trick, and earnestly importuned that all should be decently hushed up. There was too much good sense in this recommendation to permit the adoption of it: and matters had gone so far as to require the cognizance of the Chief Magistrate of the City, who—with all fit zeal to put down such an abomination of the Wicked One,—gave official judgment that the eggs—fragments, as well as those which had remained whole—should be solemnly burned: and solemnly burned they were in the Market-place of Fribourg, with all due forms to that ceremony appertaining.

I must leave the affair of burning a human criminal as I received it, with the suggestion of this gentleman—involving in it some grounds for scepticism,—that the criminal in question may not have been burned until after the deprivation of life by strangling;—which my informant states to be

a practice occasionally resorted to in Berne, in instances of rare atrocity, of which it is desired to mark the horrible abomination.

5th September. From Fribourg, through a similar and equally smiling country, to BERNE—with the company of the same well-informed person. He has known this country forty years, and states to me, that when first he travelled this road, there was but one small village along its six leagues of length: it now counts several. On his own observation, fortified by the information of competent medical authorities, he largely ascribes this increase of inhabitants to vaccination.

The fashion of the farm houses, seen in the course of yesterday and to-day, is uncouth. The roof is vast in proportion to the main building, and it projects enormously over the walls, so as to give protection to their winter-fuel, the faggots of which are under their covert. These are sometimes piled from the ground upwards, and at others, are disposed within rests, diagonally placed, of which the lower extremities are buttressed against the walls, at mid-way or less of their elevation, while the upper are inserted into the rafters that project very far out above: the support of these piles of faggots, is therefore the base of a triangle, of which the rafter and the wall are two of the sides that compose a right angle. Much of the exterior of the house is provided with one or more tiers of gallery, which also are under the covert of the projecting roof, and serve for minor lumber. In these galleries is usually seen a quantity of maize, that is strung up there to dry, and is so retained until it is brought into gradual consumption. The interior chambers, not occupied by the family, and all the rest of the fabric's uncomely dimensions aloft, supply space for stowage of their general crops. The cattle have their place on the ground floor.—The ascent for the family is usually by a ladder from one gallery

to another, on which the rooms of each stage severally open, It is a clumsy, but an imposingly substantial pile.

In the Valley of Chamouni, the lower part of the houses consists of stone and mortar, the upper stories being of plank; and in winter these are filled with the family store and the provender for the cattle. Here the distribution of the latter is in the rere, and from the basement upwards; and the houses are wholly of plank. My intelligent fellow traveller tells me, that a house of wood retains the heat longer than one of stone; that in towns the continued flank connexion of the houses in line is held to keep them all from cold,—of which there is the utmost need, as the various chambers are all occupied, each floor being usually a separate tenement:—but that in these isolated farm-houses, the family assembles in a large room, in which a good fire is always kept up for the benefit of the whole household, and the heat from it is diffused through the remotest compartments of the building. Finally, these timber houses are so doubled in the planking, each seam being overlaid by the centre of the covering plank, that nothing is wanting to ensure warmth in the utmost inclemency of winter, that is possessed by a structure of masonry;—even were all mention omitted of their study to maintain an exposure to the sun, and their systematic arrangement of their galleries and enormous eves most largely on the side of the prevalent winter storms.

One dread danger there is to these houses—from conflagration!. My informant states, that on the identical evening and night—20th ult.,—when the magnificent storm took place at Chamouni, they had so tremendous a one at Soleure—where he was—that five houses, each one of them wide away from every other, was on fire at the one time, from the lightening: much injury was sustained in consequence, and a number of cattle were burned. And in these cases of conflagration from the elements, the terror is the more in-

tense, that the fire-engines of each little section of a district are withheld from every neighbouring one, from a sense of self-preservation; and each is left to shift with its own unaided resources.

Some of the Cantons are introducing regulations prohibitory of the building—or even re-building—of any house with any other material than stone. A wise precaution, and an interference of legislation warranted by the circumstances, is also in force, of insuring buildings and farming stock against fire, the payments assessed for which purpose are levied by cantonal authority, and are appropriated to make good losses accruing under this calamity. The horror of fire in Swisserland is so great, that even in towns where a wooden house does not exist, such as Vevey, a set of buckets, and the further equipage that is needful for extinguishing fires and serving the engines with water, must be upheld by each house-keeper, under the penalty of a fine if any one article be wanting, or not in full repair, on every domiciliary inspection which the Magistrates may think proper to make, however unawares.

In the present war of Custom-house duties between France and the Swiss Confederation, only six out of twenty-two Cantons have concurred: the rest have succumbed to France. If it be asked why—the solution is, that if the entire of Swisserland, controlled by a Government with powers co-extensive with the Swiss territories, adopted the system of countervailing duties, the battle with France must be fought fair, and the remedy, or at least the retaliation, would be sure. But as each canton is a nation in itself, each separate interest counts on the impossibility of a union among the whole, and looks exclusively to its individual advantages, which it measures by its prejudices. One instance is as explanatory as a score can be. Lucerne Canton, which grows no Vines, will not sink into subjection to the wine district of Zurich, its neighbour, or to Vaud that is still

Swiss, though removed from its contiguity: and dreading a combination of the Wine-merchants of Swisserland—of which country it would seem that the combinations can be but for ill!—it prefers submission to the exactions of the French Custom-house on Swiss exports to France—of which, perhaps, it furnishes less than other cantons—in order to let the French wine-holders into its market. But what better unity could be expected from twenty-two districts, at the head of one of which is the King of Prussia—a state, by general confession, the best ordered of the entire. N. B. I neither insinuate nor insinuate not, that Neufchatel would be thus admirably circumstanced, if it were situate half way between Berlin and Koningsberg.

It were unpardonable not to bring forward the fact, that there are many isolated Swiss—like the gentleman with whom I have been discussing these subjects—who look with scorn and loathing on the disjointedness of their confederation, and the mean vices of which it is the cause, and which it promotes. It were equally wrong not to pay a high tribute of praise to the noble spirit which actuates Berne, Zurich, Arau, and in a less degree, Vaud. But the imbecility and the sulky sordidness, which taint even these Cantons, have a paramount influence over the other Helvetic tribes, that is apparently beyond the power of remedy.

The diversities between one Canton and another are powerful, even on the eye. A very minor river separates the Fribourg State from that of Berne; and on one side of the bridge is a hedge ale-house, while on the other is a substantial inn and its respectable hostess—not too proud to solicit custom, but soliciting it with a covetousness which mates well with matronly propriety. To mention the circumstance were to recite a nothing, but that it is a faithful specimen of the contrast which protrudes itself in all things else. On one side is slovenliness, public and private, and all that bears the brand of ill-understood and ill-practised

œconomy: on the other every thing is in the highest order, and in a keeping as markedly opposite to that of the contiguous territory as can be supposed of a highly dressed demesne to that of a slothfully upheld and mismanaged farm. No two countries—not even France and Spain—can exhibit more palpably diverse habits. It were little to say, that the people are of distinctly different bodily structure, as they are altogether dissimilar in their costume: they are as distinctly different in mental energies.

Arrived at Berne, I enjoy that magnificent prospect of the snowy mountains, of which I had been robbed at two visits in last summer. I think the view of the Alps from Turin a better one. They are there less conspicuous in snow: but they lengthen immeasureably farther in range, and the entire spread of their surface from the base line is free from the obstruction of any lesser masses, and their majesty of precipice—erect to the sky—is seen athwart the plain that intervenes between them and the spectator. At Berne, the summits (of which fifteen are seen in suite) and assuredly a large portion of the fronts of these, are clothed in serenest snow: but, from midway down, their body is intercepted from sight by intervening mountains, which, it must be admitted, are of magnificent character; and the interval of space which separates them from the spectator is more than two-fold of that which removes the range from Turin. Each view is perfect in its kind: and no Great City in the world can possess a third, comparable to either.

In the evening to THOUNE. It is an old fashioned town, quite in the peculiar style of Swisserland; being highly bedecked with the fopperies of the ancient time, when barbarism of taste tortured clumsiness into deformity. Conspicuous among these whimsies are the two or three score of slender cones which are stuck on every dwelling house that arrogates to itself any claim to grandeur,—to say nothing of the number of similar spikes that bristle from the public edifices. Then in respect to the Church spires, a sacrifice

is made of the sole merit they could claim of "growing fine "by degrees:" for each of them is grafted, all round, at about four-fifths of its elevation, with minnikin cones: and it would be difficult to say whether each poor little cone is in more seemly likeness to the nozzles used for extinguishing candles, or to the ears of an ass, erected from the head, in an oddity of position which that animal pretends not to exhibit. In view of all this grotesque foolery, and overlooking it, some improver has constructed a pretty rotunda on the crown of a lofty eminence, and has fastened—on the front of a contiguous and mighty steep, clothed with spruce firs—an imitation of the façade of a Grecian Temple, in as resplendent a white as fresh white-wash could produce.

Having just quitted the decencies of a second home, I may feel the more acutely, as my increased knowledge of the country enables me to detect the more readily, the countless frauds that are practised on Englishmen—on the very score that they are held able to pay. At Buhle twelve francs were demanded from me for a one-horse conveyance to Fribourg, for which half the sum would have been the fair price, and which, after much higgling, I obtained for seven and a half. At Fribourg, besides an imposition on the article of wine, my breakfast was charged and paid at fifty per cent beyond that made to the Swiss gentleman who associated with me in the course to Berne. At Berne, an additional third beyond the usual fare to Thoune was levied on me, through an oversight on my part, of which advantage was instantly taken, and very civilly maintained. Matters are managed with precisely similar honesty at my quarters in Thoune.

It is not at the inns alone that these frauds are practised. It were useless, as well as very tedious, to enter into detail on such a subject. Suffice it to say, that it is a most common trick, even when an article has been agreed for—and paid for—and sent home,—that the seller, who holds all this to be but a stage in the progress to an absolute sale,

shall wait on the purchaser to state that the price—which it had required much discussion to fix—was agreed to by him in misapprehension, and on that ground to claim that the article should be restored, or a supplementary sum paid. Sometimes this affair is managed by the honest shop-keeper through an appeal to the purchaser's generosity; at others the demand is made with threats of litigation. The avidity which dictates the procedure is occasionally rewarded by the credulity of the dupe, or by the compliance of him who hates trouble, or scorns the cheat. Once to succeed whets the purpose to make a frequent experiment of the trick.

I am aware that one portion of the Swiss people will not credit the existence of such barefaced frauds; and another portion, who do know that the turpitude prevails, hold it in reprobation. But I also know that a large majority of them have the conscience to be seriously of opinion that there is no dishonesty, nor any thing to be ashamed of, in respect to such practices. At Buhle, a Swiss Colonel, a very steady sort of gentleman, and the possessor of a substantial estate, defended to me in good faith, these frauds, as being consistent with strict justice, and this by a sort of logic that —in the British service—would have insured his speedy expulsion without the ceremony of a Court Martial.

6th September. Passed the Lake of Thoune, of which I have again to remark, that, with the exception of its barrier of snow-clad mountains in one quarter, its boundary objects do not sufficiently belong to the Lake. I re-state this observation with the view to contrast this fault with the quite opposite characteristic to that of Como—which is completely incarcerated by its mountain screens.

To LAUTERBRUN, through that enormous chasm, which last summer I could only reconnoitre from the distance of Interlacken. The road runs along the bank of a glacier river that has barely room for its passage, except in occasional spots, where the more open space is regularly taken advantage of for the site of a village. The barriers on ei-

ther hand are a continued range of impracticable steeps of hanging wood, or of rock too precipitous for wood to fasten on. This chasm has every appearance of having been wrought by a forcible disparting of the mountain directly throughout its core,—in the act of which, each face tore away a portion of surface from the opposite one. Either front, therefore, is—not serrated—which were an infantine term, but fractured into acute and far projecting promontories from base to summit; and the concavity on one face confronts with the protuberance on the other. Having used the word infantine, let me farther illustrate this strange scenery by the comparison of an apple cut into zig-zag,—as in pastime over a desert is sometimes done by very old persons to please very young ones,—yet not cut so deeply but that, in separating the hemispheres, the lower one does not fall away, but must be torn from the other. In the case of this Alpine rent, either base of these most deeply indented precipices is beset with the mouldered fragments that, in the course of ages, have shivered from their faces and crest, and are now more or less in decomposition. And as each retiring angle answers to a projection opposite, so does a heap of lapsed ruin answer to a similar heap, in a furnishing of fragile matter along the lowest portion of either stupendous cliff—dare I say in the character of the skirting to a chamber wall! That skirting is as enormously various in pattern and in breadth as it is in elevation: in some places it is fifty, in others it exceeds five hundred feet, in height; and even so it is a mere skirting, or of but surbase humility. Here and there accumulations of rubbish are so flattened as to give site to the villages I have mentioned. Other heaps of more fantastic shape are bespread with shrubs of under growth or with timber trees; while of others again the surface is but stained with the hues of incipient vegetation.

After a progress of five miles, this most extraordinary valley forks into two, of which that to the right gives pas-

sage to Lauterbrun: the course thither, of two miles and a half, is somewhat more direct, the confronting cliffs presenting fewer angular projections; and rising from the brink of the river which runs a much more right-lined course, they leave no corner space in which rubbish could rest and accumulate. This tract of the chasm is therefore more bare of vegetation than the preceding one: but strange stains, as if produced by the oozing of mineral matter, are diffused over the calcareous surface of these most mighty walls of rock. Athwart the chasm, and terminating the view, lies the Jungfrau, eleven thousand feet in perpendicular altitude above the road. So close is it in front that the eye can plainly distinguish the heaps of snow in all the irregularity and ruggedness consequent on their fall in daily avalanche through the past season. Still higher up, and equally palpable, could be seen the strewed and, as it were, still travelling lines of powdered snow recently precipitated in a similar way. Above, and deserted of the support of what had thus crumbled away, lay the virgin snows of last winter. Their main substance is of eternal abidance; but those on the surface, thus deprived of basis, are ready to obey the impulse afforded by their own weight, as soon as the ice that resists it is relaxed by the sun, surcharged with moisture, deranged by the movement of a breeze,—perhaps answering the call of the spirits of air.

Reached Lauterbrun, an honest inn, I think, and an excellent one. The hamlet here is decent and quiet, as Swiss hamlets usually are. On the road I met numerous groupes of peasants in their best dress, with chaplets of roses and other flowers in their hats: they were proceeding to Interlacken and its neighbour towns, for the purpose of celebrating the Sacrament to-morrow.

Close by this hamlet is the Staubach Waterfall, with which—being a little prepared,—I was not disappointed. For why dwell on 925 feet (French) as being the measure

of its height, when the uppermost two hundred do not tell on the eye, inasmuch as they are thrown back from the perpendicular of the precipice, close on the base of which the view must be taken? What can even the seven hundred feet avail, if the water stream down a mere wall of that altitude? And, unluckily, the barriers of rock which give terror to this chasm, are devoid of cragginess hereabouts, and descend to the base in one smooth sheet of stone: the very spot where this lofty precipitation takes place, instead of being in a recess, or even on the face of a direct range, is a convex on the front of the general precipice; the fall is a mere line of water that can scarcely continue itself to the bottom, a great portion of it being dispersed on the passage in spray and vapor.

Generally this valley surpasses any other I have ever seen, unless it be that of the Doveria, the accompaniments of which cannot match the glacier sublimity which surmounts the scenery of Lauterbrun. I admit that I saw the Doveria in a moment of bad weather: fear of bad weather made me last year adjourn the view of this till now, when I have weather, than which there has not been finer, since the days of William Tell.

7th September. Left Lauterbrun by an ascent of the left barrier of its valley, which the eye deems inaccessible to human passage. A path, however, has been practised athwart it in zig-zag, by which I mounted on horse-back to the table-land aloft, 4,500 feet in perpendicular height above the village. In the ascent the eye commands the ravine below; and far aloft of its walls of rock,—that of the Staubach not high among them,— are commanded immense tracts of mountain surface sloping to the verges of them, which form a valley on a vast scale, in which Lauterbrun is a species of deep crevice at its bottom. It was the tract of mountain on the offside of this valley, thus surmounting the ravine, and at such an enormous elevation, that sent forth yesterday

afternoon the peasant groupes, who left their summer chalets to solemnize the sacrament in their own villages and in association with their families; of course, they gave their charge of cattle and dairy to the temporary care of their fellows. Leaving this scenery behind, the path crossed the table-land of this mountain of which the name is the Wingern-Alp; it is an advance of the mightier masses, and is washed on two of its fronts by the Lauterbrun river which I had left, and that of Grindelwald to which I was bound,—these two being the forks of the one which runs towards Interlacken. In line on the right of my present path and as it were the third side of a triangle, the Jungfrau aspires, in such proximity, that an inexperienced eye would insist that it is at less than musket-shot distance: it is separated from the Wingern-Alp by a ravine thus narrow, but of monstrous depth, which can be scanned with fear and wonder in the progress along its verge aloft. The bottom of this dread chasm—at I know not what thousands of feet below—receives unceasingly numerous avalanches after every concussion or change of the elements. But the weather had been too settled to allow me the repetition of this wonder. In this nearer study of the Jungfrau from base to vertex, I was enabled to determine that what, yesterday afternoon, seemed to be rugged masses of snow, was the pillared ice which bristles its glaciers, in the manner of those of Chamouni. Portions also appeared, of which the fall was traceable to the furrowed and roughly flowered coating higher up: and here and there the main robe of snow was seen mysteriously based by a frequent projection as of corbeils, such as in human architecture sustain the vaulted weight that swells from what would seem, not its support, but its decoration.

The Jungfrau much exceeds Mont-Blanc in elegance of outline, and is far more aspiring in vertex. Having passed its inexpressibly stupendous precipices, and those dread tracts of snow, which the foot of man has never dared nor

has power to tread, the road leads similarly athwart the front of the Eiger—another Alpine potentate, that is but 640 feet less in altitude than the Jungfrau.

The Eiger is not separated by any ravine from the Wingern-Alp; and the road over this latter continues within a mile,—sometimes much less—of a perpendicular wall of rock that is not less than four thousand feet high. From the face of this precipice a loosened fragment of it fell in last February, and bounded, and must have rebounded frightfully indeed: for I have just seen its ruins shattered through such a process, which has spread them, in great stones and small gravel over the road,—here three quarters of a mile from the base of the precipice. It was imperative to stop and study the phenomenon: these shattered stones have choked and destroyed the mountain pasture for several hundred yards in length, and to an equal extent in breadth. The place from which the mass was detached was pointed out to me, at about one-third of the elevation of the precipice. The event took place about eight in the morning, and in a season of the year when neither brute nor human creature had occasion to be within its range. But the noise spread consternation to the village, and to the chalets which for miles bespread the valley beneath, whose inhabitants at first thought that their little world had broken into final wreck. Numerous and strange instances of their terror were recounted to me.*

In the descent of the reverse side of the Wingern-Alp, various dignitaries of the Alps appeared in a successive range. The next to the Eiger, and separated from it by a narrow chasm, is the Wetterhorn or Weatherhorn, which is nearly as large as its neighbour: it is in direct precipice, not merely of half way, as that other, but from the flat of

* A lad engaged in milking a cow within doors, at the distance of a league, fell into a swoon, and was found a considerable time after under the animal's belly, &c. &c. &c.

its summit to the glacier at its base,—possibly the most dreadful wall of rock throughout the Alps. Its crest is, as the name imports, a weather gauge to the vicinity. At its base is a glacier which fills up the interval that disparts it from the Eiger; and at the off corner of its front is another. Both project into the valley, are very beautiful, and terminate in an arched vault; from which severally rolls a turbid river in the manner of the glaciers at Chamouni; these latter, however, are superior in grandeur to those of this Grindelwald valley. Instead of being a savage vale, of the character of the Lauterbrun, this new one exhibits the shape of a regularly round bowl, of which the bottom and sides bear every mark of the most pains-taking cultivation, and are set with chalets so thickly, that if they were disposed to a pattern, they would form a crowded design for a rustic's gown in printed cotton. I have witnessed many scenes of clustered chalets in Swisserland; but this of the Grindelwald out-herods them all. Certainly it is ugly in reference to the picturesque. But such a sight—I will not call it view—has claims on the sympathies, in comparison with which the picturesque, or the poetic, are less than the mire on the shoe's sole. Then the peasants issuing from Church,—and loitering through the Sunday—this being also the Sacrament Sunday,—so healthful, so well fed, so comfortably, I might add, so sumptuously clothed! I defy the world to match them. Swisserland is the land of Cocagne for this class of society. Goldsmith's delineation of their pursuits and habits, is mere fable: but, alas! his dissection of their character is in the strictest truth of philosophy.

To return to the appearance of Grindelwald; it is a large town, set out in fragments, the circular bowl over the surface of which it is spread being about two miles across, with a population of three thousand persons. But the house-room requisite for stowing provender and for stablingkine,

makes the sum and size of roofs perhaps three-fold of what would suffice for the occupying proprietors.

From Lauterbrun to Grindelwald has been a painful course of eight hours,—riding in the ascent,—on foot in the descent. Terminated it at one in the afternoon.

At dinner this day at the table d'hote, I was the only Englishman, and took my post between a crew of Germans—that occupied one end of the table, and a Geneva family, who filled the rest: this latter was of such affluence, that the head of it, who had been long resident in England, was naturalized by Act of Parliament. Yet such table manners as were exhibited by these Swiss of high station and subsequent English training! For sample, let it suffice to say that, after the affair of soup as usual, and next that caput mortuum of animal food, bouilli—also as usual,—a course of potatoes succeeded, exactly as in the train of their daily habits, and before the numerous other good things were served: this regular course of potatoes was most regularly discussed,—not merely with such a thrusting of each lady's and each gentleman's knife into the common salt-cellar—a nastiness that from its universality is a nothing to remark on,—but such helping themselves in the same compendious way, and with less ceremony than some bare-legged Irish peasants would have used, from the one plate of butter, on which very frequent drafts were made by each individual, for flavoring the potatoes! All this was left far behind by the Germans,—who were law and divinity students from Heidelberg, Gottingen, and Leipzig. They had started this morning from Lauterbrun; and I had on that occasion been struck by the uncouthness of their equipments, that seemed to designate them as Woods-men or Game-keepers—savage without being picturesque. On nearer inspection, the general appearance was discovered to be the genuine result of every minute particular that had to

do with them,—the throat of each fine man in a thicket of bristling hair, which was free from any other covering than that of an open shirt collar;—a deep bush of hair from either ear athwart his upper jaw;—his eyes perriwigged by brows that interfered with the sight;—his head sweltering under a fleece of hair as thick as the winter coating of animals of a high northern latitude;—his countenance as wide from that of mortals of a common stock of wisdom, as the owl is becomingly abhorrent from the common birds of day! Then the contortion of their features, the play of their hands, the screech of their most unmodulated voices, the grossness of their every movement,—indeed the swinishness of their every act, unless where the broadest kind nature of humanity was compromised.

I am not able, and am not inclined, to shut my eyes against much most gentlemanly propriety—I insist on not saying refinement—among Germans of station and polish: I have often met persons of this description. But such persons compose a minority strangely small, among the hordes of the coarsest stamp, through whom I have gone — in gauntlet, of course. I am a Voltairist in nothing, except what refers to German grossness.

These swarms of the brood of winter, who thus expose themselves in pedestrian pilgrimage, are of the respectable classes of society, in so far as a laborious scholastic education can make them so: and they must enter largely into society, and be influential on its tone in their own country; they cannot therefore be unfair specimens of its character and tendencies. I feel Germany to be a wondrous task for philosophical speculation: but to set about that task, even in a superficial way, were utterly impossible for me, who am as nice—I will not admit the word fastidious—as to Germany, as the poet Gray was in a general way—inducing a prejudice to the disparagement of him, who could

up-bear himself against much prejudice, without injury to the estimation of his positive merits.

8th September. My boast of the weather has been as vain as the boast, on such a subject, must always be, and specially so among the High Alps. Such a tempest of rain, lightning and thunder prevailed through the night, that the people of the house were forced from their beds, to watch over the security of their doors and windows against the wind, and the protection of the house itself, which is timber, from heaven's fire. The clouds are so dense this morning, and the symptoms of continued gloom are held so decisive, by both the landlord and my guide, that I am reduced to give up the passage of the Scheideck, which is a counterpart in character to that of the Wingern-Alp, and which must be performed—if it could be performed at all—through a drizzle of moisture above, and through continued mire and flood be-spreading the surface of the ground. In making this sacrifice, I give up the valley and falls of the Aar,—the falls of the Rheichenbach and the Giesbach,—and the lake of Brientz, by which my route would have lain in this circuitous return to Interlacken. To this place I am compelled to remeasure my way direct; and thence by Thoune, and onward in such direction as the soberer country may invite.

Having taken the other fork of the valley down from Grindelwald, which, though not walled as the first, with continued precipices of thousands of feet—one or more—in crest front, is a noble glen; I retraced my former route from their confluence to that excellent station for a month's head-quarters, Interlacken. And here, at table I met a German family, which—in full set-off to the display of yesterday,—to English propriety of manners at all possible points, joined their own German cordiality of demeanor—that looks with pity on the English enormity of icy reserve or of porcupine repulsion.

Recrossed the lake of Thoune very late in the evening—

to my former inn of the Greyhound,—a scene of comfort, and also of extortion. The inns of the country I have just left are most plentiful, and comfortable also, and are honest besides. On the topic of inns, let me notice the incongruity of their nomenclature in this republican country: no name is so common on a sign-post in any Swiss town as the Crown,—the Three Crowns,—the Three Kings, &c. &c.

9th September. Early to Berne, from Thoune. The intermediate valley, in character similar to that of the lake, has all its members scattered with little reference to one another, or to the continuity of the vale. It is a Cul de Sac; yet, strange to say, the Bernese authorities have fixed on the town of Thoune—at the end of it—for the permanent grand quarters of their cavalry force. It can be no matter to them that the only egress in one direction is by the medium of boats up the lake and to the High Alps,—that sidewise it must be had by climbing mountains of which the elevation is bespread with a forest of spruce and firs—and that in front it can be merely by the high road, which is closely accompanied in its course by the deep and furious river Aar.—Who will henceforward fault the poor proverbialism of a horse-marine corps?

On the road with me from Thoune were four young females, in the costume of the richer peasantry of this country: they are a detachment of the singing girls, whose "God save "the King," had delighted me last summer at Interlacken. They enlivened the way by singing various German airs in just accompaniment, and with voices exquisitely mellow and rich. They were bound to Berne, on what errand I do not know, as my ignorance of their language precluded me from making the simplest interrogatory. They were full of mirth; but the correctness of their conduct would have done credit to any station, or any education.

The weather having brightened, I am encouraged to prolong my excursion by Neufchatel;—for which city I left

Berne early in the forenoon—by an avenue quite in the style that, in all things, characterizes this kingly minded Canton.

The road proceeded over a tract of bold hills, of which one fifth of the surface is covered with spruce firs in forest spread; and the rest is glad in farm beauty. This tract is intersected by the Aar, on whose bank is the little town of Aarberg. From a brow overlooking it, the lake of Bienne is seen, at above five miles distance, behind a range of high, wooded hills: its opposite side is bounded, and its northern extremity terminated by the Jura chain,—which, to say truth, looked miserable in variety of outline as in grandeur of mass, when compared with the Alps—whose base I left this morning.

From Aarberg, the progress is through lower hills, that are robed with groves of deciduous growth, of which a large proportion are fruit trees. They bear terrible marks of ravage from the same storm which I witnessed at Mont-blanc. The clothing of trees of this description continued in the same ratio of extent to the tracts occupied by meadow and fat pasture, as that which prevailed in the previous course,—till the immediate scenery became, on a sudden, of comparatively no interest, from a burst on the eye of all and every son of the Alps, that is commanded from Berne; the Jungfrau—sixty miles distant, and all my other snowy acquaintances of that district;—thence onward from east to south, the range of lesser dignitaries, of which I distinctly recognized several individuals:—onward with some interruptions, the series of snowy ridges and summits winded—till, due south, Mont-blanc, in paramount majesty, was seen high to heaven, seventy-three miles distant by measure on the map.

Of this inexpressibly sublime series, lengthened to almost one-third of the round of the horizon, the road gave and withdrew the view in many an intermission. This was

occasioned by a tortuous progression, so awkward as to wear the appearance of sounding painfully for safe footing for itself, as it warped among hills, which have the air of a morass, even to their summits. That symptomatic guise must have been derived from the times when the lakes of Bienne and Neufchatel in front, and that of Morat, in sight on the left, were but parts of one expanse of waters.

The approach to the lake of Neufchatel had a miserable look: a sheet of swamp, lower than the tract I was traversing, and forming a sordid margin to the water, breaks its connexion with the Jura, which ranges aback of its western, and longitudinal, side. The road writhes still more outrageously through this lowest level of morass, which, however, I found to be drained carefully, and more successfully than from general survey I could have surmised to be possible. Arrived, at the close of the day, at the city of Neufchatel, with a very mean opinion of its lake.

10th September. But a simple expanse of water, though set in bog, is in itself of exceeding loveliness, if a clear atmosphere and blue sky admit the display of its fascination, while they even enhance the sordidness of its accompaniments. In first view of this lake, the nearly level beams of the evening sun had overlaid any poor distinction of bank or brink I could have looked for, on all its eastern length. But morning has favorably exhibited its placid extent of twenty-five miles by four or five, with a sufficiently varied outline, and with shores that, as I left its northern extremity behind, were attractive from their continued softness and richness. The road traced its margin a little above the level of the water, or retired behind one or another of a series of little hills which adorn its western side,—admitting in mild purview the extensive tract of country within whose fertility this lake is enshrined. Except Vaud, no part of Swisserland that I have seen speaks so loudly the effects of a cultivation by which industry, exerting itself on a soil that is naturally

rich, or triumphing over its poverty when otherwise, has clothed the earth's surface with exuberant rural product. Perhaps Vaud must yield to this tract in the superior means with which the commercial wealth of the Neufchatelois has enabled them, by a large outlay, to secure an almost cumbrous show of vegetable return. It would seem to be capital prodigally expended, but that it is replaced with usurious interest. Neufchatel is recognized to be, for its size, the wealthiest town in Swisserland : its villages are proportionably numerous and well built ;—and—to say nothing of its population generally,—the number of respectable persons of that class of whom the first glance evinces their right to be considered as Gentlemen—men who have the air of intelligence and education, and whose manners are just and well bred,—that are constantly to be met in these little towns, or loitering at their ease in the intermediate passages of the road, was to me a spectacle which, for a very long time, it was not within my opportunities to see. In fact, such faces, with such an expression of face, and manner, and air corresponding, Swisserland besides—not speaking of exceptions—has not to show.

The drive through such a country, along or in view of such a lengthened expanse of lake, I shall not easily forget. The opposite shore is occasionally low, but oftener consists of fine hills ; and in either case it is clothed in a redundant garniture of garden, farm, grove of fruit trees, and extensive sweep of woods. With my recollections of these glad home embellishments, must be associated those of the majestic remoter objects that gave barrier to the horizon, where the Alps were seen erect along almost the entire east and south of Swisserland. Though at such a distance, and partly veiled by haze, my eye fastened on them with far keener delight than on the contiguous range of the Jura on my left,—which chain I have not yet humbled myself to regard with pleasure.

I must not omit to mention the numerous ruins of Castles by which the eminences in this country are marked, beyond most others in Swisserland. This seems to be especially their country of legend; and pity it is that the materials it offers are not put to poetic use. The power and—far more—the active virtues of a Queen Bertha, of the tenth century, survive in the liveliest traditional remembrance.* Of lesser potentates, and of broils stained by crime and redeemed by the highest and purest chivalric virtue, the stories of which this castled country was the theatre, and these ruins were the scenes, are numberless; but they are miserably told, so far as my reading has been able to trace. The verification of one romantic tale resulted from an outrage, committed in the frenzied days of the French revolution on a tomb in the Cathedral of Lausanne, which before that time had been a show ornament, but is now greatly defaced: when opened on that occasion it was found to contain, besides the body of the knight, his golden spurs, and the ribband which gives distinctive interest to the tale that has been in currency for centuries.

Passed the village of Granson, with its Castle,—which is not a ruin, for it is converted into a manufactory; and, after a league more, arrived at the substantial little town of Yverdun, at the head of the lake. Thence, with a valley below the road, that bears every mark of having formerly been floated,—in two leagues more, to Orbe, the haughty brow over which is crowned with a castle ruin, of noble character.

From no other station than from Orbe, is there a finer command of the whole array of Alps from the N.W. of Swisserland to the Valley of the Rhone, and the direction of the Simplon passage, and thence round to Mont-Blanc, which

* The saddle is still shewn at Payerne, with a socket in it for the distaff, with which she employed herself, even while taking exercise on horseback. Her will is stated to be still preserved among the archives of Berne.

upholds its awful majesty directly in front on the south. Of the Jura ranges, on the skirts of which I stand, the whole surface and every line, even their style of forest—all belonging to them wears an iron hardness, as if in accurate tracery of cast metal, that strangely, even peevishly, contrasts with the confronting, dread continuity of mountain masses, that are of utmost freedom as well as fancifulness, and of unspeakable harmony of coloring,—serene, perspicuous, and immense in snow. And Europe cannot exhibit a richer or more smiling foreground to that transcendent spectacle, than is formed by the undulating expanse which—with a general tendency to glacis—extends from Orbe in joyous garden fertility onward to the Lake of Geneva.

To LAUSANNE, eighteen miles; passing athwart of this happy country through different little towns. At one of these—La Sarra—is a stream that, instantly after escaping from the wheel of a mill, divides, as does many a pair of school-boy friends,—as does many a pair of born brothers!—one part running in a rivulet into a river Venge, tributary to the Lake of Geneva and the Rhone, while the other diverges into the Orbe, that is received by the Aar, and thence the Rhine,—their final, earthly, destinies being as wide asunder as the Mediterranean and the German ocean.

To VEVEY next morning. This last eleven miles I continue to dislike. It is a scorching red hot lane of up and down hill in progression;—an immense staircase of vineyard on one side, from which every other description of plant, or shrub, or tree, is carefully weeded out;—and quite close on the opposite side is the lake, to utter satiety of water, and with scarcely a variation in the features of its boundaries. The road has its dangers too. The late Mr. Joffroy of Vevey, in going in his carriage to Lausanne, preceded by a mounted servant, a crag fell from aloft and blocked up the passage between them—and the scatter of fragments continued to be so great, that they were unable to communicate with each

other by any means but signals. The quantity of rock and rubbish which overwhelmed the road was so enormous, that an opening for passengers could not be cleared for some days.

I had another and obstreperous call on my attention in the progress of this morning,—not less than a full dissertation on the present military consequence of Swisserland, and her national weight and dignity, which were pronounced to be paramount beyond what could be claimed by any other European state. The gentleman who expentied himself on this theme was sincere, and held his personal and his national consequence as identified. He assumed the measure of a Canton's strength to be the aggregate of the physical powers of its population, and the Helvetic force to be the aggregate of the population of the twenty-two Cantons. The gauge of his own Canton's force was taken from the last exertion of it, in 1815,—when the Austrians, in contempt of Swiss neutrality, marched an army through this country on France, to assist in crushing Buonaparte, then returned from Elba. The Austrian Commander was more than suspected of harbouring the desire to gratify Berne in reducing Vaud from its present independence into subjection to the former Canton, from which it had been freed by Buonaparte: and an intimation was made to him by the Vaudois authorities, that he must chuse between having twenty-four thousand men at his back in the event of his interfering for that end, or of having all facilities to pass through the country as he pleased, with full supplies for the wants of his troops, if he abstained from meddling with their affairs. Three battalions of Swiss Militia, collected together, were paraded in march in front of the Austrian head quarters, as a sample of the military terrors that were menaced: and it was the boast of my narrator, and a fact advanced by him in proof of the efficiency of these battalions, that he made his appearance, in his place, with a carbine and two muskets attached to his own person

—treble efficiency to one pair of legs. Multiply his personal military efficiency by the number of men in the twenty-two Cantons who are able to bear such a load of fire-arms, and you have a military force, combined with a moral one, that would trample the armies of all Europe beside into defeat and destruction. Alas! divide this same population into that minuteness of the assemblages into which their prejudices, their jealousies or fears of each other have resolved them, and you have a set of nationlets still more minute than their Cantons;—each with a separate interest of its own, each at the very best separated by but a mearing line from its contiguous neighbours, to whom it is not joined by any neighbour sympathies; worse still, cause of positive war existing between one and another, as in the special case of Berne and Vaud! Take the matter in this plain way, and on one occasion an instance will be found of a Canton, Schwitz—in the centre of their country, making war on the kingdom of France —before the French Revolution,—and promulgating the existence of that war by a proclamation! Of that war France never heard a word. On another occasion, this Vaud will be found merging all consideration of the fate of Europe in its quarrel with Berne, and giving indirect aid to the arms of Austria against Buonaparte, who was its political creator. Their declared policy, and their conduct, was precisely this: "Side not against US in our Swiss fight; and "we accord you all the advantages of our territory to fol- "low up your EUROPEAN hostilities."

Swisserland is set apart from the rest of Europe for its own independence and happiness; and England is so too. The latter is isolated by the Ocean: the other, not less so by its mountains, is an island to all the purposes of an island's immunities: though the centre of the European continent, she is insulated as absolutely as if she were cinctured by a hundred leagues' breadth of sea. But if each county in England were a separate Sovereign State,

with the shew of an annual council of ambassadors from each, met in a congress for the purpose, not of exerting general authority, but of practising general discussion,—what would become of the independence of England, and of her national glories and blessings? With the unity of a legislative, and the energy of a simplified executive authority, Swisserland might rejoice at once in dignity and peace,—might be most happy at home,—and might hold in scorn all attempts at aggression or even intermeddling with her concerns, from abroad.

It was proposed, and still continues to be a speculation, that the Alpine vallies which form inlets from Lombardy, should have been annexed to the Swiss Confederation as its barrier, on one side,—while the defiles of the Jura, which are the passes from France, should have become a part of its body on the other:—the object of all this was to make the assurance of Swiss independence doubly sure. Even though the addition of a canton were thus made to either front of the country, the debility of the nation would remain unchanged. As things are, the Canton of Valais might ask, but would not receive, aid from Vaud, its neighbour, against an aggressor in march over the Simplon, the road over which passes through their territory: and a march of the French, through the defile of Pontarlier on Vaud, would as little receive opposition from Berne. What claim would a new Canton of the Italian Valteline, or an equally new one of the French Jura, possess on the back States to which they would nominally purport to be the barrier? Geneva refused an accession of territory—beyond what it condescended to accept from the Allies in 1814—because each Genevan was too much occupied by his family affairs to have time, or to indulge the inclination, for political occupations. Far less would Swisserland, in the large, stir itself to repel any force menacing a tract of country with which they had no positive, that is, no pecuniary concern. It would require the lapse of centuries to resolve the present connexion between Cornwall

and Essex into apathy: but there is at this moment as little kindness, or even mutual acquaintance, between the Cantons of Lugano and Geneva, as between Syria and Norway.

All this furnishes a practical comment on the old remark of Tacitus,—fighting separately, they are conquered and enslaved in the mass.—Yet the combination of a general Helvetian force is impossible, from the utterly dissimilar constitution of the troops of the respective Cantons. I have already spoken of the Fribourg army: the Genevan armed force, sprawling the lock step, is a similar blasphemy on soldier-like efficiency. Even the troops of Vaud are but a gendarmerie—the upholding of which, however, must be severely expensive. And the exhibition of Berne, proud as it is, can be only considered as one of dwarfish strength and manly mind,—exposing miserable discrepancies, and exciting painful sympathies. Berne torments itself to bring itself into contempt: it is, perhaps, too powerless to bring itself into misadventure, inasmuch as its utmost physical force is, comparatively, nothing. Yet what workings of the mind grace, and give interest to these, its pigmy exertions!

Suppose the whole array of Swisserland to be united, its numbers could not exceed the force usually allotted to the command of a lieutenant-general. But what lieutenant-general would undertake the direction of so motley a body? Plainly then, Swisserland is any thing but a nation of military strength. Its exertions must conform to the character of its population, of which each unit is bound fast to his farm and family, to his market-town, or—at the farthest stretch of enlarged patriotism—to his canton; each man hugging himself in the comfort, or, as he deems it, the pride of being a Swiss,—with the same claim to pride that an oyster might have, on the score of keen attachment to the marine bed which is his world, and which extends to that inch of it upon which, lichen-like, he is moored. It were well that the Swiss communities were as little inclined to mutual bick-

erings, or as little the prey to separate interests, as the oyster nation.

What consummates the misfortune of Swisserland is, that each one of the poor diminutive nations composing it is so wedded to its individuality in jurisprudence, and in all the details of constitutional organization, and clings to them all—as the Russians did to their beards,—that the attempt by foreign powers, even in the best faith, to give coalescence and consolidation and strength, together with unity, to the whole, is the only thing that could wake each unit of the whole into unanimity of wrath and resistance. The stranger's sword alone could avail to put down that which works the nation's ruin; and by the sword only could its ameliorated condition be upheld.

My lecturer on politics has farther found, that his country has a standing army of the first pretensions—maintained without expense, and ready to act on any emergency. It is, forsooth, the mercenary force that some of the Cantons hire out to foreign countries. Thus these miserable patriots view their national crime as their honor. As to the efficiency of this army of half a dozen regiments, the lesson of the Swiss troops massacred at the Thuilleries, and unrevenged by their country, is quite decisive: taking it as an affront, it was unresented!

If contempt could be a possible apology to the employers of these mercenaries, the justification would be ample, though its overt acts broke out in inhumanity. I have had their cold bloodedness, amid the din and in the actual shock of action, pourtrayed to me by different Swiss who were engaged in some of the peninsular battles, and who described to me, as in jeer, the cries of "Vive l'Empereur" on the one side, and of "God save the King" on the other; in neither of which—perhaps full of the "Rans des Vaches"—these philosophers joined, though they formed in line, and deployed, and wheeled, and went through the operation of manslaughter

not the less,—that is without man's feeling, but with the high-wrought energies of a spinning-jenny, or of a kitchen-jack.

The wisdom which presides over the military institutions of this country, reigns equally in its legislative concerns. My statesman is a prime adviser of the Vaudois Government, by written representations that are respectfully replied and attended to, and by his labours for the better adaptation of the Code Napoleon (which is the ground-work of the Vaudois Code) to the circumstances of his nation.

Will it be said, that his self-importance is decisive of the value of his communications? I have not found any opinions to which more weight could be attached, or any oracle in whom more wisdom is involved. These soldiers of squib-explosion, and these parish expounders of State-legislation, deem their noise as available as the thunder of any artillery, and opine that in competition with their wisdom, all mankind beside have need to begin their primer.

I was about to explode—"My soul turn from them!" but that just now a rite has been solemnized, which through all the Cantons is celebrated as a national one, and is in annual observance, and without distinction of Roman Catholic or Protestant, though the rite is religious—a solemn fast. A saving is made of a single day, sooner or later, in the one set of Cantons or the other; but that slight difference is possibly the more impressive. The fast is observed with the utmost austerity, and, as far as man's eye can see, with true devotional feeling—incited, it would seem, by fervent Amor Patriæ. But it is in magnificently noble national observance. I witnessed it last year, while resident at Vevey: and I have now had, from being in movement through different Cantons, better opportunity of observing the preparations for it, the computations of time forward in reference to it, as with us in respect to Christmas,—the reverence with which its approach and arrival are hailed;—and, with regard to the ungrateful subject I

have been discussing, the true and large Swiss feeling, universally manifested, that all Swisserland—in every corner of its every Canton—is in unison filled with the one national subject, and engrossed in the address to the Sovereign of Sovereigns, for his past mercies, and for his continued guardianship to the Swiss people, in all its tribes, and to the land of their attachment.

It is so arranged in the Protestant Cantons, that one of the two periods in the year, in which the Sacrament is administered, shall precede this national fast, by an interval of about half a week, and thus form, in some degree, a preparation for it. All that can influence the feelings of man is made to contribute to this solemnity. The youth are trained to it by a special course of instruction: not even a stray individual of either sex can appear in general society, until the æra of life arrives at which it can be partaken: even the obligation to be drilled to the use of arms in exceedingly loose militia practice—which they deem to be the attainment of skill in the military art—dates from that period, in common with various other duties and privileges, which thenceforward devolve upon young men. At the time of receival, the number of communicants is so immense—being in fact, the aggregate of the population that are qualified by age,—that different days are required for the celebration. That day when I was present, being the last and principal one, the Church was, if possible, more thronged than usual,—for though very large, it is on all Sundays so crowded, that there is scarcely standing room: and the regular service having been gone through, all individuals present advanced successively in a series, commencing with the Authorities— to a table, at which stood two Clergymen: one of these gave the bread, and the other the cup, to each individual, by whom it was received standing, and with the single solemnity of a whispered three or six words of an apposite text—varied, as I learn, ac-

cording to the circumstances of the receiver: these words, when pronounced, dismissed that person to proceed in return to his seat and make way for the next. Thus, there were two lines of communicants, of which the series was unbroken, as the gentle movement of one in progress, and the other in recession was without stop, for a lapse of time which the nature of the solemnity put it out of my thought to minute. It could not have been less than three hours; and the number must have amounted to two thousand, at the least—of all classes of society. All was continued silence: for the whisper at the moment of receiving was audible to only the one ear. The ceremony pre-supposed all preparation as made, and nothing to be done but the simple administration. It transcended any thing I ever witnessed, or almost imagined.

Inasmuch as an oath taken, as it were at the footstool of Heaven, with fit and deliberate reverence, outgoes in authority a simple, passing asseveration, however true,—insomuch does the sacramental service go beyond an every day act of even set worship. And inasmuch as, from the sympathies of man's nature, the act of congregated worship rises in its impulses above the exercise of it individually, so must the solemnization of this at once dread and comfortable rite by a whole neighbourhood, by the entire of a population, to whom the covert of an edifice, however immense, can be extended,—be graven on the mind by a force superadded, deep felt, almost independent of volition, and yet impressive on the whole intellectual frame, and corroborative in the moral agent, of conscientious practice beyond the effect of any act at all analogous. And once more, as regards the effect of such a solemnity on a multitude thus brought into connexion,—thus banded, in the noblest sense of the word,—thus conspiring for an object, in respect to which all of this world is earth indeed;—what a fellowship is there not formed between all the classes that compose society!—

Such a cementing principle not merely conforms to the duty that forbids injury to our neighbour, but incites to active kindnesses, as if by an impulse for our self-gratification. The community becomes not a neighbourhood, but a family—united by ties inducing new obligations, and an attraction growing out of the best feelings of man's nature,—most delightful in its exercise, as most strong in its power.

It has appeared to me, as though each individual member of the immense assemblage, that has excited this train of thought, were made to belong specially to a higher patronage than any earthly claim could assert, and were tangibly introduced to the possession of each others kindest regards. I cannot believe that there is any mode of solemnizing this rite so adapted for warming the human feelings into the full spirit of that Royal law of loving our neighbour as ourselves, as this which I have witnessed, and vainly endeavour to describe. I have nothing to do with certain alleged abuses of it in Scotland. And with regard to our own Church, I am not so mad a Reformer, as to look to any invasion of its forms in this particular, which I am sensible must involve a change in our habitudes of thought, and even in our manners. But I must continue to think that there is no rite like this, nor any mode of celebrating it, that can equal that which I have now witnessed, for its effects in promoting mutual good will through a community, and also for creating a mutual cheque, from a sort of esprit du corps—blameless of all selfishness, free from cankering inquisitorial meddling, free from all but the best elements of control resulting from public opinion, and brought into action so tacitly, that the weight of censure and punishment is borne by the offender, under a sentence pronounced by himself, and expressed in no other quarter. At the same time, there is no mode of solemnizing this ceremony more free from

Phariseeism on the one side, or levity on the other, or more suitably and powerfully efficient as to all its objects.

As a comment on the value of this ceremony, comes the deeply wise and triumphant reference to the every day morals and conduct of this very community. The reply, if it deserves one, is, that if this rite, or if any act within human performance, could involve the results which these right, pleasant censors would require, it would cease to fit itself to man's nature,—which mistakes itself miserably when it aspires to act the Omnipotent;—that the confirmation of virtue for life, or the similar instant and absolute extinction of vice, is a self-contradiction, even in terms. But to indulge in the fancy, that because no one ordinance of man is available for any good purpose, simply because it is not all-powerful—is to give way to an absurdity just as gross, and, beyond that, of sovereign mischief.

As connected with the Reformed Church of this country, I may observe, that as it was the cradle of the Scotish Church, it might be presumed, that the strict observance of the Sabbath, enforced by the latter, must be in equal severity here. In the mornings it is pretty much so. Carriages are not allowed to ply in some of these towns during the time of Divine Service, nor the Town-gates to be open. But in the afternoon of Sunday, the practice here is so much more lax than even that of the Church of England, that cards are played, as of course, even by the clergy,—crowds assemble to indulge in merry diversion, and join in dance in the open air,—and the theatre is open! Let me add, that even Calvin had, at one time, lent himself to an arrangement, by which the congregations under his guidance were to be subjected to Episcopal jurisdiction; and when the plan failed, Calvin, who was the projector of it, suffered a defeat of his desire. Yet with such facts as the one and other of these two before them, sectarians will persist in indulging their

intolerance, or their superciliousness—which is but a modification of bad zeal.

29th September. Quitted Vevey, on my return home;—by the steam vessel to Geneva.

1st October. Another of the numerous edicts, by which Swisserland declares to the world her systematized servitude to foreign powers, is now promulgated: these proclamations come out fresh and fresh. The present one forbids the printing or publishing of any writings relative to foreign politics, or to religious polemics. It enacts that all manuscripts on either of these topics, or having incidental relation to them, shall be subjected to the primary inquisition of the Council of State, to whom it is required that the manuscript shall be submitted, accompanied by a written request for permission to print the same—both subscribed by the author,—and both to be lodged in the Chancery. Whatever shall be printed, or published, without permission so obtained, or in contravention of prohibition by that authority, subjects the offender to a fine of two thousand florins, and a year's imprisonment. Farther penalties, to an extent that is not defined, await the offender, according to the nature of the matter so published.

4th October. Snow had descended on the crest of the mountains before my departure from Vevey: but here it had fallen much lower, and the Saleve is white. With due allowance for this circumstance, I find this western extremity of the lake to be far colder than its north-eastern shores, that are backed by the Jorat mountains, from the protection afforded by which, that district arrogates to itself—I believe with justice—the merits of a Languedoc climate in the winter. Lausanne is without the pale of this defence against the Bize, which is the name of the northern blast that flays Swisserland in the cold season. Though I remained at Vevey to the close of last November, and we had, during that and the previous month, frequent storms, and deep snow

fleeced the mountains in our contiguity,—with all this, we had nothing comparable to the cold which has penetrated the bones of every Englishman, whom I have heard express an opinion at Geneva, in this first week of October.

5th October. Evening. Take my farewell view, from the ramparts of Geneva, of the precincts of Mont-Blanc,—which are the best specimen, and an emblem, of all that is Alpine:—and look, with parting regret, to the ranges of the Jura,—that are as hard to the eye as stone, though far from having its nakedness. Their outline is marked, as absolutely as though it were in Indian-ink, on the soft yellow of the sky that remains after sunset,—on which it cuts with a harshness that, in a picture, would be held a strong caricature of nature. It cannot be considered beautiful: but it is unquestionably exceedingly striking, and exhibits the mountain continuity of surface and of crest in a majestic severity, which contrasts, to an extraordinary degree, with the super-ambient vapor.

SECTION XVI.

6th October. Proceeded from Geneva, by the Diligence, to Lyons. The course was an absolutely dull one, although that half of it which was performed by day, traversed the passes of the Jura. 'Till nearly the evening, I met scarcely any thing of interest,—up to a lovely little valley, which is floated by a lake of two miles in length; its name, Silan. Though the water was a highly acceptable accompaniment, it was not indispensibly needed for inducing the main pleasure, that was excited by the view of its precipitously rocky and picturesque boundary ranges—down which also, water streamed in cataract, in more places than one. This scene was followed by a suite of vallies of exquisite beauty, through which the road winds for several miles, guarded on either hand by eminences, diversified from base to summit with sheets of rock and by crags, of which the romantic forms satisfied the eye, though their utmost height is not lofty.

I am persuaded that if the road, for the preceding part of this tedious day's journey, had lain in the depths of the valleys, the insipidity which reigns all along, in the half-height course which it observes, would have been materially alleviated. From that mid-height station, the ravines beneath looked to comfortless disadvantage: and above the general level of the most un-level and winding road, the mountains were seen to straddle, so wide asunder as to produce most lazy results to the eye from any combinations which it was able to create, while working from a sense of

duty. It was even thus, in the most remarkable gap of the whole—that first opening on the east, which affords the orifice to the subsequent passes. Here the Rhone itself is below, and fills the breadth of the ravine: its either mountain face is impracticably precipitous, and wooded from the base for many hundred yards of the ascent. Yet with all this magnificence of mountain thus confronting mountain, and with such a noble river working its bold onward progress between them, the effect is reduced to a nothing,—and from no other cause than that the points of view that are afforded by the road, which is midway aloft, are not comparable to those which would be supplied by a line of passage such as our merest plodders in road making—I talk not of a Telford,—would have laid out much farther down in the abyss.

In the most impracticable spot of all those that occur in this defile, is the Fort d'Ecluse, which is now under repair. It commands the only military approach into France in this quarter,—and is the place that is rendered famous from Cæsar's description of it, which is at this moment a just one, —as giving passage for but one carriage at a time,—with a lofty mountain on high surmounting it.

In this place I am enabled to comprehend distinctly that imprisonment of the waters, which in the olden time were of perhaps threefold the extension in length of the present lake of Geneva. The same kind of stoppage which, at Cluse, sheeted the valley of the Arve with a lake,—impeding the course of the Rhone in this extremely close defile, to the height of a few score feet,—must have filled the valley upwards as far as St. Maurice with an inland sea, of the existence and spread of which, while traversing its strath, I had the concurrent testimonials of traditional and historical statement, and the corroborative proofs of physical evidence. The length of that lake may well have been threefold of the part of it which remains: but the barriers on

either side are so erect, that its breadth could have but very slightly exceeded that which it exhibits at present. Even the strength of Geneva,*—the St. Martin's of my own Vevey,—and the Arx of many another station on its present shores would have had immunity from the expanse of water diffused elsewhere abroad in an immeasurably continued and winding course. The valley of the Arve would have been an arm of this lake, at least as far as Cluse. The same simplicity of cause, or the convulsion which laid dry the farther valley above Cluse, was adequate to the effect of reducing the inland sea I have been contemplating to its present extent, which even now is of queen-like grandeur. What is more, the fall of a tract of the mountain face of this ravine of l'Ecluse,—such as is, in one place or other in Swisserland, of usual occurrence,—might replace the obstacle, and renew the sea: nay more, the hand of man, set in motion by the demoniac malignity that sometimes actuates tyrants in authority, is quite able to effect it.

It was only after the survey of this chasm had made all this so palpable to the eye, that the far minor, yet very haughty one, lying directly under the house and grounds of my Genevan friend ———, with whom I spent last Tuesday, occurred to me. Mr. ———'s grounds, two miles from Geneva, lie on the north bank of the united rivers of the Rhone and the Arve, a little below their confluence, but high aloft of their bed: the slope downward from the verge cliff, which consists of hard clay, is too headlong to admit almost any trace of vegetation: the opposite bank is a scar of exactly similar description; and in the ravine which they form, the river has not more than room for its straitened breadth. These banks bear obvious marks of different lapses from their front having taken

* Ebel states, that only thirteen centuries ago, the site of the lower town of Geneva was included within the expanse of the lake.

place. It is plain, that the working of a far feebler river than this noble and very impetuous one, might undermine some of the remaining brows: I estimate their height to exceed a hundred feet, and the fall of one of them must dam up the course, and induce a refluence of its waters, to perhaps, the extent I have described. It is only in Alpine countries,—or on the Ocean—that the mind of man can at all pitch its faculties to any thing beyond the puniest conception of the sublimity of creation.—To return to my route: after Silan lake and the subsequent vallies, succeeded the lake of Nantua, which is three miles in length; it is softer than its predecessor, but not at all so interesting. Night, with thick fog, shrouded to me all the intermediate country onward to Lyons, where I arrived at seven in the morning.

I was not prepared for the parallelism of the quays throughout this city, along two such noble rivers as the Rhone and Soane, which run at an interval from each other not greater than that between the Thames and the Strand. These quays proceed in an uninterrupted line, and are very spacious; and the embankments are magnificently faced with stone. Then, the numerous bridges! Rivers of such width furnish abundant apology for the circumstance that, among so many bridges, the materials of several of them should be timber. Yet even of these, the appearance almost conveys the impression, that they must be as substantial and permanent as if they were of stone. Such a two-fold line of river of such grandeur is to me unique. Coblentz is in no way in exception: for the Moselle is in a great degree without the town, and its angle of junction with the Rhine is most obtuse. Here the rivers are in parallel movement, and their course is through the core of the city.

Their junction is two miles and a half below: and I am compelled to own, that the descriptions of it by Julius Cæsar in ancient, and by Gray in modern time, are a little in cari-

cature. The two rivers are, indeed, sufficiently contrasted in color, that of the Rhone being a pure blue, and the Saone a dirty yellow; and there is a contrast also in their movement. The Rhone has force to the last, to give fall for working a number of water-mills, (each included in the hulk of a large boat) that are moored in the wake of each other in its current. But the serenity of the Saone is never—more than that of any other lady—to be taken as symptomatic of her want of strong determination. At the several bridges which interrupt her current abreast of the city—where her temper ought to be under the control of general observation,—she is betrayed into an irritation, which is not at all short of ill temper; and even when clear of them, she continues prepensely wilful. Their waters do, not for a considerable length of course, mingle in the one channel, either party holding its positively separate way.

Cæsar appears to have been beguiled from his set sobriety of statement, by the contrasted genius of the two countries through which these two rivers flow. Helvetia was quite a different region from France, into the plains of which he had descended; and he glides accordingly into metaphorical compliment, instead of adhering to matter of fact. In Gray, a licensed poet, the lapse is as of course.

A series of noble hills winds along the Saone; and they press so closely on the city, as almost to surmount it. Their surface is most richly decorated with villas, and with convent or hospital structures—or at least, what originally were such: even their summits are thickly crested with edifices; and all are surrounded with vineyards and gardens. But the whole suite of hills is bare of wood: for unless in the prolific soil—aided by the climate—of Italy, the lover of landscape is ever at war with the vine-grower. Even were these fine hills embellished by occasional groves, my eye would equally as now wander to the Alps, which at

my present distance from them, form a sublimely lofty barrier to the horizon.

Lyons presents a square that combines grandeur of edifices, with an extent of area that puts out of possible competition, any thing of the kind I have seen on the Continent, and any thing also in London. Its effect is heightened by the uniformity of the buildings on two confronting sides, which extends also to all of a third one, that a planted promenade permits to be visible. This effect is not materially lessened by the irregularity of the remaining buildings, but is miserably injured by some wooden booths in its centre, for the purposes of a military guard,—and by a string of pedlars' stands on the three sides that are not laid out in promenade ground.

The rest of Lyons is an ugly and miserably black tissue of lanes and alleys: the population is a manufacturing one, exhibiting all the unseemly accompaniments of hard labor and its penalties.—In a very respectable shop-window, I noticed shirts labelled with the price of four francs and a half each: they were fully tuckered; and judging of them merely through the glass pane, they appeared quite fine enough for gentlemen's wear.

At the table-d'hote to-day,—at four,—were about twenty: I was the only Englishman. It is not because cutlery is expensive among them, that these foreigners are so nasty: a knife or two additional to carve such dishes as are not sent to the side-table for dissection, would be a nothing. Then the spitting—the passing the hands ever and anon through the hair, to make the fingers perform the office of a comb,—the taking of the nose between the fingers, merely to give it a loving tweak,—the bevy of dogs! All this at table. The silence of the guests was more than English: but the clatter of the waiters at the side-table was so tremendous, that before the clang was ended, I made my escape. Much

vegetables was consumed by the company and, I must say, not a little animal food.

The Continentalists designate us English as devotees to the comfortable. Now this touches on morals and also on manners,—and on these most variously. Foreigners are far more ceremonious than we, because they have not the tact from which love of comfort emanates. Two porters will therefore doff hats in the street: a customer on entering a shop will perform the same homage to the boy behind the counter: all their manners, in proportion as they declare themselves, are in the same bad taste. With all this over-acting—which does not at all touch on the real decencies of life,—is associated a clownishness and a coarseness in all the details of in-door demeanour, which disgusts plain John Bull with his dinner, when in a company that comports itself in such a pot-boy style: that epithet surely applies without exaggeration to their habits of spitting, smoking, gross movement of every kind, the scream of their chair's feet, the thump of the fist on the table, the drum tattoo beat stoutly on it by the quarter of an hour with the fingers, the clang of all utensils that can be handled;—to say nothing of the sticking of every knife that is within reach of it, into the one common abomination of pepper or salt glass, or the performance by each man of all general table offices for every other, with his own knife and spoon.

Of course there is a class of foreigners who are immeasurably removed from their countrymen in these respects. But the exception which they compose establishes the generality of the grossness, and vindicates the statement which affirms this grossness to characterize classes of society far above the lower ranks, and to pervade largely those within the precincts of Courts. The French have—declaredly—no synonime in their language by which to express our word comfort: they are now adopting this identical word into theirs: yet, as I have said, they hold the addiction of the

English to the proprieties of life, to be a national oddity, and view our propensity to it with mixt reverence and derision.

I am well borne out in these remarks by accredited statements of the filth of even Royal house-keeping at Hartfield —to a degree exceeding English faith to believe; and of the hog-sty nastiness that clothed, as with a cloak, all that was inside Thornburgh House, and all within its precincts, when tenanted by the Poet, Republican, Imperial—what you will, Lucien Buonaparte. This man surely was above plebeian mark, as well by the cast of his mind as by his opportunities. Yet nastiness so prevailed at Thornburgh as to make it a place through which, or by which, the passage by an English peasant might demand exorcism against the terrors of its excrement. "And mass was sung and prayers "were said," before safe transit through his demesne of ordure was held possible by even a peasant.

I have read this evening, in the public papers, that a newspaper has been recently and summarily suppressed at Lausanne;—and that two Jacobins—regicides let them be—are forced through the same persecution to quit Swisserland, and specially that Canton of it which gave protection to Ludlow.

7th October. Quitted Lyons for Dijon, at four in the morning. The day, when it opened, gave a continuation of high hills all along on the left; till night fall. On the right all was flat to the utmost verge of the horizon. For nearly all the way to Macon, the hills were rich in vines; and, had I been earlier in the summer, would have been also golden in fields of intermingled corn. Now that the plough has broken up some of the tracts that were so covered, the mellow reddish hue of the soil gives them much richness of coloring: indeed the sunrise behind a sanguine cloud gave to the crest of one of these hills a robe of absolute scarlet, that from the extravagance of its redness was unlike to any

color I ever saw. The far greater proportion of these tracts has been indolently left in stubble—decayed, and very cold and sorry to the view.

Along the entire range of these rich and highly productive hills is a continued series of villages, villas, and magnificent chateaux,—many of these last ample enough for even English rural magnificence. They are indeed not softened down by the umbrage of wood, but stare from the soil in tomb-stone-like abruptness over a Church-yard. Still they indicate rural opulence, and largely diffused comfort, which the decency of the little towns along the road did not contradict.

By degrees the productive qualities of these hills, as I must infer, fell away, and with them the marks of habitation became comparatively scanty. The plain to the right presented extensive and wooded distances,—a country of hedges with their furniture of trees, quite the reverse of Normandy, Orleans and other tracts which I had seen, and that are destitute of fences, and exhibit a vast expanse of corn fields unembellished with dispersed trees, but here and there interrupted in their spread by masses of forest. Monotony, however, prevailed in the foreground here; and I was not sorry to be released by night from contemplating the forlorn and half-rotten stubbles round me: and this morning, 9th instant, I found myself at Dijon.—The dogs of three several proprietors—fellow travellers—were in perambulation of the top of the coach from Lyons hither: I am happy that there was not one in the cabriolet with me, as was the case between Geneva and that place.

There is much that is respectable at Dijon;—yet how mean it is in all points of comparison with our Worcester, with which its precincts, and some capricious similarities, —which I will own are quite undefinable,—have associated it through my perambulations of this day.

11th October. Arrived at PARIS in the evening; having left Dijon on the evening of the 9th; and thus, from eagerness to pursue my journey, and also from mis-information, have, as I now learn, lost that very feature, by which its vicinity is distinguished for loveliness—a vale, that has been to me a blank. This has been, in every way, an unpleasant course. There is no set off to its insipidity, nor any to its discomfort. It is the high John Bull road; and prices are levied at a thick per centage on all that are convicted of being English travellers, even while associated with French. What is still worse is the prevalent nastiness of the inns. I had heard much of Italy: but I now know it: and such dirt as the inns in this line too generally exhibit is without parallel in Italy,—such want of ventilation, such clouds and filth of flies, and such multifold uncleanliness.

14th October. Paris, at the avenue by which I entered it on this occasion, struck me more forcibly than it did on a former visit by a different approach: the road is a noble one, and lined by a large avenue of trees: and the contiguous country possesses more dignity of features. Paris itself is a high potentate among the great cities of the Continent, at least, those which it has been within my opportunities to see. An English gentleman,—admitting to me that there is nothing in London which does not shrink from comparison with the superb quarter of Paris,—added in the same breadth, that, even so, to compare Paris with London were to libel London. I agree with him: but decidedly Paris is a city of which France may be proud, though that nation were more sober-minded than it is usually held to be.

The royal edict just now issued, on the instant of news being received of the surrender of Cadiz, and the triumph of the French armies in Spain,—commanding the completion of that half-finished triumphal arch of Buonaparte,

the Etoile, is an excellent and most happily judged measure. It is a noble structure, in face of the Thuilleries, and on so admirable a site, that the non-fulfilment of the design was a European grievance.

Generally the streets of Paris have the character of vast lanes, without any footway. The centre of each of them is floated with a wide and shallow rivulet, always in movement,—for some good purpose it may be supposed; but whatever that may be, it is dearly purchased. For this streamlet, being the common receptacle of the street mire, and of the still viler matter that oozes from all the gateways and door-passages, is generally as abominable as the kennel of a tide-sewer at low water: and being open to the day, its contents are unceasingly dealt about by the motion of countless carriages and quadrupeds, in a hail of sludge right and left. Conjoin with this circumstance, the nuisance that much labour—particularly the splitting of billets for fuel store—is carried on in the streets; and the packing and unpacking of bale goods and merchandize generally goes on, as of course, in front of the shop-doors, instead of being performed in store-houses in the rere:—and add the passaging of asses and horses—driven, not led,—and the hurry-scurry of carriages in such a capital;—and the abomination of pedestrianism will become somewhat intelligible. Hence, it becomes almost necessary to resort to Fiacres of one description or other; and this effect of street difficulties and annoyances becomes, in its turn, a cause of the mischief being multiplied tenfold, from the throng of these vehicles and their evolutions, while steering through obstacles of all sorts in vehement activity, and a copious shower of filth of their own raising. Gay's Trivia, discussing the difficulties of London streets a century ago, sets forth nothing that can match the persecution of this unrelenting and most dangerous whirl of carriages, in all possible diversity of directions, and amidst their gauntlet of the worst kind of mire.

But, perhaps, to an Englishman the greatest nuisance at Paris—for it is a moral one!—is the exhibition made by his countrymen in such copious multitude—of which a very large portion are refugees, from causes that involve more than respectably prudential considerations; and that, among these refugees, much is base refuse,—Paris being to them a nearer Botany-bay.

16th October. An official statement just now comes forward of the births at Paris, for the three years, preceding the last, and much more in detail than the account I had met of that:* the results, succinctly, are these:—

	1819	1820	1821
Legitimate births, ..	15,711	15,988	15,980
Illegitimate ditto ..	8,641	8,870	9,176
	24,352	24,858	25,156

There is another item in this official statement—that of natural children acknowledged at their birth by the fathers, and those unacknowledged:—

	1819	1820	1821
Acknowledged ..	1,984	2,093	2,113
Unacknowledged ..	6,657	6,777	7,063
	8,641	8,870	9,176

We have here absolute proof of French devotion to the fair sex. The nation even now continues to pride itself on this national trait, and indulges in much sarcasm and scoff at the expense of the English people on the score of our comparative want of it. This official illustration of the matter claims universal emblazonment!

It is too hideous a subject to be treated in detail: but I believe that from these data, with a further very moderate

* See Vol. II. page 83.

addition for the herd of depraved wretches, whose depravity forbids offspring—if even the wretched persons themselves could desire to be so cursed,—no political arithmetician would scruple to pronounce, that one of every two of the female population of Paris, lives in concubinage or prostitution.—France without marriage,—Italy with it; two of the fairest realms in what is, nominally, Christendom, both wallowing in bestiality!

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still!"

In spite of glaring facts, in spite of these figures, we must reclaim largely from this wholesale statement. The peasantry, both in France and Italy, are to be discharged from the imputation; and it is a fact, vouched to me on unquestionable authority, that in the interior of France, and specially, its southern provinces, there is much decency and purity of morals, and that the endearments of family relation are in large and delightful prevalence.

France presents facilities for the diffusion of the religion of the Bible, beyond any other nation on the Globe. The old establishment, that was parent of bigot observances which did not influence conduct, on one hand,—and parent also of bigot infidelity which sought the destruction of moral restraint, and in its frenzy dissolved the frame of society, on the other;—that establishment is virtually destroyed. The revenues and the pomp which buttressed it are gone: and an organization has succeeded, which consigns it to its intrinsic merit for its main support. It is admitted, that bigotry still exists largely in France: bigotted irreligion is largely to be found there also. But this latter lies under the odium of having wrought the late convulsions; and on the other hand the restoration of the Church Establishment, even on its present moderate scale, is conducted with such despicably bad taste as well as bad judgment, as to outrage all but its most besotted votaries.

May I dare to use the words,—"the harvest is plentiful!"

There is a hideous portion which is mildewed: but a vast extent of it is recoverable. This as to our cotemporaries. But what sane mind would limit its purview to a single season in the still progressive series of generations,—would submit to a scope—or to exertions—which should be thus meanly concluded.

The appeal in these circumstances to our England, crowned most signally with blessings, and awfully responsible accordingly, ought not to be vain. It were well that we hastened to give aim and impulse, and systematized direction, to such a purpose as this. In doing so, there ought to be the severest curb put to the ambition and thirst of leadership, disguised under the mask of humility; and, similarly, we ought to proscribe that sourly active sectarianism and schism, which claims to unite mankind in the links of charity and unity. And once more,—our zeal ought to be thoroughly tempered with judgment, and the specific knowledge of facts, and the soundest discretion. "To want prudence, is in some measure to want virtue." The dogma is Goldsmith's, and it is a most salutary one.

20th October. At Naples, I had heard—and from our chief English authority in Italian literature—the first mention made of Biagioli, and his editions of Petrarch and Dante, from the latter, of which I have since derived such large benefit. On farther inquiry from the same learned gentleman, I had been informed that the commentator resided at Paris, and that if he continued to give personal instructions, or if I could prevail on him to do so, "it would be gold to me." I now find it absolutely so. I have not omitted a single day with him. And I have been as greatly delighted by the exemplarily mild and amiable qualities of this warm-hearted man, as by the exquisite accuracy of his taste, and the glowing sensibility of his feelings. Conjoined with these fine qualities, he displays an acuteness of perception, that would dissect every subject

with the subtilty of the schoolmen, were it not under the direction of a judgment that is practically sound in all its workings. From personal knowledge, I am no longer at a loss to account for his severities as a critic, on his brother commentators of Dante, whose trash so excited his exposure of it, that it now calls forth a contempt of his readers—that might induce surprise at his thus breaking the butterfly on the wheel.

Biagioli's octavo grammar is incomparably the best, or rather the only good Italian one. I pretend to possess some skill in the matter of grammar; and I pronounce it to be the best modern one in any language I am acquainted with. I look anxiously for the publication of the dictionary on which he is employed, and which, I am confident, will prove a memorably substantial benefit to the Italian language, and to general literature.

I find myself reverting to Italy on every occasion: and I stand convicted of the error of having postponed my visit to France to the last. But the error is capital in its consequences. I first squeezed the orange, and I now feel squeamish as to the rind. I will cut short my expedition.

23d October. Quitted Paris for Calais, and remained there, at the house of an English family of friends, till the 27th—and then across the channel to Dover:—and an instant change from all I had left behind:—witness and instance, Wright's hotel and the luxuries of comfort, from the bed-chamber to the parlour—all burnished neatness—all addressed to give satisfaction,—not forgetting the almost forgotten table satisfaction of a well-sharpened knife.

All other appearances are equally in contrast: the face, the person, the air, the mind, the man, different almost to the extent of sexual distinction,—manly strength as compared with female pretension to it;—strength calm on the one side, as contra-distinguished from the strained appear-

ance of it when power is to be put forth: the foot planted firm on the ground,—the man, free in his gestures, following his own propensities,—full fed, must I say,—and with occasional symptoms of self-indulgence over his ale.

I have heard it alleged, that the French, through their aptness for learning, will proceed to imitate our use of the bayonet,—that it requires but the effort on their part;—and that the mind being once made up, both sides will be on a par. This will take place when the barn-door cock shall assume the game properties: for though the distinction between Frenchmen and Britons is not so deep, it is just as generic. They never stood the bayonet: they never will stand it.* Proof positive of this is the fact, that in the five or six hundred years—all of their history that has elapsed—not one instance can be found of any English force having yielded to an equal one of French, in close action and fair

* "Gave but the death-shot once, and instant closed!"—CAMPBELL.

And what a sublime delineation of the consequences,—it could have been from no other hand than Mr. Southey's (in the Edinburgh Annual Register)—when "the flower of the French army came up to the charge, like men accustomed to victory: in one moment their foremost rank fell like a line of grass before the scythes of the mowers: the very men, whose superiority was thus so decidedly proved, could not speak, without an involuntary feeling of awe, of so complete and instantaneous a destruction—produced as it was, not by artillery, or explosions, but by their own act and deed, and the strength of their own hands."

This is a dread but just display of British physical superiority, as well as intrepid daring. And how far beyond French harangues, or indeed any other than British eloquence, was the address to the three regiments, who were about to move to this work of death:—"You are now to charge the enemy: remember and do your duty!" Would that for his country's sake and his own, that Sir Ronald Ferguson had continued to exercise, and had confined himself to that species of speech-making.

That was at Vimiera: Mr. Campbell's quoted line refers to the 42d regiment, and to the action in Egypt, where Sir Ralph Abercromby fell. May I be pardoned for stating, that a very large portion of the 42d regiment engaged in that action were volunteer drafts from the Clare and another—I think the Donegal—regiments of Irish Militia. I trust, the three nations will ever thus continue "brethren in arms, and rivals in renown!"

fighting. But the instances are out of number, in which an English army has beaten a French one to discomfiture and shame, though with odds of number on its side, that to shew face to it seemed to be beyond chivalric daring.

Let this plain statement put down declaimers. And let Britons be too proud of their physical superiority to be vain-glorious. Let them, in solemn gravity, though in Dogberry's phrase, be thankful without being boastful.

An element of military superiority, quite distinct from this, is that moral one which is the result of British liberty—

"And free-born thoughts which league the soldier with the laws."
SCOTT.

I would ardently desire to see the French nation fitted, as immediately as possible, for the prerogatives of freedom, and put into possession of them as fast as they are fitted—even up to the fullest extent of British freedom. This requires time: but it is in possibility, as it ought to be in purpose. The physical difference is another matter; and the indelibility of it may re-assure the would-be monopolists of British blessings against their fears, from the French nation being suffered to approach us in equality.

My passport ceases to be my indispensable companion. A second birth-day has come round since my age was inserted on its front, as one item of my designation. At present it would appear to be substantiated, in some odd way, by this document, that I had gained time commensurate with the length of my excursion—not exactly as the circumnavigators of the Globe, within the year, gain a day by moving westward from the point of their departure.

Measured my passport here; and find it to be, from the frequent pasting of additions, grown out to a length of six feet two inches, covered with police signatures and seals all

down, on the back as well as the front, and with two columns of them on either,—besides a supplementary and separate one for the realm of Naples:

> Now my task is smoothly done,
> I may ride, and I may run,

without encountering police interrogatory in any direction whatever, from Caithness to Kerry.

It is the remark of Johnson, that a piece of faithful autobiography of any individual, however undistinguished, must possess interest and value. In the spirit of that remark, I commit these Minutes to the Public.

What a treasure the world must have realized, if Goldsmith, when engaged in his continental wanderings, had committed to paper—if he could have mustered the few pence needed for buying it,—the thoughts which were suggested by the scenery and circumstances that met his eye, and precisely as they rose in his mind. With this latter guard, his memoranda would not have been made under the malign rage for applause, which exhibited him in society as a half idiot. Purged afterwards from over-minute detail,—in his unhappy case, perhaps, best purged also from much daily misery endured, and too poignantly painful to be suffered even in perusal,—what a book might we not have had from him. Of what lost literary treasure of antiquity might we not be almost content with the deprivation, to gain such a treasure!

A dwarf may—not very prudently,—but with entire modesty—bring into review the puissance of a giant. I give these memoranda as I made them, in effusion of the thoughts from day to day, often from moment to moment,—full frequently set forth—be it confessed—to the lumbering of the chariot wheel. They are not got up in gay dress, nor set forth on stilts for exhibition, but are in my usual guise of thought, as well as routine style of expression, as can full

well be certified by my intimate friends,—to say nothing of my peculiarities, in one way and the other, being prominent to my casual acquaintance. I am not in the habit of concealing or disguising my opinions; and my flow of language on paper, with all its excess and its faults, marks the "pedestrian" talk of the writer. And however exceptionable my habit in that respect may be judged, the task of correcting it would involve a radical change in my manner of exercising thought.

That exercise has with me a decided leaning to express objects by image instead of statement,—to define them by the outline of the painter, not that of the geometer. The roughness of chalk, or of char-coal, in a sketch, will serve as just a purpose, on all common occasions, as the most accurate finish and the justest distribution of colors. The rudest sketch is capable of flashing on the eye the resemblance of an object with perfect verity: and I do not detect untruth in the comparison by which Smollett sets forth the hat of Captain Minnikin—a hero of four feet high,—which he states to have been large enough to shade a squadron of horse from the sun: though this is not fidelity of statement, it is fidelity of picture.

If it could avail any thing, I might plead that my literary habits have been most materially broken in on, and affected to severe injury, by a course of active and unliterary employment, through twenty-six years of unrelaxed confinement, and exhausting exercise of the mental faculties; and that this excursion took place in an interval of remission from labor, consequent on my having been, in the Italian phrase "giubbilato,"—in correspondent metaphoric English, "relieved," that is, consigned to the sere half-pay, under the sweeping arrangements that were judged necessary for the retrenchment of the National expenditure.

Quitting England for the first time—with an exception, in 1820, that scarcely deserves the name,—somewhat after my meridian of life is passed, I may betray an astonishment

highly amusing to the tribe of my countrymen, whom time and habit have domesticated abroad. I brought with me and, I trust, I retain my inborn aversion to any hyperbolic statement that may involve an exaggeration of fact: but I plead guilty to a plain and wholesome appetite. I ask not the notice of the worshipful body of practised tourists: I wrote untravelled: and to the untravelled I address myself.

My opinions must stand or fall by themselves: for my principles I offer no apology. Whether in politics or in religion I hold error, I rejoice to say, that it is in accordance with decidedly the soundest and most valuable part of our British world.

I am as well aware of the peculiarities of my book as any remarker on it can be; and for this reason I conceive that it demands from me these explanations. This transcript from my black lead pencil notes, exhibits me as I am: and having—after Irish fashion—placed my preface in the conclusion of my book, I subjoin my motto to it again:

> fit ut omnis
> Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
> Vita senis.

I will heap on another motto and justification, and give it in the version in which, as a motto also, it was employed by another desultory—I was going to say—egotist, Cowper.

> So water, trembling in a polished vase,
> Reflects the beam that plays upon its face:
> The sportive light, uncertain where it falls,
> Now strikes the roofs, now flashes on the walls.

In the same vein of arrangement, and reverting to a practice that has become disused because it has been very long abused,—I close with a DEDICATION—with most reverential and submissive duty to my Sovereign; in tribute of

unfeigned admiration of his having followed out, through successive difficulties, to complete and transcendent triumph, the policy of his most venerated Father—with a filial ardor of purpose, which, though it was not in the dispensations of the Great Disposer that it should be met by the consciousness of its most venerable object (I mean before his translation hence,) has had its meed in the praise and love of all mankind beside:—of his fervor of filial piety, and determined recognition of the same principles and policy in the very inscription of his Coronation Medal, PROPRIO JURE, ANIMO PATERNO:—as being, in continuation of his Father's practice, the Patron of the Arts and of Letters, and the munificent Donor to his People of the Library which his Father's most unostentatious and most unremittingly useful pains had collected:—in gratitude, as an Irishman, for his having followed up the kindnesses of his Father's reign—which was a series of kindnesses to Ireland,—by his first public act after Coronation, of a visit of parentally beneficent intention to my native country:†—and in testimony that I have found him every where abroad held to be the representative, and his name and character to be regarded as the emblem of that high British spirit and virtue which the world has in reverence. It is not, therefore, in vain words, or after an empty form, that I express myself. I seek vent to my genuine feelings as a Briton, and as a British subject, in laying thus my humble tribute at the feet of HIS MAJESTY, GEORGE IV.

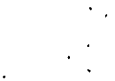
* Even on that act rumour could found its gibe, and even there poor Mr. Hobhouse could put in the dwarfish innuendo. See Vol. II. p. 267.

† On this subject I overflow. The measure was Royal in grace, and Statesman-like in purpose. One of the least important of the admirable consequences which ought to have been anticipated as its result, was the recal of very many of our absentees. The contemplated, and almost promised, periodical return of the Royal visit, would have made Dublin a place of crowded repair of the Irish Aristocracy every three or five years;—would have rendered a residence there a convenient policy during the intervening intervals; would have gathered to the villas round its incomparable bay, the gay world that lan-

guishes, each autumn, in the barrack of some heavy watering place;—would have enticed numerous Proprietors into the interior, as it were into a colonizing of their own mansions. Thither too, it was the Royal intention to extend the high example, and to diffuse this new motive to our men of rank—to stand to their post of duty. Of Reform thus rendered delightful, our feuds have shewn us to be unworthy, and have deprived us of the proffered boon that would have so powerfully operated for our happiness.

In place of this state of things, we have the present condition of our metropolis. The torpor of a Dublin winter is a sore and repulsive difficulty to an absentee,—the persecution of its burgher dinners, and of the Nisi-prius jests and disputations of the morning, which are regularly chewed in the cud for a dosert,—the one and other overlaying the comforts of conviviality and the satisfactions of rational conversation with grievous prevalence and night-mare heaviness,—and degrading the afternoon enjoyments to Village monotony of dulness, associated with the guilt of Town extravagance. It is absentee desertion which has sunk us in this two-fold misery. Could our absentee aristocracy have been restored to us under the Royal patronage, they would have scouted into abandonment the poor competitions of wealth cutting a figure through the exclusive means of expense, and would have put to the ban the gambols of professional pedantry,—both of them grievances that are barbarous in their oppression. Through the same means, Dublin University would have been, as it merits, the resort of our youth of rank, who for years past are sent to the two English Universities:—that might be borne:—alas! they are to be found even in those of Scotland!!!

THE Author regrets, that the pressure of an active employment has induced the result of preventing him from contributing his part to the correction of typographical errors—several of which, he finds, have escaped his notice. These errors cannot possibly prove so annoying to his readers as they are to himself. He is happy, however, to have it in his power to express his belief, that not any one of them involves an arithmetical mis-statement, or materially interferes with the meaning of the context.



SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES TO VOL. II.

NOTE I. PAGE 107.

The Note, to which this is a supplementary one, was grounded on two several statements in the public papers, proceeding, as it seemed to me, from quite distinct sources of authority: both of these statements made specific mention of the Grotto of Neptune. I have since had a letter from a friend at Rome, which speaks of the calamity as limited to the loss of the Cascatelle. I wish to absolve myself from imputation on the score of exaggerating positive facts.

NOTE II. PAGE 294.

There is no subject of human study that is more a prey to absurd speculation than that of Grammar. The philosophers who have meddled with it, have treated it like too many of their brethren in respect to other and more important subjects—a priori. Instead of applying laws to circumstances, they spin a visionary theory from which they would educe practical laws. The politician pleases himself with the fancy of an original contract between the governors and the governed: the grammarian amuses himself with the impossibility of a set of mute bipeds, assembled in convocation to attach certain meanings to certain sounds, and to body out a practical diversification of sounds grounded on a system of metaphysical accuracy,—in other words, to construct a language! True, he declares at the outset of his disquisition on the manner in which this must have taken place—in the preface to the Transactions of this learned body of mute Literary Associates,—that the thing is impossible. Yet, after this specific declaration, he proceeds with all gravity, at great length, and with the utmost minuteness, to expound how every thing was actually done. What can be more miserable than to see a man of such talents as Adam Smith thus imposing on himself.

The name of Bishop Lowth cannot be mentioned without deep reverence. Yet my subject imposes on me the necessity of reprobating that bad taste, which

could impel him to cut away the idioms of our own language to the pattern of the idioms of another, after a theory which the idioms of no language whatever have realized. The name of Lowth could not possibly have been associated with the imputation of bad taste, had his fine mind applied itself to any other subject than this mass of absurdities which passes under the name of the Theory of Speech: but the English Grammar of that accomplished scholar and admirable man has done irreparable injury to the English language.

A vast number of the distinctions of modern Grammarians are distinctly traceable to the futile jargon of the Schoolmen and the casuistry of those poor times, when words passed for matter, and the play with them whetted the intellects of the gladiators in what was supposed to be Philosophy. The technicalities and subtilties of that day uphold their station at this hour in the department of Grammar.

A reference to our authorised version of the Bible will supply multifold instances of the changes in our language, that have been induced by the tyrannical trammels imposed on it by Grammar: as a single instance, the verb "to be" is there used indicatively as well as subjunctively! As a second instance, the word "which," is there applied indifferently to persons and things;—its present appropriation to the latter is the result of custom, growing out of a grammatical canon that is destitute of rational ground. It is the same case in respect to many an appropriation of terminations that were general to the special indication of case, of gender, of tense, and of mood. I do not deny that in all this there may have been partial good. But that good has accrued through accident;—it has no reference to the main argument, nor can it expiate the fundamental folly that has wrought both good and mischief, as by chance-medley.

One more illustration I must hazard on this topic. The abundant use of two negatives by our early English writers is easily provable: "Ne —— is he "not,"—in similarity to the present French usage. Its continuance with the latter, and its discontinuance with us are, severally, the result of circumstances, acted on by the differing caprices of influential writers in either nation. Grammar rule sanctions the use of it in one language, and grammar rule banishes it from the other! The rule in the one case or the other cannot, therefore, be founded on just induction: and, if so, what is the Philosophy of Grammar, that accommodates itself equally to both?

Though thus arbitrary and tyrannical, and powerful also, the Grammarians have been occasionally foiled. They have laboured to proscribe the honest English idiom of the present participle—as used in the instance of "Forty and six "years has this Temple been building,"—of which the accuracy is to be collected from the slightest attention to the construction, that involves an ellipsis—"has been in building,"—or in another way "a-building." Custom, which, when unvitiated by absurd theory, may do immense good, has here simplified the phrase by the omission of the needless preposition: but Theory, versus Custom, sought to coerce us into the clumsy would-be accuracy—"this

"Temple has been in being built:" but the exertions of Theory to pollute our language, have failed in this solitary instance.*

I proceed to observe that—however strange it may seem,— Etymology will be found to account for countless phœnomena, which the theoretical Grammarians could never explain. Whoever compares Scotish with English spelling-book detail, will be shaken from his trust in etymology, unless where it is absolutely direct in its bearing,—which it may be, even amidst a multiplicity of spellings that would almost seem infinite. There can be no scepticism that it is the identical family name of Bruce that is intended through all the fourteen different ways of spelling it, that occur in the Herald's office. Of the strange variety of enunciating that, or any other word in the language, the Grammarians have taken the utmost advantage, in framing their code of canons, that might have worked every practical advantage, unaccompanied by the large mischief which their fundamentally erroneous premises have induced. Yet the Grammarian will be the first to ring the alarm, on the danger to be apprehended from that Etymology, when employed against himself—which he has so grievously abused.

With the mention of Etymology I pass to that of another great name—Horne Tooke. He has done vast things for the science by spurning the "high "priori road," and availing himself of the assistance in question. The cause of the halt in his course is yet a problem: I conceive he was mortified from not seeing his way farther through his mass of materials. I come now to state an extraordinary instance of his having let an important principle slide from his fingers, even when he had grasped it firmly in his hands! Its application involves the solution of the problem which it is my main drift to explain. It is bottomed on an extract from Locke,—which I therefore re-transcribe in the way that Horne Tooke (Vol. I. p. 96.) has given it.

'H. You may learn the necessity of the article, if you please, from Mr. 'Locke. And that once proved, it follows that I must deny its absence from 'the Latin or any other language.

'B. Mr. Locke! he has not so much as once named the article.

'H. Notwithstanding which, he has sufficiently proved its necessity. For in 'the 11th Chap. of Book II. of his Essay, Sect, 9, he says "The use of words "being to stand as outward marks of our internal ideas, and those ideas being "taken from particular things; if every particular idea should have a distinct "name, names would be endless.' 'So again, Book III. Chap. 3, treating of 'General Terms, he says, "All things that exist being particulars, it may, "perhaps, be thought reasonable that words, which ought to be conformed to "things, should be so too, I mean in their signification. But yet we find the

* As one instance of the mode in which English was divested of its idiomatic bearing,—Italianised at one time, and Latinized at another,—I refer to the extract given by Warton from Grimoald, a blank verse writer in the time of Queen Mary,—whose English is cut altogether on the Latin pattern, and—except in mere words—gives up all claim to be accounted English.

" quite contrary. The far greater part of the words that make all languages, " are General Terms. Which has not been the effect of neglect or chance, but " of reason and necessity. For, first, it is impossible that every particular thing " should have a distinct particular name. For the signification and use of words " depending on that connexion, which the mind makes between its ideas and the " sounds its uses as signs of them; it is necessary in the application of names to " things, that the mind should have distinct ideas of the things, and retain also " the peculiar name that belongs to every one, with its peculiar appropriation " of that idea. We may, therefore, easily find a reason why men have never " attempted to give names to each sheep in their flock, or crow that flies over " their head, much less to call every leaf of plants or grain of sand that came " in their way, by a peculiar name. Secondly, if it were possible, it would be " useless; because it would not serve the chief end of language. Men would " in vain heap up names of particular things, that would not serve them to com- " municate their thoughts. Men learn names and use them in talk with others " only that they may be understood;—which is then only done when by use or " consent, the sound I make by the organs of speech excites in another man's " mind who hears it, the idea I apply to it in mine when I speak it. This cannot " be done by names applied to particular things whereof I alone having the " ideas in my mind, the names of them could not be significant or intelligible " to another who was not acquainted with all those very particular things that " had fallen under my notice."

It is most strange, that he who saw so much, saw so little,—that the omnipotent in etymology, should have had the film of blindness as to first principles.—For it is a palpable and inevitable deduction from these premises, that when a common name is taken generally, an article (in this sense of the word) is out of place;—and again, that every species of numeral that designates particular things from the rest, that are included under the one general term, is to be held as the article contemplated by the premises. Couple the article and its general term with the possessive, (of which Tooke gives the rationale and the meaning) and you have the genitive case: you have also the plural number,—which is identical in nature with the former! The phrase—ten horses—resolves itself into—ten of (the species of) horse:—that other—horses speed—similarly, is no more than—speed of (the species of) horse; the termination in either case is precisely of the same signification—and, also, use.*

I have not space to proceed in regular march, and must, therefore, now and then move per saltum, and give things in sum. The contrary idea to that of possession, is the one which I shall here abbreviatively call dative,—the more so that ablative is a term that has not been allowed harbour in the Greek language, but is included in the other. I do away with any other description of

* Some most sagacious, and most sober, critics have demanded of me, how I would dispose of the apostrophe, which printers now use for designating the possessive case!!!

inflexion, in theory, than these two; and at the same time I do away with the plural number, unless as it stands already explained.

Come we now to facts: and these abundantly illustrate, and altogether confirm the theory. I will not trust myself here with Greek: my reading is not fresh enough, and my time is too little at my own command, to warrant my embarking on that shoreless sea, which, however, I might do with perfect safety to my general positions. But the Latin is quite sufficient, in combination with the English, for all needful illustration.

As a preliminary consideration, I remark, that the very variety of five declensions of the Latin noun, which subsist under grammatical distribution, establishes the right of a latitude of etymology: for assuredly, there must have been originally an identity of them all. The singular genitive termination, whether as—or os, is accurately that of the accusative plural, in the (archaic or poetic) musas of the first,* and crateros of the third declensions. The more common terminations of the singular genitive of the first declension, ai or æ—as in stellai or stellæ—and of the second, i—as in populi, do not, similarly, differ in the least from their respective nominatives plural. The singular genitive of the third declension—is, or, more antiquely, eis—is that of both the nominative and accusative plural. Whoever has attended to the most ancient fragments of Latin, or even looked through Ennius, must know that the fourth and fifth declensions are resolvable, by the most direct process, into the third. I add to this, that the accusative singular is, with an occasional contraction, the same with the genitive plural through every one of the declensions—as musam, contracted from musarum, or deum from deorum. Of this latter word, as a plenary illustration of the mode in which this contraction may take place, I observe that divorum—as it was usually spelled by the old Romans—appears even to the readers of Virgil in the antique guise of divom:—the divumque, hominumque pater is, when unabbreviated, divorumque hominorumque;—for originally homo differed not in its mode of declension from its cognate humanus. It is thus—though I recoil from heaping up examples on so simple a subject,—that Ennius uses virum for virorum, as he does quoium for quorum: the quoium or quom is precisely quem. The contractions observable in the following line of Ennius are of the same matter of course description:

Duxit uxorem sibei liberum quæsendum causa.

Or, in this

Horrida Romoleim certamina pango duellum.

Generally, on this last point of the identity of the accusative singular with the genitive plural, the use of both parentum and parentem, genitively, in the one sentence of a law of Servius Tullius, may suffice as one instance: a page full of them might be adduced.—The illustration of the working down of

* As in Ennius,
Omnibus endo (*in*) locis ingens apparet imago tristitias.

capitom—as it is found spelled and written—into captum, may have its use in another way.

The dative case appears, from various facts, supported by very numerous analogies, to have been originally terminated invariably with the syllable bus. The use of contractions of the kind which rescinded it, by Ennius, was immense; and the succeeding authors, up to the best days of the language, continued to avail themselves of the same useful license. This excrescent bus was early proscribed by the Roman writers, probably on the same score that the English family of Featherstonehaugh omit the last four letters of their name and substitute an H for an h on all occasions of signing their name, unless under the most formal circumstances. Remains of the dative bus may, however, be found in the musis or musabus of the first declension, as given in the most vulgar grammars: the second is the only one of the five from which it has nearly vanished—with the exception of its final letter.* That dative is uniformly terminated by the ancient Romans in eis,—oculeis, valideis, humaneis:—similarly in the first declension, hasteis.

This contraction of the dative case into a similarity, that often approaches identity, of sound, with the genitive, requires illustration, in order to preclude the possibility of confounding the one with the other, while they are essentially different. It is the remark of Dalzell, a very learned and sagacious critic, (in an essay printed in the second volume of the Transactions of the Edinburgh Royal "Society,) that the letter S, so useful, rather so general an ingredient in inflection, "whether of noun or verb—is not only a double consonant, but is equivalent "to ts, or ds, or θs." And this remark establishes the justice of the explanation which I am next to hazard—that the d, to the use of which the old Romans were addicted, and the meaning of which has so sorely embarrassed modern Scholars, is but that double consonant, and is the mode which they adopted of [illegible] contracted dative case—fulmined, pareicidad, &c. &c.

Quite different in its origin from this, is the genitive. The enunciation of this case at full length appears to have required the termination rum, in the manner of the plural of the first, second, and fifth declensions. We have seen how this full enunciation has been abbreviated into the accusative singular, whenever the final letter m is retained. But that letter is always rejected, when the modification is adopted of retaining the commencing one of the full termination. Certain readers may be startled at this remark, and prompted to ask any instance in the Latin language where a genitive case ends with the letter r. I will reply in the words of a very recent and most judicious writer—author of the article in the 40th volume of the Edinburgh Review, entitled "History of Roman Literature":—"The reader will remark the use of the letter s where "r was afterwards employed, as Lases for Lares, a peculiarity which obtains in "almost all the monuments of a posterior date, down to the time of Appius "Claudius."—p. 396.

* It was for the same reason that the old imperative sumitote was curtailed into sumite.

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The farther defalcation of the s, and also of the m, which is every where observable in the ancient remains of the Latin, must have been mainly the result of that fastidious refineness which—in the words of the same reviewer—"sacri-"ficed the Doric music" of the antique tongue. We find this curtailment to pervade every page of the remains of Ennius. Even in the inscription on the tomb of Lucius Cornelius Scipio we have Corsica and Aleria—and other words—expressed as they are here, though they are in the accusative case. I have not space to apply this remark more, than thus incidentally to the neuter nominative and accusative plural, of which the termination is the same.

The neuter singular in um is but the genitive plural contracted, as has been already explained, bonorum reduced to bonum. And this leads me to adjectives—of which the formation is easy of solution, and the nature is as easily deducible. Humanus is hominis;—humana natura is hominis natura.

I abstain from entering upon the wilderness of inflexions of the verb. But I will preface my short notice of it with another extract from the reviewer. "The "chief anomalies of the language consisted in the irregularity and uncertainty "of the tenses, which, in these older monuments, appear to follow no general "law, though afterwards reduced, *we know not how*, to a sytem of such per-"fection. So prevalent is this anomaly, that the meaning must almost inva-"riably be determined from the position of the tense in relation to the other "words of the clause or sentence, and not from its form." Undoubtedly there are more ingredients than a simple one running through this maze of inflections: but the main one is abundantly simple, and is common to it with the noun. I have already mentioned the contraction of sumetote to sumete: that older word was sumetod,—a dative. And who can see the word navebos (navibus) and not recognize its analogy to the future indicative? The infinitive present is distinctly the genitive case of the uncompounded principal.

I go farther, and hazard the assertion that the second person of the verb is the genitive case, and the third person the dative. [illegible] that the auxiliaries sum and habeo are still to be found in antique Latin doing their duty in a decompounded state,* I feel convinced that sum is the genitive appendage, as habeo is that of the dative, The latter is plain enough to speak for itself: the remark made before, and supported by the quotation of the reviewer, will explain away the mystery of the commencing letter in sum: the eram of the preterimperfect stands self-explained.—The gerund and all its cognates are but the result of the antique preposition endo, viz. in, conjoined with the primitive verbs.

I pass from the Latin to the English, of which the far greater simplicity of structure releases me from this trouble of detail. With respect to the noun, our possessive case is identically the same with our usual plural number: I leave that fact to speak illustration to my theory,—and proceed to observe, that

* As thus:

Nec funera fletu facsit.—Ennius.

our other, and comparatively obsolete, plural termination en is a very quiet adjunct to many of our adjectives, ex. gr, woollen, viz. of wool. I add that this termination is an ingredient of the active participle, while the passive one (an adjective also!) is of the dative case. Another family of adjectives is that which adopts the passive s,—as duteous, viz, of duty.

The Remark of the Edinburgh Reviewer on the irregularity of the old Latin verb, when tried by after rules, applies equally to the old English one: it mocks our present regulations for number or tense. "Gospelles telleth."—"There "ben bishops well many."

"Ne who *sat* first or last upon the dais,
"What ladies feyrest *ben* or best dancing."—CHAUCER.

"Lo! how they spring and spread, and of diverse hue;
"Beholdeth and seeth both white, red, and blue."—Ibid.

I may remark that the observation of Dalzell, before quoted on the subject of the letter s, has special application to the third person singular of our verbs, —which end indifferently in th and s. Our infinitive mode, as anciently enunciated, is a modification of the primitive noun by means of the termination en,— that gives also plurality to our common substantives, ex. gr. to tellen; to seen: it is in fact another mode of enunciating the present participle. In point of fact, the verb is but a noun associated with one or other of the auxiliary verbs, either compounded with it or dissociated. The most anomalous of our verbs may be traced in this way: thus, to explain a word of one language by a word in another, in the instance of the French "Je vais," it is simply "I way: and the inflections of the verb, as it is called, though noun as it is, must be analogous to those of this latter, or rather must be the same.

Throughout this brief, and most hastily drawn up, abstract of my theory and compend of proofs establishing it, I have spoken in the phrase, and used the current jargon of the Grammarian—even of such a one as Lindley Murray. This sapient order of men have compiled a digest of metaphysical subtilties which they would impose on us as philosophy: they have constructed a labyrinth wherein to impound the inquirer, and they claim thanks from him, on the score that they present him with a map of it. They have practised such a juggle on plain matters of fact, as sets our plainest perceptions astray: can it be a pun to call their boasted science, GRAMARYE!

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